SEVEN COLOR PAGES OF EASTER FASHIONS

PICTORIAL REVIEW

FOUR SOUVENIR WAR PAINTINGS In Color In This Issue

APRIL 1919

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TWENTY CENTS

"Them 's my sentiments!"

Painted by James Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Company.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

NEW YORK (Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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May Will Be a Magazine of Many Splendid Features

Rheta Childe Dorr

TWO new series of timely articles begin in the next number. Rheta Childe Dorr, the well-known writer, whose humanitarian activities have so often resulted in the investigation of national problems, begins a remarkable series in PICTORIAL REVIEW for May dealing with the new world that has arisen as a result of the war. The first article is called "The Crying Need for Education that Educates."

We believe that this series by the author of "What Eight Million Women Want" will prove one of the most important contributions toward solving our reconstruction problem here at home.

Mrs. Dorr has recently returned from the devastated districts of France, and there, where German cannon had wrought havoc in city, town, and village, she found the inspiration for these articles of world-wide interest.

Every reader of PICTORIAL REVIEW should study them.

PICKLED IN SEX is the first of an unusual series, by Helen Ring Robinson, on "What We Women Want."

Ex-Senator Robinson is always interesting because she possesses that rare combination, the ability to think deeply coupled with a delicious sense of humor that casts an entertaining aura around her most profound deductions.

The beginning of two new series by such inspiring leaders among progressive women, will make PICTORIAL REVIEW for May especially noteworthy.

A WEALTH OF PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Four more striking war paintings depicting great events and great leaders in the World War. Every one of these pictures is reproduced full-page size, in full color, suitable for framing. The Fashion Section in full color and a New Series of Dolly Dingle Cut-out Pictures for the Little Folks—all in the May PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Helen Ring Robinson

FICTION OF UNUSUAL QUALITY

Short Stories—the kind that have made PICTORIAL REVIEW famous—and the third instalment of "Dangerous Days," the tremendously interesting serial by Mary Roberts Rinehart that everybody is talking about. In the third instalment we come to the climax of this vivid novel of American married life.

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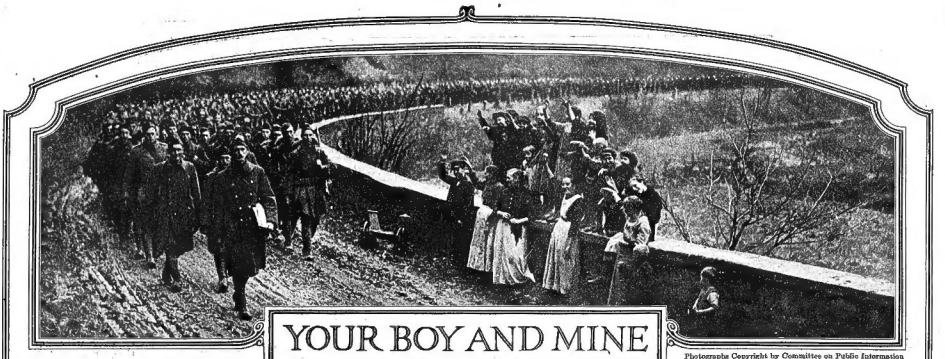

YOUR BOY AND MINE

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The Civil Relief Act

IF a court has rendered judgment against you by default, either while you were in the Army or within thirty days after your discharge, the Civil Relief Act provides that you may still have your chance in court. You must apply to the Court in person, or through an attorney, within ninety days after your discharge from the service.

If the Court believes that being in the Army prevented you from properly defending the action, and that you have a good defense, the Court can open judgment and give you a chance to defend the action. If legal proceedings were begun against you while you were in the Army or within sixty days after your discharge, and if you have been unable to defend the action properly by reason of military service, the Court may, on your application, stay the execution of any judgment rendered against you or prevent your property from being attached as a result of such judgment.

Payments on a mortgage on your property may have become overdue while you have been in the Army. Even tho the provisions of the mortgage provided that the mortgagee might sell the property when you fell behind in your payments, nevertheless the Civil Relief Act forbids such sale unless by special order of the Court until three months after you have been discharged. This applies only to a mortgage executed before March 8, 1918, on property which you owned before you went into the army.

While you have been away in the Army, taxes or assessments may have become overdue on property belonging to you. If you or your family occupied the property before you entered the service and if they continued to occupy it after you left home, the Civil Relief Act provides that if any person on your behalf filed a certificate with the Tax Collector, stating that you could not pay the taxes or assessments because you were in military service, the property could not be sold to collect the taxes or assessments without a special order of the Court permitting the sale. Even if such property had been sold for unpaid taxes or assessments while you were in the Army, the Civil Relief Act permits you to redeem it by paying the principal and six per cent. interest within six months after the termination of the war has been proclaimed by the President.

The Civil Relief Act permitted you to apply to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance to protect your private insurance policy or fraternal benefit membership from lapsing for non-payment of premiums while you were in the Army. If you took advantage of this provision, do not forget that, under this act, you must pay the back premiums, with the agreed interest thereon, within one year after discharge or (if you are discharged after proclamation of peace) within one year after such proclamation. If you do not make the payments in this time, the policy or membership will lapse and become void.

Income Tax for Soldiers

AN AMENDMENT to the Revenue Bill provides that the amount received during the present war by a person in the military or naval forces of the United States as salary or compensation in any form from the United States for active services in such forces shall be exempt from taxation. The original bill limited the exemption to those doing duty abroad and with pay not exceeding $3,500.

Chevrons for Honorable Discharge

AS a recognition of duties performed in the service of the country, the Secretary of War directed that each soldier, on being honorably discharged, be furnished with two scarlet chevrons to be worn on the left sleeves, point up, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, one on the coat and one on the overcoat. These chevrons indicate that the wearer responded to the demands of his country, performing creditable service in the Army until honorably discharged. Men discharged previous to this ruling should immediately make application for these chevrons. The wearing of service chevrons is not obligatory.

Conducted By

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EDITORIAL NOTE: Our boys are coming home every day, now, and we mothers of America must not be unprepared. New problems will present themselves, and Pictorial Review will continue to answer any inquiries regarding them, and try to help in their solution. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelop (large size) when you write. Address Ida Clyde Clarke, Washington Editor, Pictorial Review, 707 20th Street, Washington, D. C.

Books for Soldiers Abroad

BOOKS are still needed for soldiers who will remain abroad and the task of collecting and sending them is in the hands of the American Library Association. The War Department has given its sanction to a scheme of instruction, largely in vocational subjects, proposed by the "Army Educational Commission" initiated by the Y. M. C. A. Under this plan the huts of the various welfare organizations are being used as classrooms. Instructors are furnished largely from the forces themselves and text-books are supplied.

The task of furnishing the reference collections needed to supplement the text-books and the expert library service incidental to their use are in the hands of the American Library Association. The situation requires the rapid dispatch of numerous copies of selected books and prompt diffusion of these to the numerous points of service, as well as a special administration of them there. Two per cent. of the proceeds of the recent United War Work Campaign will be devoted to this work and, altho the percentage seems small, the sum will doubtless be sufficient to meet the need.

When You Leave the Army

EVERY man discharged from the Army or the Navy should ask for a copy of the booklet recently issued by the Home Service Section of the American Red Cross, called "When You Get Home." The book contains much valuable advice and will help the man as well as his family. When the family is re-adjusting itself to every-day life, legal advice may be needed. If the family can not afford to pay for it, the Home Service Section of the Red Cross will provide it. The best lawyers of every community have co-operated to make such advice available for discharged soldiers and sailors who should not hesitate to seek it.

Are You a Discharged Soldier?

THE Government is making plans which will affect you and your comrades after you leave the Army. As soon as these plans are adopted, information about them will be sent to the Home Service Section of the Red Cross in your town. Apply there for advice as to these plans and also for the latest information as to any legislation or regulations affecting discharged soldiers.

If you have come back with a gold stripe on your right sleeve, or if you have been discharged because of disease or disability incurred in the line of duty before you had a chance to go overseas, the Government will give you the best of care. In the Army hospital you will receive special medical care, including "occupational treatment" which will both help you to get well and give you training which will improve your chances for the future.

If you have lost an arm or a leg, a temporary artificial limb will be furnished while you are in the hospital. Later the Government, through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, will provide you free with a permanent artificial limb of the most modern type. You yourself will select this limb with the help and advice of a skilled surgeon representing that bureau. This artificial limb will be kept in repair at Government expense and replaced when worn out. If you need further medical treatment on account of your disability, after your discharge, the Government, through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, will supply it.

If you remain permanently disabled, the Government will pay you for the rest of your life a disability compensation which will not be reduced, no matter how successful you may be in overcoming your handicap and increasing your income. If you are eligible for compensation for even partial disability, the Government now offers you a remarkable opportunity to complete your education or to be trained for a new job if you can not "carry on" in your old one. While you are taking this free training, the Government will guarantee you a total income from all sources of at least $65 a month.

You do not have to take the course offered unless you wish, but if you do not you may find yourself badly handicapped when you are obliged to compete with able-bodied men. When you are ready to go to work, the Government with all its resources is at your service to find you the right place.

Further information and pamphlets telling you all about these matters can be obtained from the Federal Board of Vocational Education, 610 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., or from the nearest district office of that department. The Home Service Section of the Red Cross will also be able to give you much information, and will refer you to the proper district office of the Federal Board with which you must put yourself in touch in order to obtain these advantages.

When You Get Home

IF WHEN you get home, you are troubled because a member of your family is not in good health, because business difficulties have arisen while you were away, because you lacked competent advice about the education of your children, or because you feel you have developed so that you can fill a more responsible job than your old one, consult the Home Service Section of the Red Cross. Its advice and experience in helping other soldiers and their families may be of assistance to you. Your Government does not intend that you or your family shall suffer because of the service you have rendered to your country. If you find things have gone awry in your absence, consult the Home Service Section of the Red Cross in your town.

Pay for the Sick and Wounded

EVERY effort is being made by the War Department to remedy the distressing situation arising from the delay in paying sick and wounded soldiers who have been returned to this country. It is said the situation developed from the fact that only three per cent. of these men have service-records or other official papers which show date of their last payment and the status of their accounts. Partial payments have been regularly made to these men, both upon their arrival at ports of debarkation in the United States and at the hospitals to which they were sent, but there have been no official papers which would justify commanding officers in certifying pay-rolls or final statements to cover the full pay due them.

A memorandum was addressed to the Chief of Staff, pointing out that the only way in which these men could be paid in full was to arbitrarily accept their own personal affidavit as to the status of their accounts. This recommendation was approved by the Chief of Staff, and all hospitals have been furnished with a copy. It has also been published in the form of a War Department Circular No. 148.

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Real Style In Dress Is Possible Only With Style—Real Style In Your Corset

Style 379
For slender or medium figure. Low bust, long skirt; pink batiste or coutil. $3.00.

Style 244
Same design in pink coutil. $2.50.

Style 754
A wonderfully stylish and exquisite corset for medium figures. Pink brocade; elastic gores in skirt. $5.00.

Style 390
Same design in coutil. $3.50.

Style and Corsets are Inseparable

Fashion gives first consideration to the lines of the figure. And you know how necessary is the corset to protect and retain those naturally youthful, graceful lines which are now so fashionable.

Choose a corset that is authoritative in its style design, yet a corset made just for your type of figure. It is the one corset that will preserve all the charm of your naturally good figure.

A corset exactly right for your figure, whether tall or short, full developed or petite, or medium—you are sure to find it in the stores where you find

American Lady Corsets

BACK LACE FRONT LACE

American Lady Corsets have gained their leadership because they provide those qualities of individual design and perfect fitting lines that American women require.

The woman of full-developed figure finds American Lady models made for her particular type, corsets in which scientific designing eliminates the excess weight of straps and buckles.

The woman of medium figure finds American Lady models for utility wear, for sports, for dress—every model correct in style, so well-fitting and so serviceable.

The petite or slender woman finds American Lady models made just for her—models that emphasize her natural charm and gracefulness.

Look for the name "American Lady" in the corset. It is your guarantee of full satisfaction in style, fit and service value.

In Every City and Town

Back Lace Styles at $5, $4, $3.50, $3, $2.50, $2, $1.50

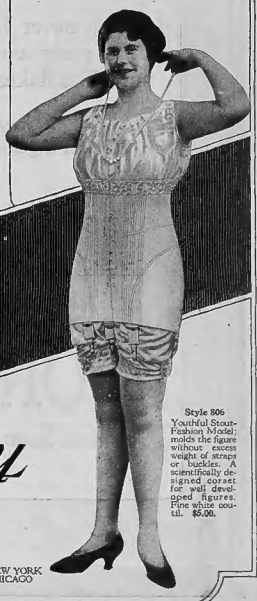
Front Lace Styles at $5, $4, $3.50

Style 620
Front lace model in fine pink batiste; very low bust, long skirt. $3.50.

Style 812
Same design in pink brocade. $8.00.

The Healthfulness of American Lady Corsets

Every American Lady Corset is designed and so made that it protects and promotes health. Each model being made for a particular type of figure, the stays are so placed as to support the body without pressure on sensitive parts. They give you a delightful feeling of comfort and freedom. You can wear American Lady Corsets without tiring. They improve your health by conserving strength and vitality.



Style 806
Youthful Stout-Fashion Model; molds the figure without excess weight of straps or buckles. A scientifically designed corset for well developed figures. Fine white coutil. $5.00.

American Lady Corsets

DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO AMERICAN LADY CORSET CO., INC. NEW YORK CHICAGO

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Ivory Soap Flakes makes the cleansing of the rarest textiles easy and successful.

NO skill is needed—just shake these gossamer flakes of pure, mild Ivory Soap into lukewarm water, and you have an instantaneous suds of wonderful cleansing value.

Do not rub—the thick, rich, distinctive Ivory lather permeates every thread of the material with its cleansing foam. The dirt is loosened without the slightest injury to the fabric itself. A quick rinsing carries away the suds, and with it goes every trace of dirt.

Ivory Soap Flakes contains no harsh materials, no free alkali. It can not injure nor discolor anything that pure water alone will not harm.

There never has been a better soap than Ivory. There can not be a more convenient form for using Ivory than these delicate snowlike flakes.

At your dealer's.

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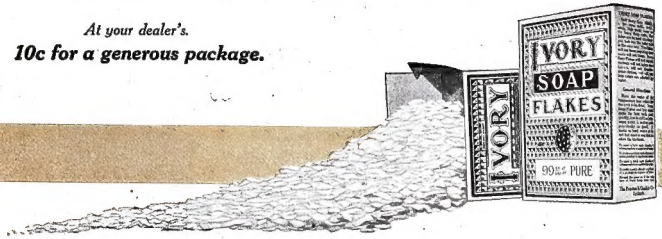

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

The Ideal Soap for Fine Laundering in the Ideal Form for Fine Laundering

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"They Come Back, Deep-eyed and Deep-souled, to Be Better Americans and Better Human Beings"

WHAT DOES AMERICA GET OUT OF IT?

By DR. FRANK CRANE

WHAT does America get out of this war?

France claims Alsace and Lorraine, Italy the territory of Italia Irredenta, Serbia this, Rumania that, and Great Britain, Belgium, and the other victorious Allies each her share. But where do we come in? What do we get for our maimed and slaughtered sons and for our expended dollars?

We hear said, "Nothing." But that is a mistake. We shall have our share of the loot. For we are going to get some big Ideas, that are well worth all the price paid in life and money.

The Ideas the returning soldiers bring with them are going to mean a great deal to the United States. What are they? Here are some of them.

First and foremost is the Idea of World Consciousness. Travel is one of the best elements in education. It broadens the vision. It orientates the judgment. It tempers the acrid prejudices that breed in isolation. It makes a man a better citizen of his town, his State, and his country, because it makes him a citizen of the world.

Provincialism is the curse of individuals and of races. The Middle Ages were provincial. The Twentieth Century is cosmopolitan. From provincialism come septic national vanities, crude and dangerous ambitions, the hot quarrels of religious intolerance, destructive race-hatreds, and all the seeds of war.

RAILROADS and steamships are the shuttles of civilization. It is they that have woven all humanity together so that it was able to resist the onslaught of the autocracies of Central Europe.

The returning troops will be better Americans because they will realize that "there are others." They have felt the fine spirit of France. They have come close to the sturdy heart of the British. As comrades in peril with men of other breeds they will appreciate the oneness of humanity.

This Federation of the World of which we dream is not merely a scheme to avoid wars. It is a spirit. The diplomats at Paris may *make* a League of Nations; our soldier boys will *feel* the League of Nations.

Another Idea we shall gain is that of Public Service. We have had it brought home to us, how closely the life of the nation bears upon our personal lives. Politics will take on a new and more intimate significance. The affairs of State are not mere matters that concern only office-seekers; they mean a lot also to me, and my wife and our son John and the baby.

These home-coming soldiers who have been ready to *fight* and *die* for their country, will be fitted to *live* for their country, and will be the greatest factor in our problem of reconstruction. They will make better aldermen, mayors, sheriffs, school-teachers, legislators, governors, and congressmen. And they will take a livelier interest in choosing such officials.

They are bringing back with them also from their military experience some valuable information to use in civil life. They have seen a great nation put the ban on alcoholic drinks, and if booze is bad for a man in supreme danger it certainly is not good for him in ordinary business. They will have learned the power that lies in physical efficiency, the force a man gets from discipline, and the value of team-play.

HISTORY shows us that while "westward the star of empire takes its way," the West takes a stride forward only after it has folded back upon the East. Greece learned from Asia, Rome from Greece, Europe from the Crusades. This sojourn of two million American men in the older civilizations will likewise enrich us. The souls of France, Britain, and Italy will come to touch the life of the great West.

And the deep spiritual life of the nation will be refreshed. The millions of our country have felt the inspiration of a great ideal, that there is something in life worth living and dying for, more than personal gain. There is such a thing as an imperious, dominant Cause. And that is the core of true religion. That is the ennobling conception

"That makes brutes men, and men divine."

Whatever may have been the peculiar religious tenets of the soldier, whatever his church, or if he had no church at all, he has been made to feel the sweep of a mighty collective passion, he has felt the pulsing of the vast communal heart. He knows now that "the life is more than meat."

A great spiritual reconstruction is in the air. Denominations are drawing together, feeling their essential unity as never before. And this impulse will surely gain force from the flower of our youth now returning to us, for they have seen the agencies of Protestant and Catholic and Jew ministering side by side, and the Red Cross, that knows no creed but human need, busy in its human service, backed by the common purse and heart of the whole nation. When these boys get home they will be poor partisans in sectarian disputes, and will understand no rivalry except rivalry in doing good.

In this war we have lost much, lives and treasure, but we have gained much. We have sent our sons to the great University of Fate; and they come back, deep-eyed and deep-souled, to be better Americans and better Human Beings, for they have learned anew the redeeming Gospel of Hate, without which any Gospel of Love is but old wives' crooning,

"hate of all
That brings or holds in thrall
Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
The holy body and sacred soul of Man."

Decoration by E. A. Wilson

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Cold-pack canning demonstration from the porch of a New England farmhouse

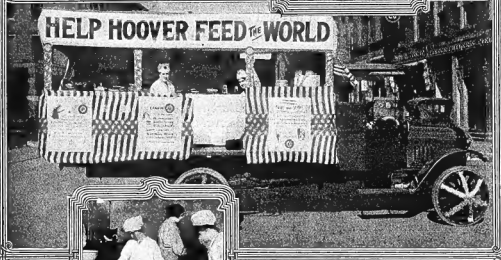
Miss Florence Ward who is head of the organization in thirty-three States

UNCLE SAM WANTS TO HELP YOU KEEP HOUSE

By Helen Christine Bennett

With the influenza epidemic came the opening of many diet kitchens by the agents, where with volunteer helpers they prepared food for the sick and sent it to homes which were badly in need of help

An agent designed this kitchen corner



Community canning and drying kitchen

The Food Administration has had staunch allies in the agents, who have carried its messages to home-makers in every form of demonstration from that of the kitchen on wheels to the home visit

The girls' canning clubs have been the key to home demonstration work in the Southern States, for through the girls in these enterprises the agent has found an easy entrance into the very lives of those families where her help has become invaluable

The agents have prepared many food exhibits

DO YOU have a Home Demonstration Agent? Do you know her? Her business is to assist you with your home-making problems. How has she helped *you?*

Millions of home-makers are taking advantage of her assistance day by day. This service is free. Our government offers it to you and me to make better homes in America.

If you want a Home Demonstration Agent in your Community write to the Editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW, who will tell you what steps to take to secure this home advisor for yourself and your neighbors.

WHEN you come to know her as I have come to know her, you will not need the admonition given in this article's introduction. Perhaps it was because, the very first time she visited me, she admired my kitchen with a genuineness not to be mistaken, that I took to her at once from the top of her white starched cap to her immaculate canvas shoes. And when I had eaten her war-bread and her spider-cake and potato-cake and had seen and opened and tasted canned goods made from my own vegetables in my own sight, that were just a shade better than my own, I surrendered utterly to her scientific knowledge.

To me, a housekeeper of some years' experience, this very spic and span young woman who came into my neighborhood about the time that war began, carrying the title "Home Demonstration Agent," has developed into a sort of household court of last resort. When in doubt, I ask her.

She comes to me, as she will to you if she has not already come, as a kind of interpreter of everything that has been discovered in science and art and mechanics and machinery and medicine and in all the other things that contribute to the making of that very complex and complicated mixture spiritual and material that we Americans call "The Home," sent out by the Department of Agriculture co-operating with the State Agricultural Colleges, maintained by our government for that very purpose, that is to put all such knowledge at our disposal.

At the beginning of the war she was, as far as numbers go, hardly a national figure, but during the war, as all of us know, we housekeepers began for the first time to find ourselves in a position of supreme importance as the food custodians of the country. To deal with us, our government hastily passed an emergency bill which sent out Home Demonstration Agents in scores until at the present writing there are over seventeen hundred of them, scattered all over the entire country, through the rural districts, in the small towns, and in the great cities.

BY THIS time I know you must have arrived at the very direct question, "But what does she do?" and I draw a long breath before I reply.

As I look at the papers littering the desk before me, as I recall the reports of some fifty-two delegates to the Convention of Home Demonstration Agents I attended in Washington last week, I despair of ever getting upon paper all the things she can and does seem to do, from the making of canning-stoves out in Minnesota (when the regular canning-stove supply gave out), of inverted wash-tubs, old wash-boilers, and lard-pails, and actually canning thousands of quarts of vegetables that would otherwise have spoiled, upon these primitive contrivances, to the placing of a budget system in a farm family which taught that suddenly enlightened group that their four hundred hens meant more money to them than the rest of the farm of fifty-six acres all together, the activities of the Home Demonstration Agent seem to know no limitation. The "betterment of the home," which is her slogan is, as we housekeepers know, a comprehensive term, and likely to include a wide and varied program.

Beyond a doubt she has come to stay. One of the many lessons learned during the war by the country as a whole is that this first attempt at co-operation in production and conservation between Uncle Sam and the women of America has been so rich in results that it is needed in peace as well as in war.

In a story written by a man who has been through the worst of the great war there was one statement which ought to be read by every housewife in America.

"To the heroism that day after day stinted itself and its family that we might win," he said, "I shall never be able to do justice. Some one else, not I, will have to write the story of that flame of self-sacrifice that came from the American kitchen. My eyes fill when I think of it."

My own eyes have filled many times while I was getting the material for this article. There may seem neither a sentimental nor an emotional appeal in the saving of a half-cupful of flour or a spoonful of sugar, which are, to be sure, prosaic enough matters *except in the manner of the saving.* But when I think of the millions of women who, day after day, while their sisters figured in the headings of the newspapers for more or less picturesque performances in natty uniforms, while their brothers and husbands and sons marched through camps, sailed across seas and finally got into the heart of the fray, stuck to their kitchen stoves and hour after hour and meal after meal studied and measured and cooked with a soul afire with patriotism and a distended nostril

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Typical scene in open-air canning in one of the Southern States

Miss Powell and Miss Creswell who helped plan the work in the South

What Seventeen Hundred Trained Women Are Doing for American Homes

toward the mess they were preparing for family consumption—well, the tears will come.

Listen. In the accurate, statistical, and entirely non-sentimental reports kept by the Home Demonstration Agents you will find the entire story. In Calhoun County, Iowa, Miss Mary B. Richardson, Home Demonstration Agent, reports that "in the beginning of the war, fifty-two women put their families on voluntary rations and kept records of the results for five months." (Every spoonful of sugar, mind you, every ounce of flour.) At the end of the five months they reported a total of 3,432 pounds of wheat flour, and of 1,560 pounds of sugar saved! That was just enough of an example for the other women of Calhoun County. "When the allowance of wheat was reduced to one and one-half pound per person per week, seven hundred and sixty-two women, representing three thousand individuals, signed a pledge to use just one-half the allowance or three-quarters of a pound per week per person. In six weeks they had saved 13,500 pounds. Their entire saving amounted to 50 tons."

They made over their clothes in Calhoun County, those seven hundred and sixty-two women. They were dead in earnest about winning the war, you see, and so they got together and took lessons from that same Home Demonstration Agent. The clothes they did not buy, because of the ones they made over, would have cost in total thirty-six thousand dollars.

THE saving of food is actual; the conservation of clothing estimated. Next comes the tale of production. Seven hundred women in one county in Arkansas, Miss Bonslagel, the leader of the Home Demonstration Agents in that State told me, agreed to raise four hens each. They did just that, and the two thousand eight hundred chicks growing into henhood, presented the State with exactly the equivalent of two carloads of smoked meats that were thus released for use by the Allies. One little girl in the same State clefied all precedents by placing four turkey eggs under a bantam hen and raising all four turkeys!

So much for production!

And when it comes to food preservation there is the Home Demonstration Agent record of South Carolina, with twenty-eight thousand canning-club members putting up fruit and vegetables last year valued at $806,000.

These little stories of actual happenings are not told with any idea of carrying to you the impression that this covers the work of the Home Demonstration Agent. Oh no! These are some of the results that have made the work so much worth while to our government during war-times, that now that peace has come the Agent can not be spared. You and I and any government can see that a scheme of organization which can produce in such a short time such an amazing total of results as these must be perpetuated for the sake of the government itself.

Long before the war came, the Home Demonstration Agents were working throughout the entire South and in a small number of parts of the North and West. There was no question on the part of the Department of Agriculture which sent them out, or upon the local communities which helped to support them, as to their value. But as it took a war emergency to induce the government to appropriate enough money to make the movement a national one, with every State enlisted, so it took a force big enough to be really national to show what amazing results, both spiritual and material, such a body of trained women could accomplish through organization of the home-makers of the country.

FOR this great body of Home Demonstration Agents, the steady growth of the work begun in 1910 in two Southern States, had paved a way. For years the Federal Department and the State Colleges had experimented and had gotten out Bulletins which had been used mainly in the schools of the country. In 1910 Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, of the Federal Department of Agriculture, believing in a shorter route to the American home than that through the schools, tested out his plan of work in these two States. In 1913, fifteen Southern States were organized, seven hundred and fifteen counties were receiving the services of Home Demonstration Agents, and almost three million women and girls were organized to do some form of work. Meanwhile the North and West have been trying out a different scheme of organization by getting the people together in a kind of society called the Farm Bureau. The Farm Bureau is a family organization with the County Agent, the Boys' and Girls' Club Leader, and the Home Demonstration Agent the official servants of the group.

Through these two schemes of organization, the Women's Clubs and Girls' Clubs in the South, and the Farm Bureaus and similar associations in the North and West, the country has forty-eight States pretty well organized. And while the title "Farm Bureau" would seem to indicate that this movement began as a rural one, it has in fact extended so far to the cities that it has been necessary to send out almost two hundred women whose services are given entirely to cities. The Home Demonstration Agent is a *Home* Agent. Her services are needed in city and country alike.

There are for her of course certain obvious activities. All over the country she has taught canning, indoors and out. She has

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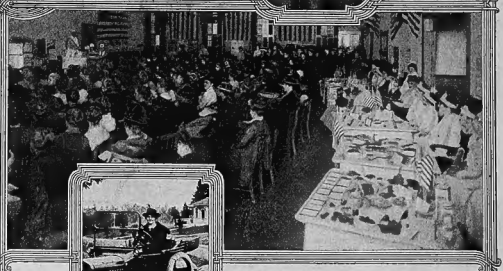
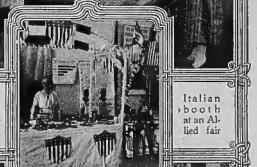


Off for a home visit in her own automobile

While Portia Smiley's demonstrations became famous in New England during the war, other negro women were made official demonstration agents in the South and carried the message of conservation into negro homes



All over the country the trained home demonstration agents have been urging the installation of hot lunches in the schools and have supervised the establishment of many successful cafeterias

Italian booth at an Allied fair

Food lessons have helped thousands of housekeepers

A group of children at a milk station established by a home demonstration agent. Many of these centers as well as community kitchens have been started in the cities. They are patronized largely by children where for a few pennies they are able to get a wholesome meal

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"I Don't Want to Go Back!" SAYS THE WIFE

"Where Do I Come In?" ASKS THE HUSBAND

By MONTANYE PERRY

Drawings and Decorations by Jessie Gillespie

THE war is over! I know that only an armistice has been signed. There is still much work to be done. But the guns are stilled—thank God the guns are stilled! And for me, as for every woman, the war was over on the day my own man came home to stay.

I am unutterably thankful. But——

Miles has been home a month. The first morning he was here we started for town together. He smiled at me and said, "Now that I'm back on the job you can quit work."

"But I don't want to quit work," I protested, without stopping to think.

"Why not?" he demanded, and there was something in his voice that made me evade the issue. I pointed out to him that it wouldn't be fair to the company to leave without notice. He admitted the justice of that, rather reluctantly.

"You've been a good little soldier," he told me. "Stuck right by your guns and never whimpered. But the war is over and you'll be honorably discharged and go back to your own job."

BACK to my own job! Suddenly all the half-formed feelings and thoughts which had been precipitating in my consciousness for months crystallized into sharp, definite convictions. I knew what I wanted. It was—*never to go back to the old way of living!*

Long before our country went into the war my husband was restless. I knew that only his family obligations held him here. On the day the President's proclamation came out I went to the office where I had worked before I married. When Miles came home that evening I met him at the door.

"It's all right," I said. "I've got my old job back. Susan Riley's man is going and she will keep house for me. You can go."

He was so happy and so proud of me. Every one seemed to think I had done something wonderful, but for me it was the only thing to do.

So I have been back in the business world for a year and a half. My salary has been raised twice. I am earning as much as Miles was before he went away. I love my work. The firm wants me to stay.

But Miles is terribly shocked. I have put off discussion, hoping, as time went by and he saw how well it all worked out, he would come to think as I do. But last night he forced an argument.

"Your home and children ought to be all the job you want!" he declared.

"Are they all the job you want?" I asked.

He said that was very different. But is it? I was trained for my business career as thoroughly as my husband was for his. Few girls of my age were receiving a salary equal to mine when I gave up my job to marry Miles. Even then I hated giving it up. Not the salary—the work. But it never occurred to me then that I could do any other way. Every girl who got married gave up her job, then.

But now I've tried the other way, and I don't want to go back!

I ADORE my husband and children and I love my home. So does Miles. But if having them meant giving up the business he was trained for and has made a success of, I wonder if he would do it?

Miles wants to "take care of me." But in the same breath with which he wants to take care of me he says I earn my independence when I work in the home. Of course I do. The point is, I wish to choose my work. If I earn my independence, why can't I have it?

Why, the life we have now is so much better than the old one that there's simply no comparison. I make a point of rising in the morning in time to see that the children bathe and dress properly, with no unbrushed teeth or loose buttons. I'm never nervous or cross because I know breakfast will be on the table when we go down and there will be time to eat comfortably, with a chance to attend to the children's manners. They take their luncheon to school—a good one. When they come home in the afternoon Susan gives them some hot milk or soup and they play until I come. Then we all have time to get freshened up before dinner. After that, instead of spending two hours in the kitchen, I help the children with their lessons, then go up to hear their prayers and tuck them into bed. Saturday afternoons and Sundays belong to Miles and the children exclusively. Does that sound as if my family lead a neglected or unhappy life?

I can hear some woman saying now, "But she is very fortunate. Few of us could get so competent a housekeeper."

That is not true. The woman who has brains enough to hold down a good job will use them to arrange her household affairs efficiently. To get and keep a good housekeeper one must be willing to pay her a little more than the average wage and treat her a little better than the average housekeeper is treated. The trouble with a lot of women is that their salary means "extra money" to them, to be spent for luxuries their husband's income will not cover. That isn't fair. A married woman's first responsibility is the care of her home and children.

If she doesn't use her own two hands to scrub the kitchen floor and the little faces, then she's got to be sure that the hands she pays to do it are competent and tender.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

NOW that the war is over and I'm back on my job you can quit work," I said to Barbara.

"I don't want to quit work," she said. Just like that.

It struck me all in a heap. "Why not?" I asked her.

"Oh, because," said she. And she has been to business every day since.

It's a mystery to me. I've got to change her mind somehow, but how? Last night we talked it over. "The war is over and you should go back to your own job," I told her. And she asked me what her own job is. Tried to argue that because her salary pays the housekeeper she is doing her duty by the home. Asked me if I only wanted a cook and nursemaid why I didn't marry her mother's servant instead of her! I confess I lost my patience. Any person with sense knows that a married woman's place is in her own home, especially if she has children.

When we were married she seemed glad to leave the office. The year we were engaged we talked over our plans for a home and we agreed in everything. My ideas haven't changed one iota. What has changed her so?

When we got into the war I felt pretty rotten. The first day I just had to keep reminding myself I had a wife and two children and they were my first responsibility. And then, when I got home that night, Barbara had already seen her old firm and had a position! She was glad I wanted to go and would show me that a woman could be just as patriotic and brave as a man.

My, but I was proud of her. And didn't the fellows with the clinging-vine wives envy me! I could see it in their eyes, when they came 'round to say good-by to me.

But the war is over. The emergency no longer exists. And I say that her old work in our home is her *real* job.

She wants to be a business woman. Those what it is going to mean! She had led a sheltered life for nine years, as a woman should. My income, tho not large, was sufficient to keep us going, because she was a splendid manager.

SHE had nothing whatever to do but to take care of our eight-room house and bring up our two kiddies. She could work when she felt like it and rest when she was tired. She could come and go as she pleased. Why should she want a job which means getting up early in the morning, commuting to town, being tied down to regular working hours, driving all day for some one else instead of being her own boss?

Is that any life for a married woman?

It means that the children must be cared for by our housekeeper all day except when they are in school. Of course Susan is a good housekeeper and a very intelligent woman. And her husband didn't come home from France, so we can depend on her staying with us indefinitely. But there is nobody like a kid's own mother to tie up his cut finger and give him a slice of bread and sugar and spank him when he needs it.

Our kiddies have their mother's care now only in the evening, an hour in the morning, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Barbara thinks it is nice to have time to fix them all up spick and span in the morning and to sit down and eat with us uninterruptedly instead of having to hustle to get the breakfast and keep jumping up to serve it herself. Of course the children do look nicer and their table manners have improved wonderfully and the atmosphere is pleasanter in a way. But it isn't so much like a real home. I *like* to see my wife coming in with the hot toast! It seems more intimate and homey. Any man will know what I mean.

She helps them every evening with their lessons, but she is bringing into their lives an unheard-of note. She drags in her business constantly. Instead of "what is the principal crop grown in China?" she asks them, "what is it mother's firm imports from China?" A child of eight can't possibly take an intelligent interest in business, and yet Jane will forget to play with her dolly when her mother talks that way to her. I don't want Jane to be interested in commerce. I want her to prefer her dolls.

FINANCIALLY there is nothing gained by the woman of the home going into business. I'm convinced of that. It is simply a case of taking in more and paying out more and losing the best things in life—the real, old-fashioned home life, I mean, by doing it.

We used to play a game of whist after the kiddies were in bed. Now she reads to me out of trade journals! I'm interested, all right, and it's helping me a lot at the office, but it seems queer. Anyhow, she could read trade journals to me if she didn't have a job herself. Can't a woman interest herself in her husband's business just because it *is* his business?

One of the most embarrassing things about it is the things the neighbors say. They thought she was fine to get her old job back and let me go. *But the war is over!* Of course that makes it different.

We take the same train in the morning. Johnson comes 'round and says, "Still going to business, Mrs. Oliver?"

It's a civil question, but in the back of his mind he is thinking, "Thank the Lord I don't have to keep my wife in an office in order to get along."

Then on Thursdays Gartner comes sidling up to borrow a fiver to last him until Saturday.

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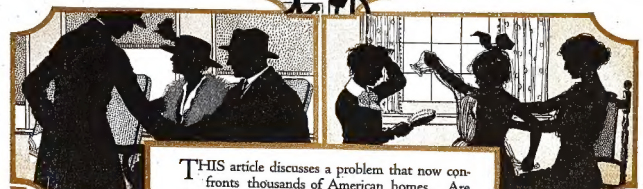

"She Wants to Be a Business Woman"

"I Say that Her Home Is Her *Real* Job"

THIS article discusses a problem that now confronts thousands of American homes. Are these wives who worked, while their husbands fought, willing to go back into the kitchen again? Read the wife's point of view and then the husband's. Which has the better of the argument?

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Series of Pictorial Review "Series of Great War Paintings"

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FERDINAND FOCH

MARSHAL OF FRANCE, SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES OF THE ALLIES

(FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R. A.)

The great French strategist who, to spare the shedding of blood, relinquished the opportunity for the most remarkable military triumph in the history of warfare, and, by so doing, gained that greater glory that can come only from supreme self-sacrifice.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS SERIES OF GREAT WAR PAINTINGS

STRAIGHTENING OUT THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD V. B. BROWNE

"It's your job," said Marshal Foch to General Pershing and his eager Americans, "go to it!" And they did. There was no stopping the advance of the impetuous Americans.

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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

The commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe whose breaking of all precedents in placing himself and his army at the disposal of Marshal Foch at the most critical period of the war speedily led to ultimate victory and the end of this dire and inhuman conflict between nations.

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THE AMERICANS AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY N. C. WYETH

"SHATOO THEERY? Was it some fight? *I'll* say so!

"After the Boches hammered us for seven hours with high explosives we was pretty much nuts, an' we went tearin' into that old burg like mad. Some hadn't any shirts on, or tin hats, leggins, nor nothin'—just the bayonet.

"Every street corner had its little fight stickin', bangin' and slashin'. Why we dug them Germans out like rats from holes. They was everywhere, in cellars shootin' from the low winders, up in second stories and on the roofs with machine guns. Fightin' airplanes sailed over us droppin' bombs thick as confetti—it was some fight, that scrap was.

"After the worst was over, I found my shoelacin's clean out of my shoes. I don't know how it happened. Oh! it was a grand mix-up, believe me!"

—*from a description by a participant*

THE NINTH OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SERIES OF WAR PAINTINGS

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and would stay there forever. It was a house of security and comfort and peace—and more than that. It was a house of traditions. Do you know what I mean? A house where men and women had lived fine lives, thinking of things bigger than themselves. It didn't matter that Gordon Dix hadn't lived up to them. The feeling was in the house, and somehow, Letty, singing something out of an opera, seemed part of it. I stood there on the road, watching and listening, for a long, long time. Then I went back to the little hotel and wrote her a letter. And the next day I signed the paper that made little Dan Benton into Cary Dix."

"You old——" Comstock turned his back.

"Fool? Perhaps. What is he like, Larry?"

"You've seen him. He's like you."

"I mean, what is he like inside?"

"How can any one know that? You wouldn't know that, even if you'd kept him."

"I think I should."

He fell silent, and Comstock took up his pipe again. Outside a bugle rang out in silvery summons. Clanking spurs and tramping feet sounded on board walk and plain. Into the bunk-house crept the blue twilight of Maryland. "Queer old world," said Comstock.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do, Dan?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think he's ever known he isn't Dix's son?"

"I don't know."

"And if he hasn't?"

"Do you mean that I should tell him?"

"That's for you to say, Dan."

"I—I think I'll scout, Larry."

His scouting took him past the tent where Cary Dix was quartered. Dix was lying on the ground, chin on hands, elbows dug down into the grass, smoking. He nodded carelessly to Benton without changing his attitude of attention toward the man to whom he had been listening. Dan Benton strove to make his own gaze as casual as it sped in search of resemblance in this soldier to the boy Dannie had been. When he saw Dix fling back his head he turned abruptly away, so like was the gesture even yet to one that had marked the boy in the days of their wanderings.

THROUGH the night, lying sleepless in the bunk-house, Benton struggled to chart for himself a course. Should he stay, facing the sting of Cary Dix's careless contempt of minstrels and minstrelsy? Should he take the chance of coming to know his boy? A passionate curiosity to know the sort of man into which Gordon Dix and Letty had made Dan Benton's son, swung the balance. Had the man who had changed Letty from a pleasure-loving girl to an ambitious woman been able to change Dannie Benton into a Dix of the Carolinian traditions? Or was there down in him some spark of his father, some flicker of Letty Convel, that would burn through the veneer of his training and bring him back to Old Dan? Was there a way to win him after all these years? "I'll make him proud of me," Benton decided as reveille was sounding, "and fond of me, and I'll take the chance."

The miracle of their meeting and its infinite possibilities flooded Benton's thoughts at rehearsal, altho he managed to keep the surface of his mind busy with the work in hand. His smoldering eyes watched Dix persistently. The boy's swagger, as he crossed the stage, reminded Dan now of his own strut when he had gone, a stripling, with the Haverly troupe. The lift of Cary's chin, the set of his shoulders were as familiar to him as his looking-glass. And he had Letty's eyes! Why hadn't he known him without Comstock's revelation? And how was he to know him, really know him now?

With the realization that he must cruise indirectly toward the harbor of his desire, he set about changing the troupe's attitude toward him. Because of his restless longings for his son he had come to know boys, and he was sure that no boy would want the friendship of a man whom his comrades failed to respect. The winning of men's admiration was a hard task to a man who had never sought anything but their casual liking, but Dan Benton set about it with a determination that he cloaked under a manner of good-natured intention to help them amuse themselves. Little by little he managed to make himself the companion of the boys while he instructed them in the gentle art of harmony. Inch by inch he wormed his way into their liking, always with the thought that their respect was the road to communion with the son who did not know him. As he went forward, he caught the spirit that was accolading those boys who were making ready to go overseas. The thrill of their young ardor warmed him until his one regret was that he was grown too old for active service and his one pride the knowledge that it was his son, and not Gordon Dix's, who wore his country's uniform.

Comstock, watching the slow progress of the drama from the wings, may have considered ways to bring the young and the old Dan Benton together, for he made suggestion that the minstrel change the form of the entertainment. "Telescope the opera," he advised, "and run in an old-fashioned song show." The men, weary of their own slowness in their near-dramatic endeavor, welcomed the idea, and Old Dan rushed their training with the joy of knowing that this was his chance to show himself at his best. With shrewdness of set purpose he chose Cary Dix for a solo, to be backed by the full chorus. For a day he pondered the question of whether to give the boy the soldier's favorite of "Take Me Back to My Indiana Home," or "K-katie, my B-beautiful K-katie," whose stutterings delighted the crowd.

"Why not give him one of the old ones?" Comstock asked when Benton brought him his problem. "Give him one of yours."

"Which one?"

"There's 'Yellow Roses.'"

"I couldn't, Larry. I—I was singing that the year he was born."

"Well, there are others. There's 'Susannah.'"

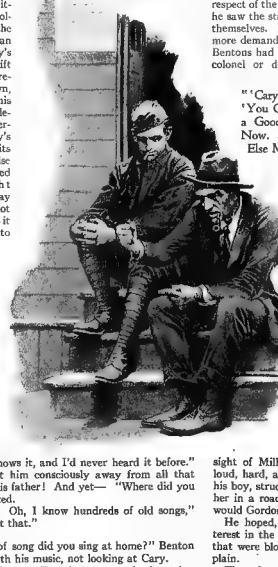
"The minstrel man's parting song." Dan smiled in remembrance of times and scenes the very name of the old ballad evoked. To him it symbolized, as no other song could, the era of the minstrel. Older than black-face, come down from days of the Mexican War and the California Gold Rush, "Susannah" had been the troubadour's song when he had risen to zenith. Over a world, banjos had twanged its measures, while plaintive voices had wailed its plea. Black-face and white-face men had sung it until the rafters of every theater on the Continent had echoed to its strains. For years the strolling bands of the pavements had made it their own. London had known it, and Paris, in music-hall and revue. The mining-camps of the West and the lumber-camps of the North had hummed it year after year. Tramps sang it, and church choirs. Phonographs rasped it, and pianolas banged it. The world had taken it, but always it remained the minstrel's tocsin, living memorial of that blithe crew who had loved Dan Benton and been loved by him. Time and again he had sung it in farewell to the audiences who had laughed with him and wept with him. From Maine to California he had led minstrels in the chant of it. And now, here at Meade, he would teach his son the old song of his father's art. "I'll have that crowd singing it," he told Comstock, "so that Jack Haverly will turn in his grave, wanting to come back." And Comstock, knowing that Benton was making offering of the best gift he had, smiled a little mistily as he nodded assent.

His assignment of the song to Cary Dix gave to Benton his first opportunity of direct speech with him. The huskiness of his voice, when he spoke to the boy surprized him, and he had to fight against the emotion that surged over him at sound of Dix's "All right, Dan," in easy acceptance of his job. "He said it, he told Comstock, just the way Letty used to. I wonder if he's like her at all."

"You must remember," Larry said judicially, "that you only see him, Dan, in the time and place when he would be like Letty on the stage. But that's only one hour in his day. Go look at him out on the field with the men, and see what he's like there."

The fear that Cary was like neither Letty nor himself came to Benton as he watched the boy going about his work. For young Dix labored with a soldierly exactness that had no parallel in the youth of his whimsical father or his gay mother. Could it be Gordon Dix's stamp set upon his stepson? Whatever it was, it was good; and yet Dan Benton resented it, and determined to find out how deeply it had been set in his son.

Opportunity for discovery arrived with Dix's growing interest in the minstrelsy. That he enjoyed singing was evident as he took the center of the stage and began the verse



"'Cary,' he said, 'You Got to Be a Good Soldier Now. Nothing Else Matters'"

of songs revealed itself as the men followed him in the chorus. Old Dan thrilled to his boy's possession of a gift that had been so preeminently his own, not realizing how his own intensity of desire keyed up the performance until Cary's song stood out as his star number. In praise of the boy he planned conversations night after night; but day after day he dared not risk speech, and it was Dix who spoke to him first, lingering behind the others one afternoon. "How's it coming, Dan?" he inquired in a casual way.

"Fine, fine," Benton mumbled. Then, fearing lest Cary would go out, he hurried into detaining speech. "Like your song?"

"You bet. But it's queer about that song. Every other fellow here knows it, and I'd never heard it before."

So they had kept him consciously away from all that might lead him to his father! And yet— "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"South Carolina. Oh, I know hundreds of old songs," he boasted, "but not that."

"WHAT sort of song did you sing at home?" Benton fumbled with his music, not looking at Cary.

"Oh, operas, and some French songs, and plantation melodies, and a lot of soldier stuff. All the Dixes have been soldiers since my father. He was too young for the war of the States, and now he's too old for this. But he's strong on the soldier end, and he did his best to lead me up to West Point. I didn't see it at first, but the tradition got me, and I'm glad to be here."

"Then it's—a sort of tradition with you?"

"I reckon you'd call it that. Perhaps it won't make any difference in the show-down, but I've sort a of notion that I'll fight in France just a little bit better because I know that the Dix men have always fought straight for the things that count." He laughed then at his own vain-glory, and Benton tried to echo his laughter, but his rang hollow. For an instant he had a fear that he would lose his chance of establishing a bond with the boy unless he proved his sympathetic understanding, and he groped for query to hold him.

"What does your mother think about it?" he asked him.

"My mother died in March," the boy said. "I'd have gone in the regulars when war started, if it weren't that my father was all alone."

Letty was dead—and he hadn't known it! Letty of the dancing steps, and the light heart, and the laughter, and the shining eyes she had given her son for heritage, was gone.

"I—I am sorry," he said brokenly.

Cary Dix put his hand on the older man's arm. "Thank you," he said. Old Dan's one unguarded moment had made the bond his strivings had not forged.

AFTER that friendship came easy to them. It might have been Dan's intense desire for his company or it might have been the flattery of his unvoiced admiration that won Cary's interest. Some stirring of the blood may have brought him close. Whatever the motive-power, the result was a comradeship that held for Benton sorrow as well as joy. Cary Dix, talking of himself under Dan's guiding sympathy, talked also of his foster father's home and teachings with a pride that stabbed the other man incessantly. Some times the temptation to tell Cary that the man whom he reverenced had stolen another man's wife, and bought his child by the bribe of that home, rose in him, but just as often he put it away in fear of alienating the boy from him. For the comradeship he was building was the greatest joy Dan Benton had known from the time when he had given his boy to Letty. In it he was growing young again, but in it, too, he was seeing the world as Cary Dix saw it.

Little by little he was coming to see that his son's life was built on the sands of belief that he was a Dix of South Carolina. The dramatic temperament in him, heritage from Letty as well as from his father, had led Cary to invest himself with the trappings of a tradition which he believed himself born. Because the Dix men had always fought bravely for the causes in which they had faith, Cary Dix would fight. Gordon Dix had given him an armor for his soul, and, despite his bitterness in realization that this other man had been the giver, Dan Benton had to admit the value of that armor. Out of his loneliness he acknowledged that Dix had accustered Cary with ideals that fitted him to be a man among men. Slowly and against his will, but surely, he grew into admiration for those qualities in his son that Dix had implanted and fostered. He had wanted through all those years when he had dreamed of finding his boy to discover in him a replica of himself. Now, however, recognizing in Cary a type alien to himself, his ideas, his associations, his ambition for his son began to shift.

For, as he accomplished his goal, the admiration and respect of the men whom he taught in their recreation hours, he saw the standard of manhood that they were setting for themselves. It was a new kind, he realized, more stringent, more demanding of individual responsibility than the Dan Bentons had lived. Its code required of every man, be he colonel or dog-robber, a cool-sobbed adherence to the duty that had been imposed upon him by the exigencies of warfare. It demanded that no man lower the banner he bore. And, as Dan Benton saw that Gordon Dix had given to Cary an unsullied banner and the strength to carry it, he saw, too, that it was his part to do nothing to bring down the banner or to take away from the strength of the standard-bearer. None the less, he kept on dreaming of the time when he might tell his son of his fatherhood, climaxing their friendship by the revelation.

"He doesn't know he isn't their boy," he said to Comstock, "but he knows that he likes me—and that's something."

How little it was came to him when he saw Cary with Millie French. Because the boy had never chanced to talk to him of girls in their long and curiously revealing conversations he had never thought of the possibility that he associated with them. Had he thought of it at all, he would have pictured Cary's choice as a girl of the life into which he had been bred. The sight of Millie French, that pinchbeck personality, little, loud, hard, and cheap, mincing along on high heels beside his boy, struck Old Dan hard. "Why, Larry wouldn't put her in a road show," was his first thought. But, "What would Gordon Dix think of her?" was his second.

He hoped, even against his intuitions, that Cary's interest in the girl was one of the thousand camp flirtations that were blossoming more thickly than wild asters on the plain.

That she came to Meade on every visiting-day, flaunting Cary up and down the board walk, and that he went to Baltimore, evidently to see her, whenever he could secure leave, presaged nothing; but a growing reserve in his manner toward other men, a shadowing resentment against their laughing allusions were straws in the way of the wind. "I'm afraid he's in love with her," Dan told Comstock. "I shouldn't be surprized," said Larry. "Such things have been known to happen in training-camps."

"But he may marry her!"

"They do sometimes. What's the objection?"

"Have you seen her?"

"No."

"She's a second-rate chorus-girl. Plays burlesque, perhaps."

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IN BLOSSOM TIME

Wherein the Breath of Spring Gets into Everybody's Blood

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

AUTHOR OF "DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Mr. Whitlow came with the lilacs

PAUL! Paul, dear!"

There was in that sweet voice always a cheerfulness that was irrepressibly patient, the mother's age-old hopefulness that endearments will be welcome to a welcomed son. Paul in revolt drew a long and weary breath.

"Mother, *please!*" he entreated.

The scorn in his voice drew fire from the dining-room.

"Ann, *don't* call him dear!" urged his father, tenderly ironic. "If we can just get him down to breakfast in a mood to tolerate the family, we may get through a meal without a row. Paul!"

Paul went with independent slowness down the stairs. As a medium to further delay, he retraced his footsteps with an air of conscience and flung back a door. "I thought so," he snapped. "Get into your clothes!"

An unclothed boy of seven, turning handsprings on a rug, tumbled deftly out of reach, capered backward toward a window, cuffing with inexplicable hilarity at the air, and grinned.

"Get into your clothes!" hissed Paul, advancing. "Do you want the neighbors to see you? *Do you?* Teddy! Stop that screeching! Stop it! Stop it, I tell you! Teddy, have I got to whale you? Have I got to jimmy you into your clothes again——"

"Paul!" The voice of Paul's father seemed to explode in the lower hall as if expelled with violence from his gritted teeth. "Let him alone! If you attempt to dress him by force this morning, I'll thrash the pair of you!"

Paul turned on his heel, his face hot, and to his infinite mortification met Grandma Northrop in the hall. He greeted her gruffly, fell in behind the black uncompromising gown which, stiffly white at the neck, made her look a little like a terrible old clergyman with a tendency to baldness, and with a weary air of patience, followed her down to breakfast.

His mother's eyes he avoided. There was for him always in her slightly wistful air of discouragement, an inexplicable twinge of discomfort.

Marjory, sixteen months his junior, reaped the brunt of his mood. He met her look of censure with an intolerant droop of his lashes and sat down, frowning at a loud staccato gymnasium count 'up-stairs of one! two! three! four! as Teddy in a sort of dress drill he affected leaped numerically into garments.

The maid appeared with the coffee.

An idyllic scent of lilac blew softly in at the window, the breath of an adolescent Spring, but Paul, adolescent himself in that unhappy rebellion of his that never stayed defined, missed its hint of harmony and joy. He was wondering moodily, as Grandma West came in with a friendly flutter and smiled at them all, why on earth he had two grandmothers. Two—under one roof! Well, his mother was sorry too—with reason. She had said so—gently.

Paul frowned again. For Teddy had arrived. He came in with a look of haste around his buttons, hungrily sniffed the air and, by flattening his stomach and puffing out his cheeks, managed to insert himself between the chair and the table without pushing back the chair. Imp-like, every line of him as ludicrously perpendicular as his pompadour, he seated himself very stiff and upright in insufficient space until the maid pulled out his chair when he let out of himself a good deal of breath and snickered.

"FATHER!" urged Paul.

Teddy put out his tongue.

"Aw, go fish!" he said.

"Father!" implored Paul, outraged. He rose and flung out his hand. "Father!"

Mr. Northrop, too, rose. For a minute as he stared at his first-born, it seemed as if he were about to say a great deal. Then deliberately he folded up his paper and went out, leaving behind him silence and a flutter.

"Oh, Paul!" sighed his mother. Paul looked at her. From the garage came the violent whir of a starter. "I—I do hope," she added hurriedly, "that your father doesn't back into the spice-bush."

"Bing!" said Teddy, presently, all ears. "Pop'th hit the spice-bush!"

Paul transfixed him with a glare.

"That, young man," he observed cuttingly, "will be just about enough from you."

But Teddy had not heard. He was glinting through the window at a neighbor's lawn.

"Look, Ma," he tittered, wisdom in his eye. "Mr. Whitlow's cuttin' lilacs."

Grandma Northrop sniffed. Paul looked hard at Grandma West. Her pretty, flower-like old face beneath its snowy fluff of hair was rose-pink with confusion.

"Likely," Paul told her stiffly, "they're for you. Soft!" he muttered under his breath with an eye on Mr. Whitlow. "Soft as mush!"

"Paul!"

"I can't help it, Mother!" he stormed. "Some things make me tired. What will people say? What *do* they say? Old Whitlow and his lilacs! The widower with the magnolias! Colonel Crow and his wooden leg blowing about the Civil War. It's horrible—that's what it is—horrible. A fellow's *grandmother* having beaus! Widowers and bachelors," raved Paul, "trotting up the front steps for the whole street to stare at, and jingling the door bell, and always with a little bunch of flowers——"

The cadence of his overwrought voice changed treacherously from bass to tenor. Paul flushed. "Sentimental old idiots!" he finished viciously.

"Paul!"

"Mother," went on Paul, very white, "I will have my say. It is time this dreadful thing was ended. Father doesn't care what people think. About—anything. Neither—neither does Grandma West. Do you know what Mr. Whitlow called her to Jimmy Martin's mother? Do you, Mother? 'The Rosebud Grandmother!'—'The Rosebud Grandmother!'" repeated Paul, witheringly. "Think of it. It—it's sickening——"

"It's darling!" cried Marjory, her color bright. "And just like her too, she's so dear and dainty!"

"MARJORY! Dear child!" faltered Grandma West, and to Paul's infinite disgust burst suddenly into tears.

"Jellyfish!" muttered Grandma Northrop, unexpectedly, and left the table. Grandma West went too—hurriedly, dabbing at her eyes with a ridiculous square of lace.

"Paul!" Mrs. Northrop regarded the moody young face of her son with only a mother's patience, "I think—I *hope* I understand the spirit in which you are attempting to make over the family and assist your father and me in the bringing up of Teddy——"

"Aw, he thinks he's a cop on his beat!" said Teddy. Which was Teddy's highest ideal of authority and splendor.

"It *must* be kindness," went on Mrs. Northrop. "I'm sure you mean to help——"

Paul nodded bruskly. He often wished that his mother was not a woman. She was so inherently sensible otherwise. Mothers, to Paul, were subtly of a different sex from women. He somehow felt as tho they ought not to have any sex at all.

"But——"

Paul groaned aloud.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "must there always be a 'but' when *somebody* understands me?"

"But," insisted his mother.

Paul raised his hand. "Mother," he said, enunciating very clearly, "I can not *stand* any, more."

He went—with dignity. A second later the screen-door banged.

The smaller car in which Paul's mother drove herself to market stood at the curb when Paul came home at noon. It was turned the wrong way for traffic.

Paul met his mother's eyes and glanced significantly toward the curb.

"I fully realize, Mother," he began patiently, "that you don't like to run up in the driveway, but how many times must I tell you——"

"NOT so loud, Paul, please!" said his mother. 'Your father's at the 'phone. Telegraphing."

Paul missed the final word.

"Mother," he said quietly. "Teddy is up on the Avenue walking home with a —with a girl. The Barton Kid. And he's carrying something for her. And, Mother, he looked so silly and sheepish and he was making such foolish frog-mouths that I was ashamed of him. Ashamed of my own brother! He snubbed me, Mother, snubbed me——"

"Mother's gone again," came the voice of Paul's father in the library. "Is she there? Wire reply. Henry.' Duplicate that message, please, to the following list——"

Paul's face burned slowly red with panic.

"Mother!" he implored with the look of a family skeleton in his eyes. "Oh, Mother!"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Northrop with a sigh, "that she'll descend as usual on any relative a train will reach."

"You mean, Mother, that—that Grandma Northrop's run away again?"

"Paul! Don't call it that. It's absurd. She was ruffled and packed a bag and—and went. While I was out."

"What *can* you call it, Mother?" demanded Paul passionately. "What can you call it? She skips out when nobody's looking, doesn't she? She *knows* you wouldn't let her go. Think! Think of a fellow's grandmother running away! Everybody—*everybody* in this street, Mother, grins when they see her headed toward the trolley with her bag. They know she's in a huff. They know she don't get along good with Grandma West. It's ghastly. That's what it is."

"Paul," Mr. Northrop appeared in the doorway, a notebook in his hand, "if you have anything further to declaim, come indoors. The less you can say about your grandmother's huff this time, the better. You've stirred up a fine old hullabaloo about this unfortunate affair."

"I!" said Paul. "I!" He went indoors, his head high.

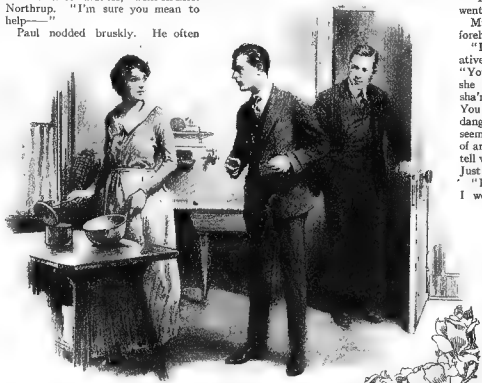
Mr. Northrop mopped his forehead.

"I think I've wired every relative on the list," he said wearily. "You have to wire them all, for she picks 'em hit or miss. I sha'n't have a minute's peace. You know, Ann, it's downright dangerous. Mother's old. She seems to forge ahead with a lot of angry pep, but you never can tell when she's going to give out. Just when did she go?"

"I don't know, Henry. When I went out she was knitting on the porch. Knitting rather fast——"

"Mad, then?"

"Then, I believe, Mr. Whitlow came with the lilacs and she got up and stalked indoors. Snubbed him on the way. Delia saw it all. She was dusting the parlor. Later when I came back with the vegetables, Grandma Northrop was gone, bag and all, and mother was crying in her room. They'd had an awful row. Henry, I—I wish your mother wasn't quite so blunt."



"Mother, You Don't Mean that You're Going to Dance. Why Mother, You're Married!"

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"So do I! And nobody saw her go. Ann, how does she do it? I've asked several if ever they see her headed for the trolley with a bag to call up——"

"Old Mr. Kern met her at the corner. He came and told me. Henry, I—I think he must have tried to shoo her back. You know how he is, always waving his cane around when he only means to be mild and reason with you. She jostled by him and his legs gave out—they're awfully shaky. It must have looked as if she knocked him down. And by the time he'd picked himself up, she'd disappeared."

To Paul, luncheon was a horror. Grandma West did not appear. Delia took her lunch up on a tray. Later, when the telegrams began to come, Paul was sent to answer the telephone and report them word for word. He did this formally—even Cousin Jason's frank—"Thank Heaven, no!" The last telegram was no more re-assuring than the first. Grandma Northrop, gone three hours, had not arrived anywhere.

Upset and hurried, Mr. Northrop went back to the office early and Paul, unbidden, a surprize in itself, went moodily out to put his mother's car away. He felt within him, tho he would not face the reason for it, the need to do something for her. Nevertheless he needs must climb into the car with an air of going distances, his ears antagonistically alert for her gentle call—"Where you going, Paul?"

It came. Paul sighed.

"All the way round to the back yard, Mo-thair!" he called back wearily.

Mrs. Northrop, too, sighed.

Teddy's voice from the gutter proclaimed, for him, the high-light of the day.

"Say," he called with an unmistakable air of pride to Johnny Sims, "did ye hear the news? M'grandmother knocked ol' Kern down."

"TEDDY!" Paul in his horror backed into the curb Teddy fled. The street, by nightfall, Paul reflected, would think his grandmother a prize-fighter.

The street by nightfall was chiefly concerned with far more startling expoits on the part of Teddy's tongue, for he turned parrot and began at four-thirty to swear in the back lot. Paul, notified by a shocked little girl with freckles and a lisp, brought him home by the collar and sent him to his room, where he seemed to stay.

In reality, while Paul was proving, by means of a marked postage-stamp, his hot contention that the maid pilfered trifles, Teddy locked himself in the bathroom, removed his clothes, and practised swimming.

At five the maid left, angry and in tears. Mrs. Northrop took a headache-tablet, donned an apron, and cooked the dinner.

"Mother," began Paul uncomfortably, "if you're going to cry——"

"I'm not going to cry," said Mrs. Northrop, wiping her eyes. "I'm tired and worried to death about your grandmother, tho we shall have to go on as usual and wait for news. I suppose, Paul, it's incomprehensible to you that even a bank-robber at times might be welcome as a cook. Delia, I'm sure, had never taken anything but stamps. And she's such a good cook. I wanted to keep her. Oh!" she added, biting her lips with repressed feeling. "I did so want to dress before dinner. Your father and I are going out. The Bartons——"

"What's done there?" demanded Paul, gruffly.

"Mrs. Barton's sister, the dancing-teacher. She's going to teach a few of us to dance, tho father says he's stiff. It's been so long. And the new dances——"

"*Dance!*" Paul stared at her and shuddered. "Mother, you don't mean that you're going to dance. Why, Mother, you're *married!*"

The look in his mother's eyes gave him pause. Paul wheeled and colored to his temples. His father stood in the doorway.

"Father," he stammered, "surely—surely at your age you are not going to dance!"

"We are!" flared his father who, up to now, had not been sure himself. "We may creak with the burden of years, but we intend deliberately to disgrace your dignity this evening."

Paul threw his hair back from his forehead with a haughty movement of his head and left the room.

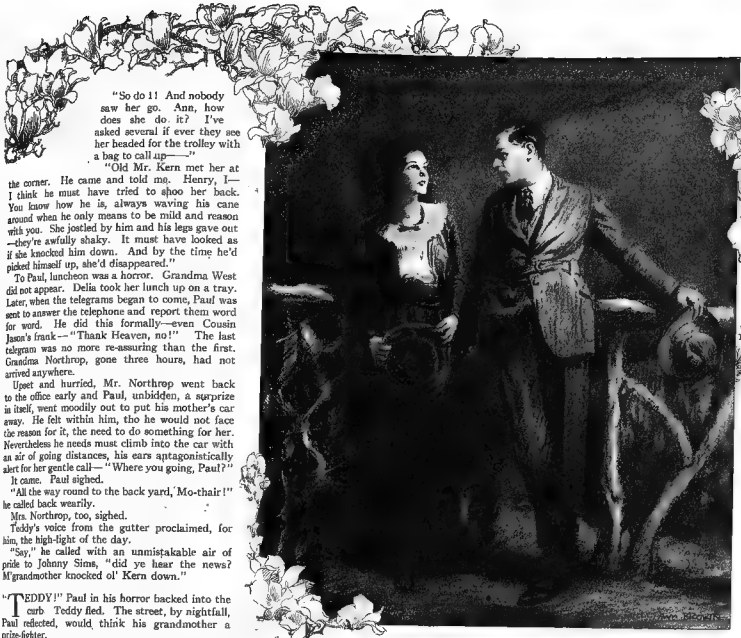
"OH!" he heard his mother exclaim. "Oh! Somebody's left the water running in the bathroom. It's dripping through the ceiling."

Purposely Paul withheld his aid and did not investigate the trouble in the bathroom. He went directly to his room.

Hoarded neckties trailed in neglect from a rack by the bureau, posters and pennants blazed in violent colors from the tortured walls, there was litter in the corners—baseball bats, tennis racquets, and a ukulele—but the masculine chaos, balm ordinarily to a heart surfeited with the feminine ways of women, failed to soothe. Paul walked the floor in aching martyrdom, his fingers in his hair. Later, when the big car had backed down the driveway, bearing off his rejuvenated parents to their wilful night of folly, and Marjory was supervising Teddy's absent-minded prayers, he went down-stairs.

Somewhat to his surprize, Grandma West was on the front porch, reading by the drop-light. Paul, through a parlor window eyed her soft blue challis gown and ruffled cuffs and collar with incredulous suspicion not unfounded. At the sound of a footfall, Grandma West in the shelter of her paper hurriedly changed her old-fashioned spectacles for eyeglasses! That meant a widower or a bachelor—perhaps—another—idiotic—bunch—of—flowers! Paul moved off hastily toward the kitchen, his face hot with anger and disgust.

Both of these emotions he transferred in turn to the chilled leftovers in the ice-box and the voice of Nat Fisher, asking on the porch for Marjory. Paul, harried to the point of desperation by this ubiquitous affair of beaus, stalked up the back stairs to his room with a pan of macaroni in his hand. Lacking spoon or fork he viciously ate all of it with his fingers and reached for his battered ukulele, hitching his shoulders as he strummed, and droning



"You Wouldn't Want to Give up Everything, Would You," Urged Minnie, "Just Because You Were Married?"

rag-time through his nose, until, for the dazzling of Nat Fisher in the parlor, Marjory, proficient only in beginnings, made a brilliant and fortissimo attack upon the piano, tripped in a digital sense and fell as she always did, stumbled vaguely back into speed, and thereafter raced on and on with courageous optimism and a drop-stitch effect. Paul, muttering wildly, flung down his ukulele and moved toward the window for some air.

There, with in his burning ears what he considered a mush-like murmur of voices from the porch, fate guided his eyes to the lighted windows of the Bartons in the street beyond and finished him. For as Marjory ended, the Barton Phonograph began, jazz-banding the night with unholy inference. Paul's creaking parents were fox-trotting down their age.

In that minute Paul's respect for law and order died. Anarchy heaved up out of his tortured soul, anarchy and a loathing for youth, frivolity, love and the sentimental arithmetic of pairs. It drove him hatless down the kitchen stairs and on, bent upon escape. Two minutes later, relieved to find that his grandmother and Mr. Whitlow had gone indoors, he was backing down the driveway in his mother's car.

That he had disobeyed his father in taking the car and himself out at night without permission, Paul ignored, feeling recklessly immune to censure. The soft warm wildness of the Spring wind, akin to some nameless surge within him, filled him with bravado and a singing sense of freedom. Dust fumed after him, moon-whitened like a wraith, as he climbed to mountain farmlands, passed a rural station, and glided off at an easier gait into lonely roads.

Paul's passionate discontent softened. Spring had laid siege to his lonely youth and the night held for him a lazy melancholy. There was peace up here and a plaintive wind. It sighed, lilac sweet, in farm lanes and in orchards white with blossoms. There were few lights and many stars. When the moon sailed under a cloud, the soft thick dark seemed soundlessly to drift beside him. On the whole, in a gentle way, it was a little forlorn

PAUL sighed. He was about to turn back in a wave of unrest when the play of his headlights enveloped suddenly a youngster with a suitcase. Paul, wanting to be kind—and not alone—stepped on the throttle, dimmed his lights for a passing horse and glided to a standstill.

"Oh!" gasped the wayfarer. "Oh!"

Paul switched on his headlights and groaned.

It—was—a—*girl!*

"Oh!" she gasped again in relief as the dash-light illumined his face

"Can I give you a lift?" asked Paul, formally.

"If—if you *would!* I was afraid you'd be horrid. The ticket-agent spoke about a new jitney bus on the turnpike but—but you have to walk through the woods——"

Paul opened the door.

"It is scary," he said, reaching for her suitcase, "for a girl."

"They just couldn't have got my letter—"

"Where you going?"

"My grandfather's—Mr. Quinn."

"No!" Paul grinned. "Gee, that's funny, isn't it? My great-uncle, Farley Northrop's got the farm next door. Funny we never met. What's your name?"

"Minnie Quinn. It—it isn't so funny. I've only been here once before. We lived West until papa bought the quarry."

Paul laughed boyishly and stepped hard on the throttle.

"Gee!" he said again. "It *is* funny tho."

"Oh!" said Minnie Quinn.

Even your misogynist, with certain clearly defined

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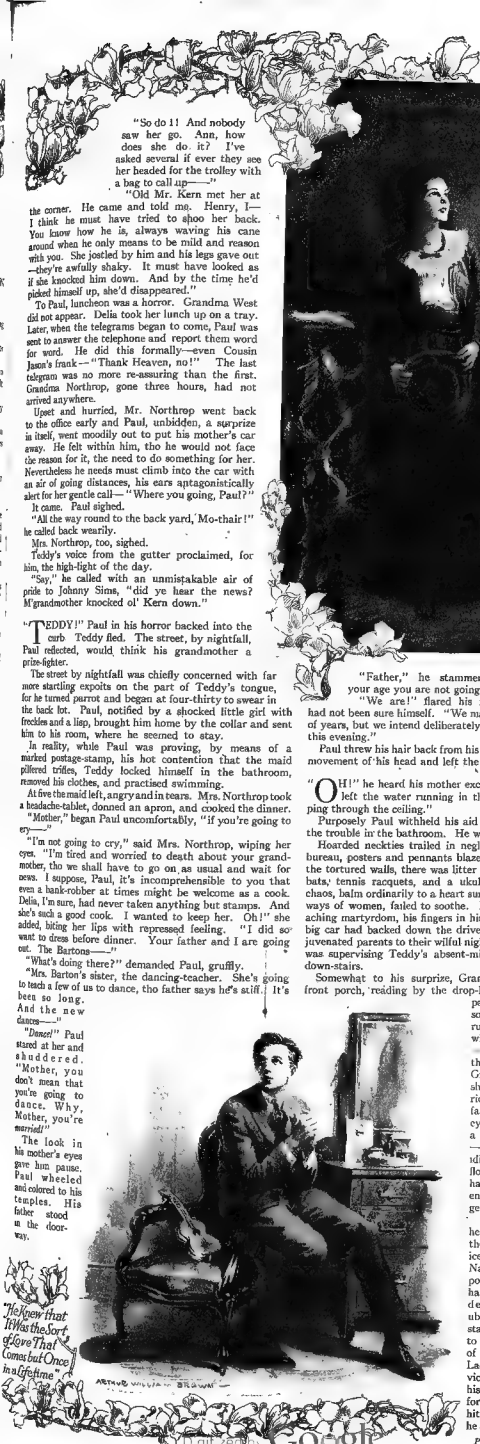

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"GOVERNMENT GOAT"

By SUSAN GLASPELL

AUTHOR OF "'FINALITY' IN FREEPORT," ETC.

"'Go Home! Drown Yourself! Let Me Be! Go 'Way!' It Was Fast, and Choked, and He Was Shaking"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

JOE DOANE couldn't get to sleep. On one side of him a family were crying because their man was dead, and on the other side a man was celebrating because he was alive.

When he couldn't any longer stand the wails of the Cadaras, Joe moved from his bedroom to the lounge in the sitting-room. But the lounge in the sitting-room, beside making his neck go in a way no neck wants to go, brought him too close to Ignace Silva's rejoicings in not having been in one of the dories that turned over when the schooner *Lillie-Bennie* was caught in the squall last Tuesday afternoon and unable to gather all her men back from the dories before the sea gathered them. Joe Cadara was in a boat that hadn't made it—hence the wails to the left of the Doanes, for Joe Cadara left a wife and four children and they had plenty of friends who could cry, too. But Ignace Silva—more's the pity, for at two o'clock in the morning you *like* to wish the person who is keeping you awake was dead—got back to the vessel. So to-night his friends were there with bottles, for when a man *might* be dead certainly the least you can do is to take notice of him by getting him drunk.

People weren't sleeping in Cape's End that night. Those who were neither mourning nor rejoicing were being kept awake by mourners or rejoicers. All the vile, diluted whisky that could be bought on the quiet was in use for the deadening or the heightening of emotion. Joe Doane found himself wishing *he* had a drink. He'd like to stop thinking about dead fishermen—and hearing live ones. Everybody had been all strung up for two days, ever since word came from Boston that the *Lillie-Bennie* was one of the boats "caught."

They didn't know until the *Lillie-Bennie* came in that afternoon just how many of her men she was bringing back with her. They were all out on Long Wharf to watch her come in and to see who would come ashore—and who wouldn't. Women were there, and lots of children. Some of these sets of a woman and children went away with a man, holding on to him and laughing, or perhaps looking foolish to think they had ever supposed he could be dead. Others went away as they had come—maybe very still, maybe crying. There were old men who came away carrying things that had belonged to sons who weren't coming ashore. It was all a good deal like a movie—only it didn't rest you.

So he *needed* sleep, he petulantly told things as he rubbed the back of his neck, wondered why lounges were made like that, and turned over. But instead of sleeping, he thought about Joe Cadara. They were friendly thoughts he had about Joe Cadara; much more friendly than the thoughts he was having about Ignace Silva. For one thing, Joe wasn't making any noise. Even when he was alive, Joe had made little noise. He always had his job on a vessel; he'd come up the Front street in his oilskins, turn in at his little red house, come out after a while and hoe in his garden or patch his woodshed, sit out on the wharf and listen to what Ignace Silva and other loud-mouthed Portuguese had to say—back to his little red house. He—well, he was a good deal like the sea. It came in, it went out. On Joe Cadara's last trip in, Joe Doane met him just as he was starting out. "Well, Joe," says Joe Doane, "off again?" "Off again," said Joe Cadara, and that was about all there seemed to be to it. He could see him going down the street—short, stocky, slow, *dumb*. By dumb he meant—oh, dumb like the sea was dumb—just going on doing it. And now——

ALL of a sudden he couldn't *stand* Ignace Silva. "*Hell!*" roared Joe Doane from the window, "don't you know a man's *dead?*" In an instant the only thing you could hear was the sea. In—Out——

Then he went back to his bedroom. "I'm not sleeping either," said his wife—the way people are quick to make it plain they're as bad off as the next one.

At first it seemed to be still at the Cadaras. The children had gone to sleep—so had the friends. Only one sound now where there had been many before. And that seemed to come out of the sea. You got it after a wave broke—as it was dying out. In that little let-up between an in, an out, you knew that Mrs. Cadara had not gone to sleep, you knew that Mrs. Cadara was crying because Joe Cadara was dead in the sea.

So Joe Doane and his wife Mary lay there and listened to Annie Cadara crying for her husband Joe Cadara.

Finally Mrs. Doane raised on her pillow and sighed. "Well, I suppose she wonders what she'll do now—those four children."

He could see Joe Cadara's back going down the Front street—broad, slow, *dumb*. "And I suppose," he said, as if speaking for something that had perhaps never spoken for itself, "that she feels bad because she'll never see him again."

"Why, of course she does," said his wife impatiently, as if he had contradicted something she had said.

But after usurping his thought she went right back to her own. "I don't see how she will get along. I suppose we'll have to help them some."

Joe Doane lay there still. He couldn't help anybody much—there was the pity. He had his own three children—and you could be a Doane without having money to help with—tho some people didn't get that through their heads. Things used to be different with the Doanes. When the tide's in and you awake at three in the morning it all gets a good deal like the sea—at least with Joe Doane it did now. His grandfather, Ebenezer Doane, the whaling captain—In—Out—Silas Doane—a fleet of vessels off the Grand Banks—In—Out—All the Doanes. They had helped make the Cape, but—In—Out—Suddenly Joe laughed.

"What are you *laughing* at?" demanded his wife.

"I was just laughing," said Joe, "to think what those *old* Doanes would say if they could see us."

"Well, it's not anything to laugh at," said Mrs. Doane.

"Why, I think it is," good-humoredly insisted her husband, "it's such a *joke* on them."

"If it's a joke," said Mrs. Doane firmly, "it's not on *them*."

He wasn't sure just *who* the joke was on. He lay thinking about it. At three in the morning, when you can't sleep and the tide's in, you might get it mixed—who the joke was on.

But, no, the joke *was* on them, that they'd had their long slow deep *In—Out*—their whaling and their fleets, and that what came after was *him*—a tinkerer with other men's boats, a ship's carpenter who'd even work on *houses*. "Get Joe Doane to do it for you." And glad enough was Joe Doane to do it. And a Portagee livin' to either side of him!

HE LAUGHED. "You've got a funny idea of what's a *joke*," his wife said indignantly.

That seemed to be so. Things he saw as jokes weren't jokes to anybody else. Maybe that was why he some times seemed to be all by himself. He was beginning to get lost in an *In—Out*. Faintly he could hear Mrs. Cadara crying—Joe Cadara was in the sea, and faintly he heard his wife saying, "I suppose Agnes Cadara could wear Myrtie's shoes, only—the way things are, seems Myrtie's got to wear out her *own* shoes."

Next day when he came home at noon—he was at work then helping Ed. Davis put a new coat on Still's store—he found his two boys—the boys were younger than Myrtie—pressed against the picket fence that separated Doanes from Cadaras.

"What those kids up to?" he asked his wife, while he washed up for dinner.

"Oh, they just want to see," she answered, speaking into the oven.

"See *what?*" he demanded; but this Mrs. Doane regarded as either too obvious or too difficult to answer, so he went to the door and called, "Joe! Edgar!"

"What you kids rubberin' at?" he demanded.

Young Joe dug with his toe. "The Cadaras have got a lot of company," said he.

"They're *crying!*" triumphantly announced the younger and more truthful Edgar.

"Well, suppose they are? They got a right to cry in their own house, ain't they? Let the Cadaras be. Find some fun at home."

The boys didn't seem to think this funny, nor did Mrs. Doane, but the father was chuckling to himself as they sat down to their baked flounder.

But to let the Cadaras be and find some fun at home became harder and harder to do. The *Lillie-Bennie* had lost her men in early Summer and the town was as full of Summer folk as the harbor was of whiting. There had never been a great deal for Summer folk to do in Cape's End, and so the Disaster was no disaster to the Summer's entertainment. In other words, Summer folk called upon the Cadaras. The young Doanes spent much of their time against the picket fence; some times young Cadaras would come out and graciously enlighten them. "A woman she brought my mother a black dress." Or, "A lady and two little boys came in automobile and brought me kiddie-car and white pants." One day Joe Doane came home from work and found his youngest child crying because Tony Cadara wouldn't lend him the kiddie-car. This was a reversal of things; heretofore Cadaras had cried for the belongings of the Doanes. Joe laughed about it, and told Edgar to cheer up, maybe he'd have a kiddie-car himself some day—and meanwhile he had a pa.

AGNES CADARA and Myrtie Doane were about of an age. They were in the same class in high school. One day when Joe Doane was pulling in his dory after being out doing some repairs on the *Lillie-Bennie* he saw a beautiful young lady standing on the Cadaras' bulkhead. Her back was to him, but you were sure she was beautiful. She had the look of some one from away, but not like the usual run of Summer folk. Myrtie was standing looking over at this distinguished person.

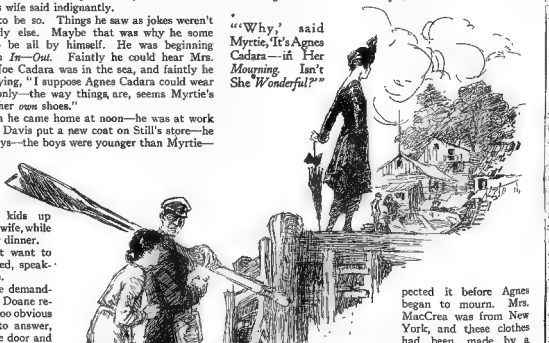
"Who's that?" Joe asked of her.

"Why," said Myrtie, in an awed whisper, "it's Agnes Cadara—in her *mourning*."

Until she turned around, he wouldn't believe it. "Well," said he to Myrtie, "it's a pity more women haven't got something to mourn about."

"Yes," breathed Myrtie, "isn't she *wonderful?*"

Agnes's mourning had been given her by young Mrs. MacCrea who lived up on the hill and was herself just finishing mourning. It seemed Mrs. MacCrea and Agnes were built a good deal alike—tho you never would have suspected it before Agnes began to mourn. Mrs. MacCrea was from New York, and these clothes had been made by a woman Mrs. MacCrea called by her first name. Well, maybe she was a woman you'd call by her first name, but she certainly did have a way of making you look as if you weren't native to the place you were born in. Before Agnes Cadara had anything to mourn about she was simply "one of those good-looking Portuguese girls." There were too many of them in Cape's End to get excited about any of them. One day he heard some women on the beach



"'Why,' said Myrtie, 'It's Agnes Cadara—in Her *Mourning*. Isn't She *Wonderful?*"

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talking about how these clothes had "found" Agnes—as if she had been lost.

Mrs. MacCrea showed Agnes how to do her hair in a way that went with her clothes. One noon when Joe got home early because it rained and he couldn't paint, when he went up-stairs he saw Myrtie trying to do this to *her* hair. Well, it just couldn't be *done* to Myrtie's hair. Myrtie didn't have hair you could do what you pleased with. She was all red in the face with trying, and being upset because she couldn't do it. He had to laugh—and that didn't help things a bit. So he said:

"Never mind, Myrtie, we can't all go into mourning."

"Well, I don't care," said Myrtie, sniffling, "it's not fair."

He had to laugh again and as she didn't see what there was to laugh at, he had to try to console again. "Never mind, Myrt," said he, "you've got *one* thing Agnes Cadara's not got."

"I'd like to know what," said Myrtie, jerking at her hair.

He waited; funny she didn't think of it herself. "Why—a father," said he.

"Oh," said Myrtie—the way you do when you don't know what to say. And then, "*Well*,——"

Again he waited—then laughed; waited again, then turned away.

Somebody gave Mrs. Cadara a fireless cooker. Mrs. Doane had no fireless cooker. So she had to stand all day over her hot stove—and this she spoke of often. "My supper's in the fireless cooker," Mrs. Cadara would say, and stay out in the cool yard, weeding her flower-bed. "It certainly would be nice to have one of those fireless cookers," Mrs. Doane would say, as she put a meal on the table and wiped her brow with her apron.

"WELL, why don't you kill your husband?" Joe Doane would retort. "Now, if only you didn't have a *husband*—you could have a fireless cooker."

Jovially he would put the question, "Which would you rather have, a husband or a fireless cooker?" He would argue it out—and he would some times get them all to laughing, only the argument was never a very long one. One day it occurred to him that the debates were short because the others didn't hold up their end. He was talking for the fireless cooker—if it was going to be a real debate, they ought to speak up for the husband. But there seemed to be so much less to be said for a husband than there was for a fireless cooker. This struck him as really quite funny, but it seemed it was a joke he had to enjoy by himself. Some times when he came home pretty tired—for you could get as tired at odd jobs as at jobs that weren't odd—and heard all about what the Cadaras were that night to eat out of their fireless cooker, he would wish that some one else would do the joking. It was kind of tiresome doing it all by yourself—and kind of lonesome.

One morning he woke up feeling particularly rested and lively. He was going out to work on the *Lillie-Bennie*, and he always felt in better spirits when he was working on a boat.

It was a cool, fresh, sunny morning. He began a song—he had a way of making up songs. It was, "I'd rather be alive than dead." He didn't think of any more lines, so while he was getting into his clothes he kept singing this one, to a tune which became more and more stirring. He went over to the window by the looking-glass. From this window you looked over to the Cadaras. And then he saw that from the Cadaras a new arrival looked at him.

He stared. Then loud and long he laughed. He threw up the window and called, "Hello, there!"

The new arrival made no reply, unless a slight droop of the head could be called a reply.

"Well, you cap the climax!" called Joe Doane.

Young Doanes had discovered the addition to the Cadara family and came running out of the house.

"Pa!" Edgar called up to him, "the Cadaras have got a *Goat!*"

"Well, do you know," said his father, "I kind of *suspected* that was a goat"

Young Cadaras came out of the house to let young Doanes know just what their privileges were to be with the goat—and what they weren't. They could walk around and look at her; they were not to lead her by her rope.

"There's no hope now," said Joe, darkly shaking his head. "No man in his senses would buck up against a *goat*."

The little Doanes wouldn't come in and eat their breakfast. They'd rather stay out and walk round the goat.

"I think it's too bad," their mother sighed, "the kiddie-car and the ball-suit and the sail-boat were *enough* for the children to bear—without this goat. It seems our children haven't got *any* of the things the Cadaras have got."

"Except—" said Joe, and waited for some one to fill it in. But no one did, so he filled it in with a laugh—a rather short laugh.

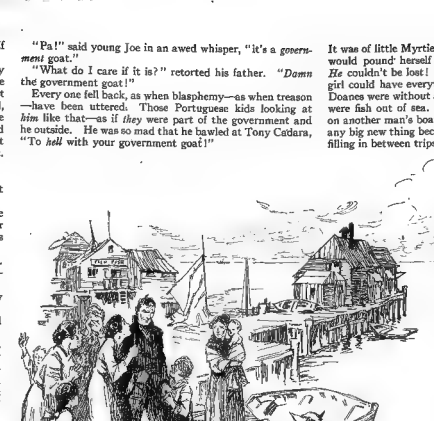
"Look out they don't put you in the fireless cooker!" he called to the goat as he went off to work.

But he wasn't joking when he came home at noon. He turned in at the front gate and the goat blocked his passage. The Cadaras had been willing to let the goat call upon the Doanes and graze while calling. "Get out of my way!" called Joe Doane in a surly way not like Joe Doane.

"Pa!" said young Joe in an awed whisper, "it's a *government* goat."

"What do I care if it is?" retorted his father. "*Damn* the government goat!"

Every one fell back, as when blasphemy—as when treason—have been uttered. Those Portuguese kids looking at *him* like that—as if *they* were part of the government and he outside. He was so mad that he bawled at Tony Cadara, "To *hell* with your government goat!"



"Myrtie Came up and Took His Arm. 'Oh, Father,' said She, 'I Was so 'Fraid You'd Hurt Yourself!'"

From her side of the fence Mrs. Cadara called, "Tony, you bring the goat right home," as one who calls her child—and her goat—away from evil.

"And keep her there!" finished Joe Doane.

The Doanes ate their meal in stricken silence. Finally Doane burst out, "What's the matter with you all? Such a fuss about the orderin' off of a *goat*."

"It's a *government* goat," lisped Edgar.

"It's a *government* goat," repeated his wife in a tense voice.

"But do you mean—government goat? There's no such animal."

But it seemed there was, the Cadaras had, not only the goat, but a book about the goat. The book was from the government. The government had raised the goat and had singled the Cadaras out as a family upon whom a government goat should be conferred. The Cadaras held her in trust for the government. Meanwhile they drank her milk.

"Tony Cadara said, if I'd dig clams for him this afternoon he'd let me help milk her to-night," said young Joe.

This was too much. "Ain't you kids got no *spine?* Kowtowing to them Portagees because a few folks that's sorry for them have made them presents. They're *ginnies*. You're Doanes."

"I want a goat!" wailed Edgar. His father got up from the table.

"The children are all right," said his wife, in her patient voice that made *you* impatient. "It's natural for them to want a few of the things they see other children having."

He'd get angry! As he went through the shed he saw his line and picked it up. He'd go out on the breakwater—maybe he'd get some fish, at least have some peace.

The breakwater wasn't very far down the beach from his house. He used to go out there every once in a while. Every once in a while he had a feeling he had to get by himself. It was half a mile long and of big rocks that had big gaps. You had to do some climbing—you could imagine you were in the mountains—and that made you feel far off and different. Only when the tide came in, the sea filled the gaps—then you had to "watch your step."

He went way out and turned his back on the town and fished. He wasn't to finish the work on the *Lillie-Bennie*. They said that morning they thought they'd have to send down the Cape for an "expert." So *he* would probably go to work at the new cold storage—working with a lot of Portagee laborers. He wondered why things were this way with him. They seemed to have just happened so. When you should have had some money it didn't come natural to do the things of people who have no money. The money went out of the "Bank" fishing about three years before his father sold his vessels. During those last three years Captain Silas Doane had spent all the money he had to keep things going, refusing to believe that the way of handling fish had changed and that the fishing between Cape's End and the Grand Banks would no longer be what it had been. When he sold he kept one vessel, and the next Winter she went ashore right across there on the northeast arm of the Cape. Joe Doane was aboard her that night. Myrtie was a baby then.

It was of little Myrtie he thought when it seemed the vessel would pound herself to pieces before they could get off. *He* couldn't be lost! He had to live and work so his little girl could have everything she wanted—— After that the Doanes were without a vessel—and Doanes without a vessel were fish out of sea. They had never been folks to work on another man's boat. He supposed he had never started any big new thing because it had always seemed he was just filling in between trips. A good many years had slipped by and he was still just pitting in time. And it began to look as if there wasn't going to be another trip.

Suddenly he had to laugh. Some *jokes* on Joe Cadara! He could see him going down the Front street—broad, slow, *dumb*. Why, Joe Cadara thought his family *needed* him. He thought they got along because he made those trips. But had Joe Cadara ever been able to give his wife a fireless cooker? Had the government presented a goat to the Cadaras when Joe was there? Joe Doane sat out on the breakwater and laughed at the joke on Joe Cadara. When Agnes Cadara was a little girl she would run to meet her father when he came in from a trip. Joe Doane used to like to see the dash she made. But Agnes was just tickled to death with her mourning!

He sat there a long time—sat there until he didn't know whether it was a joke or not. But he got two haddock and more whiting than he wanted to carry home. So he felt better. A man sometimes needed to get off by himself.

As he was turning in at home he saw Ignace Silva about to start out on a trip with Captain Gorspie. Silva thought he *had* to go. But Silva had been saved—and had *his* wife a fireless cooker? Suddenly Joe Doane called,

"Hey! Silva! You're the government goat!"

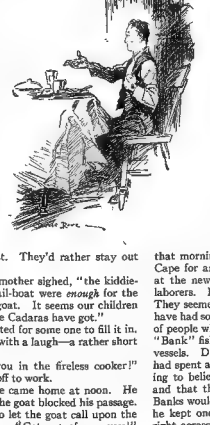
The way Doane laughed made Silva know this was a joke; not having a joke of his own he just turned this one around and sent it back. "Government goat yourself!"

"Shouldn't wonder," returned Joe jovially.

He had every Doane laughing at supper that night. "Bear up! Bear up! True, you've got a father instead of a goat—but we've all got our cross! We all have our cross to bear!"

"Say!" said he after supper, "every woman, every kid, puts on a hat, and up we go to see if Ed. Smith might *happen* to have a soda."

As they were starting out, he peered over at the Cadaras in mock surprize. "Why, what's the matter with that *goat?* That goat don't seem to be takin' the Cadaras out for a soda."



NEXT day he started to make a kiddie-car for Edgar. He promised Joe he'd make him a sail-boat. But it was up-hill work. The Cape's End Summer folk gave a "Streets of Bagdad" and the "disaster families" got the proceeds. Then when the Summer folk began to go away it was quite natural to give what they didn't want to take with them to a family that had had a disaster. The Doanes had had no disaster; anyway, the Doanes weren't the kind of people you'd think of giving things to. True, Mr. Doane would some times come and put on your screen-doors for you, but it was as if a neighbor had come in to lend a hand. A man who lives beside the sea and works on the land is not a picturesque figure. Then, in addition to being alive, Joe Doane wasn't Portuguese. So the Cadaras got the underwear and the bats and preserves that weren't to be taken back to town. No one father—certainly not a father without a steady job—could hope to compete with all that wouldn't go into trunks.

Anyway, he couldn't possibly make a goat. No wit or no kindness which emanated from him could do for his boys what that goat did for the Cadaras. Joe Doane came to throw an awful hate on the government goat. Portagees were only Portagees—yet *they* had the government goat. Why, there had been Doanes on that Cape for more than a hundred years. There had been times when everybody round there *worked* for the Doanes, but now the closest his boys could come to the government was beddin' down the Cadaras government goat! Twenty-five years ago Cadaras had huddled in a hut on the God-forsaken Azores! If they knew there was a United States government, all they knew was that there *was* one. And now it was these Cadara kids were putting on airs to *him* about the government. He knew there was a joke behind all this, behind his getting so wrought up about it, but he would sit and watch that goat eat leaves in the vacant lot across from the Cadaras until the goat wasn't just a goat. It was the turn things had taken. One day as he was sitting watching Tony Cadara milking his goat—wistful boys standing by—Ignace Silva, just in from a trip called out, "Government goat yourself!" and laughed at he knew not what.

By God!—'twas true! A Doane without a vessel. A native who had let himself be crowded out by ignorant upstarts from a filthy dot in the sea! A man who hadn't got his bearings in the turn things had taken. Of a family who

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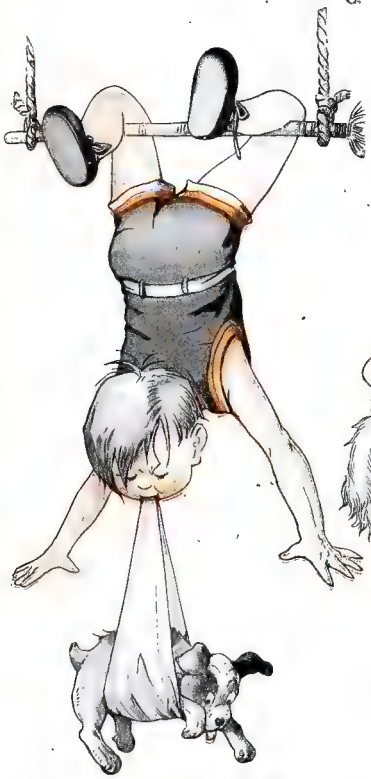

A World-famous Trapeze Expert Gives Vivid Illustrations of the Horrors of a Dog's Life

The Wild Man of Borneo in a Series of Thrilling and Barbaric Dances

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DANGEROUS DAYS

A Story of American Married Life

In Four Instalments—Part Two.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "THE CURVE OF THE CATENARY," "K." "THE AMAZING INTERLUDE," ETC.

HAVING turned Dunbar and his protective league over to Hutchinson, the general manager, Clayton had put him out of his mind. But during the week after Christmas he reached the office early one morning to find that keen and rather shabby gentleman already there, waiting.

Not precisely waiting, for he was standing by one of the windows, well back from it, and inspecting the mill yard with sharp, darting glances.

"Hello, Dunbar," said Clayton and proceeded to shed his fur-lined coat. Dunbar turned and surveyed him with the grudging admiration of the undersized man for the tall one.

"Cold morning," he said, coming forward. "Not that I suppose you know it." He glanced at the coat.

"I thought Hutchinson said that you'd gone away."

"Been to Washington. I brought something back that will interest you."

From inside his coat he produced a small leather case, and took from it a number of photographs.

"I rather gathered, Mr. Spencer," he said drily, "when I was here last that you thought me an alarmist. I don't know that I blame you. We always think the other fellow may get it, but that we are safe. You might glance at those photographs."

He spread them out on the desk. Beyond the windows the mill roared on; men shouted, the locomotive whistled, a long file of laborers with wheelbarrows went by. And from a new building going up came the hammering of the riveting-machines, so like the rapid explosions of machine guns.

"Interesting, aren't they?" queried Dunbar. "This is a clock-bomb with a strap for carrying it under a coat. That's a lump of coal—only it isn't. It's got enough explosive inside to blow up a battleship. It's meant for that, primarily. That's fire-confetti —damnable stuff—understand it's what burned up most of Belgium. And that's a fountain-pen. What do you think of that? Use one yourself, don't you? Don't leave it lying around. That's all."

"What on earth can they do with a fountain-pen?"

"One of their best little tricks," said Mr. Dunbar, with a note of grudging admiration in his voice. "Here's a cut of the mechanism. You sit down, dip your pen, and commence to write. There's the striking pin, or whatever they call it. It hits here, and—good night!"

"Do you mean to say they're using things like that here?"

"I mean to say they're going to, if they haven't already. That coal now, you'd see that go into your furnaces, or under your boilers, or wherever you use it, and wouldn't worry, would you?"

"Are these actual photographs?"

"Made from articles taken from a German officer's trunk, in a neutral country. He was on his way somewhere, I imagine."

Clayton sat silent. Then he took out his own fountain-pen and surveyed it with a smile.

"Rather off fountain-pens for a time, I take it!" observed Dunbar. "Well, I've something else for you. You've got one of the best little I.W.W. workers in the country right here in your mill. Some of them aren't so bad—hot air and nothing else. But this fellow's a fanatic. Which is the same as saying he's crazy."

"Who is he?"

"Name's Rudolph Klein. He's a sort of relation to the chap that got out. Old man's been sore on him, but I understand he's banging around the Klein place again."

Clayton considered.

"I don't remember him. Of course, I can't keep track of the men. We'll get rid of him."

Mr. Dunbar eyed him.

"That's the best thing you can think of?"

"I don't want him round, do I?" queried Clayton.

"Nine of you men out of ten say that. You'd turn him loose and so warn him. Not only that, but he'll be off on his devil's work somewhere. Perhaps here. Perhaps elsewhere. And we want him where we can find him. See here, Mr. Spencer, d'you ever hear of counter-espionage?"

Clayton never had, but the term explained itself.

"Set a spy to watch a spy," said Dunbar. "Let him think he's going on fine. Find his confederates. Let them get ready to spring something. And then—*get them.* Remember," he added with sarcasm, "we're still neutral. You can't lock a man up because he goes around yelling 'Down with capital!' The whole country is ready to yell it with him. And, even if you find him with a bomb under his coat, labeled 'made in Germany,' it's hard to link Germans up with the thing. He can say that he always buys his bombs in Germany. That they make the best bombs in the world. That he likes the way they pack 'em, and their polite trade methods."

Clayton listened, thinking hard.

"We have a daughter of Klein's here. She is my son's secretary."

Dunbar glanced at him quickly, but his eyes were on the window.

"I know that."

"Think I should get rid of her?"

Dunbar hesitated. He liked Clayton Spencer, and it was his business just then to know something about the Kleins. It would be a good thing for Clayton Spencer's boy if they got rid of the girl.

ON THE other hand, to keep her there and watch her was certainly a bigger thing. If she stayed there might be trouble, but it would concern the boy only. If she left, and if she was one link in the chain to snare Rudolph, there might be a disaster costing many lives. He made his decision quickly.

"Keep her, by all means," he said. "And don't tell Mr. Graham anything. He's young, and he'd be likely to show something. I suppose she gets considerable data, where she is?"

"Only of the one department. But that's a fair indication of the rest."

Dunbar rose.

"I'm inclined to think there's nothing to that end of it," he said. "The old chap is sulky, but he's not dangerous. It's Rudolph I'm afraid of."

At the luncheon hour that day Clayton, having finished his mail, went to Graham's office. He seldom did that, but he was uneasy.

He wanted to see the girl. He wanted to look her over with this new idea in his mind. She had been a quiet little thing, he remembered; thorough, but not brilliant. He had sent her to Graham from his own office. He disliked even the idea of suspecting her; his natural chivalry revolted from suspecting any woman.

Joey, who customarily ate his luncheon on Clayton's desk in his absence, followed by one of Clayton's cigarets, watched him across the yard, and whistled as he saw him enter Graham's small building.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he reflected. "I hope he coughs before he goes in."

But Clayton did not happen to cough. Graham's office was empty, but there was a sound of voices from Anna Klein's small room beyond. He crossed to the door and opened it, to stand astonished, his hand on the door-knob.

Anna Klein was seated at her desk, with her luncheon spread before her on a newspaper, and seated on the desk, a sandwich in one hand, the other resting on Anna's shoulder, was Graham. He was laughing when Clayton opened the door, but the smile froze on his face. He slid off the desk.

"Want me, Father?"

"Yes," said Clayton, curtly. And went out, leaving the door open. A sort of stricken silence followed his exit, then Graham put down the sandwich and went out, closing the door behind him. He stood just inside it in the outer room, rather pale, but looking his father in the eyes.

"Sorry, Father," he said. "I didn't hear you. I—"

"What has that to do with it?"

The boy was silent. To Clayton he looked furtive, guilty. His very expression condemned him far more than the incident itself. And Clayton, along with his anger, was puzzled as to his best course. Dunbar had said to leave the girl where she was. But—was it feasible under these circumstances? He was rather irritated than angry. He considered a flirtation with one's stenographer rotten bad taste, at any time. The business world, to his mind, was divided into two kinds of men, those who did that sort of thing, and those who did not. It was a code, rather than a creed, that the boy had violated.

Besides, he had had rather a surprize. The girl who sat laughing into Graham's face was not the Anna Klein he remembered, shy, drab little thing, badly dressed, rather sallow and unsmiling. Here was a young woman undeniably attractive, slightly rouged, trim in her white blouse, and with an air of piquancy that was added, had he known it, by the large imitation pearl earrings she wore.

"Get your hat and go to lunch, Graham," he said.

"And you might try to remember that a slightly different standard of conduct is expected from my son, here, than may be the standard of some of the other men."

"It doesn't mean anything, that sort of fooling."

"You and I may know that. The girl may not."

Then he went out, and Graham returned unhappily to the inner room. Anna was not crying; she was too frightened to cry. She had sat without moving, her hand still clutching her untouched sandwich. Graham looked at her and tried to smile.

"I'm gone, I suppose?"

"Don't you worry about that," he said, with boyish bravado. "Don't you worry about that, little girl."

"Father will kill me," she whispered. "He's queer these days, and if I go home, and have to tell him——" She shuddered.

"I'll see you get something else, if the worst comes, you know."

She glanced up at him, with that look of dog-like fidelity that always touched him.

"I'll find you something good," he promised.

"Something good," she repeated, with sudden bitterness. "And you'll get another girl here, and flirt with her, and make her crazy about you, and——"

"Honestly, do you like me like that?"

"I'm just mad about you," she said miserably.

Frightened tho he was, her wretchedness appealed to him. The thought that she cared for him, too, was a salve to his outraged pride. A moment ago, in the other room, he had felt like a bad small boy. As with Marion, Anna made him feel every inch a man. But she gave him what Marion did not, the feeling of her complete surrender. Marion would take; this girl would give.

He bent down and put his arms around her.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "Poor little girl!"

THE gay and fashionable crowd of which Audrey had been the center played madly that Winter. The short six weeks of the season was already close to an end. By mid-January the South and California would have claimed most of the women and some of the men. There were a few, of course, who saw the inevitable catastrophe: the Mackenzies had laid up their house-boat on the west coast of Florida. Denis Nolan had let his little place at Pinehurst.

The advance wave of the war-tide, the increased cost of living, had sobered and made thoughtful the middle class, but above in the great businesses, and below among the laboring people, money was plentiful, and extravagance ran riot.

And Audrey Valentine's world missed her. It refused to accept her poverty as an excuse, and clamored for her.

It wanted her to sit again at a piano, somewhere, anywhere, with a lighted cigaret on the music-rack, and sing her husky, naive little songs. It wanted her cool audacity. It wanted her for week-end parties and bridge, and to canter on frosty mornings on its best horses and make slaves of the park policemen, so that she might jump forbidden fences. It wanted to see her oust its grinning chauffeurs, and drive its best cars at their best speed.

Audrey Valentine leading a cloistered life! Impossible! Selfish!

And Audrey was not cut out for solitude. She did not mind poverty. She found it rather a relief to acknowledge what had always been the fact. But she did mind loneliness. And her idea of making herself over into something useful was not working out particularly well. She spent two hours a day, at a down-town school, struggling with shorthand, and her writing-table was always littered with papers covered with queer hooks and curves, or with typed sheets beginning:

"Messrs. Smith and Co.,: Dear Sirs."

Clayton Spencer met her late in December, walking feverishly along with a book under her arm, and a half-desperate look in her eyes. He felt a little thrill when he saw her, which should have warned him but did not.

She did not even greet him. She stopped and held out her book to him.

"Take it!" she said. "I've thrown it away twice, and two wretched men have run after me and brought it back."

He took it and glanced at it.

"Spelling! Can't you spell?"

"Certainly I can spell," she said with dignity. "I'm a very good speller. Clay, there *isn't* an 'i' in business, is there?"

The Story of the Story

HERE is the story of a man and two women, Clayton Spencer, wealthy and dissatisfied, Natalie Spencer, selfish and cold, and Audrey Valentine, disillusioned. The war came and shook up their lives. It jolted Clayton out of his complacence, and Audrey out of her narrowness, but left Natalie buried under her selfish extravagance. Which woman, then, deserved the love of Clayton Spencer, Natalie, his wife, or Audrey, the woman who loved him unselfishly? Read this enthralling story, which began in the March number and ends in the June issue, and solve the problem for yourselves. If you don't like to read the story in instalments, save your four numbers and read it as a whole.

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"A Big White Horse Leaped in with Audrey on His Back. They Mobbed Her with Joy"

CLAYTON threw back his head and laughed, and after a moment she laughed, too. But as he went on his face was grave. Somebody ought to be looking after her. It was not for some time that he realized he carried the absurd little spelling-book. He took it back to the office with him, and put it in the back of a drawer of his desk. Joey, coming in some time later, found him, with the drawer open, and something in his hands which he hastily put away later on, Joey investigated that drawer, and found the little book. He inspected it with a mixture of surprize and scorn.

"Spelling!" he muttered. "And a hundred-dollar a-month girl to spell for him!"

It was Rodney Page who forced Audrey out of her seclusion. Rodney had had a prosperous year, and for a time his conscience had bothered him. For a good many years he had blithely accepted the invitations of his friends —dinners, balls, week-end and yachting parties, paying his way with an occasional box of flowers. He decided, that last Winter of peace, to turn host, and, true to instinct, to do the unusual.

It was Natalie who gave him the suggestion.

"Why don't you turn your carriage-house into a studio, and give a studio-warming, Roddie? It would be fun fixing it up. And you might make it fancy dress."

Before long, of course, he had accepted the idea as of his own originating, and was hard at work.

Rodney's house had been his father's. He still lived there, although the business district had encroached closely. And for some time he had used the large stable and carriage-house at the rear as a place in which to store the odd bits of furniture, old mirrors and odds and ends that he had picked up here and there. Now and then, as to Natalie, he sold some of them, but he was a collector, not a merchant. In his way, he was an artist.

In the upper floor he had built a skylight, and there, in odd hours, he worked out, in water-color, sketches of interiors, sometimes for houses he was building, sometimes purely for the pleasure of the thing.

The war had brought him enormous increase in his collection. Owners of French châteaux, driven to poverty, were sending to America treasures of all sorts of furniture, tapestries, carpets, old fountains, porcelains, even carved woodwork and ancient mantels, and Rodney, from the mixed motives of business and pride, decided to exhibit them

The old brick floor of the stable he replaced with hand-made tiles. The box-stalls were small display-rooms, hung with tapestries and lighted with candles in old French sconces. The great carriage-room became a refectory, with Jacobean and old monastery chairs, and the vast loft overhead, reached by a narrow staircase that clung to the wall, was railed on its exposed side, waxed as to floor, hung with lanterns, became a ballroom.

NATALIE worked with him, spending much time and a prodigious amount of energy. There was springing up between them one of those curious and dangerous intimacies, of idleness on the woman's part, of admiration on the man's, which sometimes develop into a wholly spurious passion. Probably Rodney realized it; certainly Natalie did not She liked his admiration; she dressed, each day, for Rodney's unfailing comment on her clothes.

"Clay never notices what I wear," she said, once, plaintively.

So it was Rodney who brought Audrey Valentine out of her seclusion, and he did it by making her angry. He dropped in to see her between Christmas and New-years, and made a plea.

"A stable-warming!" she said. "How interesting! And fancy dress! Are you going to have them come as grooms, or jockeys? If I were going I'd go as a circus-rider. I used to be able to stand up on a running horse. Of course you're having horses. What's a stable without a horse?"

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He saw she was laughing at him and was rather resentful.

"I told you I have made it into a studio."

But when he implored her to go, she was obdurate.

"Do go away and let me alone, Rodney," she said at last. "I loathe fancy-dress parties."

"It won't be a party without you."

"Then don't have it. I've told you, over and over, I'm not going out. It isn't decent this year, in my opinion. And, anyhow, I haven't any money, any clothes, any anything. A bad evening at bridge, and I shouldn't be able to pay my rent."

"THAT'S nonsense. Why do you let people say you are moping about Chris? You're not."

"Of course not."

She sat up.

"What else are they saying?"

"Well, there's some talk, naturally. You can't be as popular as you have been, and then just drop out, without some gossip. It's not bad."

"What sort of talk?"

He was very uncomfortable.

"Well, of course you have been pretty strong on the war stuff——"

"Oh, they think I sent him!"

"If only you wouldn't hide, Audrey. That's what has made the talk. It's not Chris's going."

"I'm not hiding. That's idiotic. I was bored to death, if you want the truth. Look here, Rodney. You're not being honest. What *do* they say about Chris and myself?"

He was cornered.

"Is it—about another woman?"

"Well, of course now and then— There are always such stories. And of course Chris——"

"Yes, they knew Chris." Her voice was scornful. "So they think I'm moping and hiding because Chris— How interesting!"

She sat back, with her old insolent smile.

"Poor Chris!" she said. "The only man in the lot except Clay Spencer who is doing his bit for the war, and they—when is your party, Roddie?"

"New-year's Eve."

"I'll come," she said. And smiling again, dangerously, "I'll come, with bells on."

There had been, once, in Herman Klein, the making of a good American. He had come to America, not at the call of freedom, but of peace and plenty. Nevertheless, he had possibilities.

Taken in time he might have become a good American. But nothing was done to stimulate in him a sentiment for his adopted land. He would, indeed, have been, for all his citizenship papers, a man without a country, but for one thing.

The fatherland had never let go. When he went to the Turnverein, it was to hear the old tongue, to sing the old songs. Visiting Germans from overseas were constantly lecturing, molding before him the vision of Great Germany. He saw moving-pictures of Germany; he went to meetings which commenced with "Die Wacht am Rhine." One Christmas he received a handsome copy of a photograph of the Kaiser, through the mail. He never knew who sent it, but he had it framed in a gilt frame, and it hung over the fireplace in the sitting-room.

He had been adopted by America, but he had not adopted America, save his own tiny bit of it. He took what the new country gave him, with no faintest sense that he owed anything in return beyond his small yearly taxes. He was neither friendly nor inimical.

His creed through the years had been simple: To owe no man money, even for a day; to spend less than he earned; to own his own home; to rise early, work hard, and to live at peace with his neighbors. He had learned English and had sent Anna to the public school. He spoke English with her, always. And on Sunday he put on his best clothes, and sat in the German Lutheran church, dozing occasionally, but always rigidly erect.

With his first savings he had bought a home, a tiny two-roomed frame cottage on a hill above the Spencer mill, with a bit of waste land that he turned into a thrifty garden. Anna was born there, and her mother had died there ten years later. But long enough before that he had added four rooms, and bought an adjoining lot. At that time the hill had been green; the way to the little white house had been along and up a winding path, where in the Spring the early wild flowers came out on sunny banks, and the first buds of the neighborhood were on Klein's own lilac-bushes.

He had had a magnificent sense of independence, those days, and of freedom.

He voted religiously, and now and then in the evenings he had been the moderate member of a mild socialist group. Theoretically, he believed that no man should amass a fortune by the labor of others. Actually he felt himself well-paid, a respected member of society, and a property owner.

In the early morning, Winter and Summer, he emerged into the small side porch of his cottage and there threw over himself a pail of cold water from the well outside. Then he rubbed down, dressed in the open air behind the old awning hung there, took a dozen deep breaths and a cup of coffee, and was off for work. The addition of a bath-room, with running hot water, had made no change in his daily habits. He was very strict with Anna, and with the women who, one after another, kept house for him.

"I'll have no men lounging around," was his first instruction on engaging them. And to Anna his solicitude took the form almost of espionage. The only young man he tolerated about the place was a distant relative, Rudolph Klein.

On Sunday evenings Rudolph came in to supper. But even Rudolph found it hard to get a word with the girl alone.

"What's eating him, anyhow," he demanded of Anna one Sunday evening, when by the accident of a neighbor calling old Herman to the gate, he had the chance of a word.

"He knows a lot about you fellows," Anna had said. "And the more he knows the less he trusts you. I don't wonder."

"He hasn't anything on me."

But Anna had come to the limit of her patience with her father at last.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded angrily one night, when Herman had sat with his pipe in his mouth, and had refused her permission to go to the moving-pictures with another girl. "Do you think I'm going on forever like this, without a chance to play? I'm sick of it. That's all."

"You will not run around with the girls on this hill." He had conquered all but the English w. He still pronounced it like a v.

"What's the matter with the girls on this hill?" And when he smoked on in imperturbable silence, she had flamed into a fury.

"This is free America," she reminded him. "It's not Germany. And I've stood about all I can. I work all day, and I need a little fun. I'm going."

And she had gone, rather shaky as to the knees, but with her head held high. Leaving him on the little veranda with his dead pipe in his mouth and his German-American newspaper held before his face. She had returned, still terrified, to find the house dark and the doors locked, and rather than confess to any one, she had spent the night in a chair out-of-doors.

At dawn she had heard him at the side of the house, drawing water for his bath. He had gone through his morning program as usual, by the sounds, and had started off for work without an inquiry about her. Only when she heard the gate click had she hammered at the front door and been admitted by the untidy servant.

"Fine way to treat me!" she had stormed, and for a part of that day she was convinced that she would never go back home again. But fear of her father was the strongest emotion she knew, and she went back that night, as usual. It not being Herman's way to bother with greetings, she had passed him on the porch without a word, and that night, winding a clock before closing the house, he spoke to her for the first time.

"There is a performance at the Turnverein Hall tomorrow night. Rudolph will take you."

"I don't like Rudolph."

"Rudolph will take you," he had repeated, stolidly. And she had gone.

He had no conception of any failure in himself as a parent. He had the German idea of women. They had a distinct place in the world, but that place was not a high one. Their function was to bring children into the world. They were breeding animals, and as such to be carefully watched and not particularly trusted. They had no place in the affairs of men, outside the home.

Not that he put it that way. In his way he probably loved the girl. But never once did he think of her as an intelligent and reasoning creature. He took her salary, gave her a small allowance for car-fare, and banked the rest of it in his own name. It would all be hers some day, so what difference did it make? But the direst want would not have made him touch a penny of it.

He disliked animals. But in a curious shame-faced fashion, he liked flowers. Such portions of his garden as were useless for vegetables he had planted out in flowers. But he never cut them and brought them into the house, and he watched jealously that no one else should do so. He kept poisoned meat around for such dogs in the neighborhood as wandered in. And Anna had found him once callously watching the death agonies of one of them.

SUCH, at the time the Spencer mill began work on its new shell contract, was Herman Klein, sturdily honest, just according to his ideas of justice, callous rather than cruel, but the citizen of a world bounded by his memories of Germany, his life at the mill, and his home.

But, for all that, he was not a man the German organization in America put much faith in. Rudolph, feeling his way, had had one or two conversations with him early in the war, that had made him report adversely.

"Let them stop all this fighting," Herman had said. "What matter now who commenced it? Let them all stop. It is the only way."

"Sure, let them stop!" said Rudolph, easily. "Let them stop trying to destroy Germany."

"That is nonsense," Herman affirmed, sturdily. "Do you think I know nothing? I, who was in the Prussian Guard for five years. Think you I know nothing of the plan."

The report of the German atrocities, however, found him frankly incredulous, and one noon hour, in the mill, having read the Belgian King's statement that the German army in Belgium had protected its advance with women and children, Rudolph found him tearing the papers to shreds furiously.

"Such lies!" he cried. "It is not possible that they should be believed."

The sinking of the *Lusitania*, however, left him thoughtful and depressed. In vain Rudolph argued with him.

They were warned," he said. "If they chose to take the chance, is it Germany's fault? If you tell me not to put my hand on a certain piece in a machine and I do it anyhow, is it your fault if I lose a hand?"

Old Herman eyed him shrewdly.

"And if Anna had been on the ship, you think the same, eh?"

Rudolph had colored.

For some time now Rudolph had been in love with Anna. He had not had much encouragement. She went out with him, since he was her only means of escape, but she treated him rather cavalierly, criticized his clothes and speech, laughed openly at his occasional lapses into sentiment, and was, once in a long time, so kind that she set his heart leaping.

"Seated on the Desk Was Graham. He Was Laughing When Clayton Opened the Door"

Until the return of Graham Spencer, all had gone fairly well. But with his instalment in the mill, Rudolph's relations with Anna had changed. She had grown prettier—Rudolph was not observant enough to mark what made the change. But he knew that he was madder about her than ever, and she had assumed toward him an attitude of almost scornful indifference. The effect on his undisciplined young mind was bad. He had no suspicion of Graham. He only knew his own desperate unhappiness. In the meetings held twice weekly in a hall on Third Street he was reckless, advocating violence constantly. The conservative element watched him uneasily; the others kept an eye on him, for future use.

The closing week of the old year found the situation strained in the Klein house. Herman had had plenty of opportunities for situations, but one and all they had to do

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with the making of munitions for the Allies. Old firms in other lines were not taking on new men. It was the munition works that were increasing their personnel. And by that time the determination not to assist Germany's enemies had become a fixed one.

The day after Christmas, in pursuit of this idea he commanded Anna to leave the mill. But she had defied him, for the second time in her life, her face pale to the lips.

"Not on your life," she had said. "You may want to starve. I don't."

"There is plenty of other work in the town besides there."

"Don't you kid yourself. And, anyhow, I'm not looking for it. I don't mind working so you can sit here and nurse a grouch, but I certainly don't intend to start hunting another job."

She had eyed him morosely. "If you ask me," she continued, "you're out of your mind. What's Germany to you? You forgot it as fast as you could, until this war came along. You and Rudolph! You're long distance patriots, you are."

"I will not help my country's enemies," he had said doggedly.

"Your country's enemies. My word! Isn't this your country? What's the old Kaiser to you?"

He had ordered her out of the house, then, but she had laughed at him. She could always better him in an argument.

"Suppose I do go?" she had inquired. "What are you going to live on? I'm not crazy in the head, if you are."

She rather thought he would strike her. He had done it before, with the idea of enforcing discipline. If he did, she would leave him. Let him shift for himself. He had taken her money for years, and he could live on that. But he had only glared at her.

"We would have done better to remain in Germany," he said. "America has no respect for parents. It has no discipline. It is a country without law."

She felt a weakening in him, and followed up her advantage.

"And another thing, while we're at it," she flung at him. "Don't you go on trying to shove Rudolph down my throat. I'm off Rudolph for keeps."

She flung out her arm, and old Herman saw the gleam of something gold on her wrist. He caught her hand in his iron grip and shoved up her sleeve. There was a tiny wrist-watch there, on a flexible chain. His amazement and rage gave her a moment to think, altho she was terrified.

"Where did you get that?" His voice had become hard. "The mill gave them to the stenographers for Christmas."

"Why did you not tell me?"

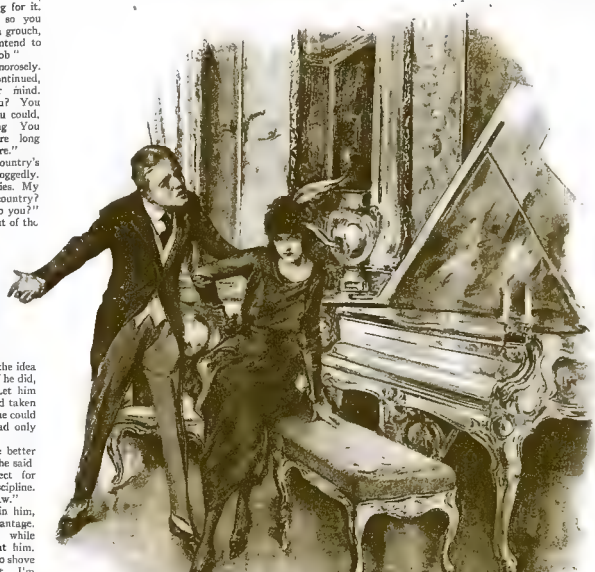
"We're not talking much these days, are we?"

He let her go then, and that night, in the little room behind Gustav Shoeder's saloon, he put the question to Rudolph. Because he was excited and frightened he made slow work of his inquiry, and Rudolph had a moment to think.

"Sure," he replied. "All the girls in the executive offices got them."

But when the meeting was over, Rudolph did not go back to his boarding-house. He walked the streets and thought. He had saved Anna from her father. But he was of no mind to save her from himself. She would have to account to him for that watch.

Anna herself lay awake until late. She saw already the difficulties before her. Herman was suspicious. He might inquire. There were other girls from the mill offices on the hill. And he might speak to Rudolph.

The next evening she found Rudolph waiting for her outside the mill gate. Together they started up what had been, when Herman bought the cottage, a green hill with a winding path. But the smoke and ore from the mill had long ago turned it to bareness, had killed the trees and shrubbery, and filled the little hollows where once the first arbutus had hidden with cinders and ore dust. The path had become a crooked street, lined with wooden houses, and paved with worn and broken bricks.

"'Look Here, Marion,' He Said, Roughly, 'You've Got to Do One of Two Things. Either Marry Me or Let Me Go'"

WHERE once Herman Klein had carried his pail and whistled bits of Schubert as he clumbed along, a long line of blackened men made their evening way. Untidy children sat on the curb, dogs lay in the center of the road, and women in all stages of *déshabille* hung over the high railings of their porches and watched for their men.

Under protest of giving her a lift up the hill, Rudolph slipped his hand through Anna's left arm.

Immediately she knew that the movement was a pretext. She could not free herself.

"Be good, now," he cautioned her. "I've got you. I want to see that watch."

"You let me alone."

"I'm going to see that watch."

With his free hand he felt under her sleeve and drew down the bracelet. "So the mill gave it to you, eh? That's a lie, and you know it."

"I'll tell you, Rudolph," she temporized. "Only don't tell father. All the girls have watches. So I bought one."

"That's a lie, too."

"On the instalment plan," she insisted. "A dollar a week, that's straight. I've paid five on it already."

He was almost convinced, not quite. He unfastened it awkwardly and took it off her wrist. It was a plain little octagonal watch, and on the back was a monogram. The monogram made him suspicious again.

"It's only gold filled, Rudolph," she broke in nervously. "Pretty classy monogram for a cheap watch." He held it close; on the dial was the jeweler's name, a famous one. He said nothing more, put it back on Anna's arm and released her.

At the next corner he left her, with a civil enough goodby, but with rage in his heart.

The New-year, destined to be so crucial, came in cheerfully enough. There was, to be sure, a trifle less ostentation in the public celebrations, but the usual amount of champagne brought in the most vital year in the history of the nation. The customary number of men, warmed by that champagne, made reckless love to the women who happened to be near them and forgot it by morning. And the women themselves presented pictures of splendor of a peculiar gorgeousness.

The fact that, almost coincident with the war there had come into prominence an entirely new school of color formed one of the curious contrasts of the period. Into a drab world there flamed strange and bizarre theatrical effects, in scenery and costume. Some of it was beautiful, most of it merely fantastic. But it was immediately reflected in the clothing of fashionable women. Europe, which had originated it, could use it but little; but great opulent America adopted it and made it her own.

So, while the rest of the world was gray, America flamed, and Natalie Spencer, spending her days between dressmakers and decorators, flamed with the rest.

On New-year's Eve Clayton Spencer always preceded the annual ball of the City Club, of which he was president, by a dinner to the board of governors and their wives. It was his dinner. He, and not Natalie, arranged the seating, ordered the flowers, and planned the menu. He took considerable pride in it; he liked to think that it was both beautiful and dignified: His father had been president before him, and he liked to think that he was carrying on his father's custom with the punctilious dignity that had so characterized him.

He was dressed early. Natalie had been closeted with Madeline, her maid, and a hair-dresser, for hours. As he went down-stairs he could hear her voice raised in querulous protest about something.

When he went into the library Buckham was there stooping over the fire, his austere old face serious and intent.

"Well, another year almost gone, Buckham!" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Spencer."

"It would be interesting to know what the New-year holds."

"I hope it will bring you peace and happiness, sir."

"Thank you."

And after Buckham had gone he thought that rather a curious New-year's wish. Peace and happiness! Well, God knows he wanted both. A vague comprehension of the understanding the upper servants of a household acquire as to the inner life of the family stirred in him; how much they knew and concealed under their impassive service.

When Natalie came down the staircase a few minutes later she was swathed in her ermine evening wrap, and she watched his face, after her custom when she expected to annoy him, with the furtive look that he had grown to associate with some unpleasantness.

"I hate dressing for a ball at this hour," she said, rather breathlessly. "I don't feel half-dressed by midnight."

Madeline, in street costume, was behind her with a great box.

"She has something for my hair. She will sit with Jackson, of course."

"You don't mind if I don't go on to Page's, do you? I'm rather tired, and I ought to stay at the club as late as I can."

"Of course not." Her tone was indifferent. "I shall probably pick up some people, anyhow. Everybody is going on."

In the car she chattered feverishly and he listened, lapsing into one of the silences which her talkative spells always enforced.

"What flowers are you having?" she asked, finally.

"White lilacs and pussy-willow. Did your orchids come?"

"Thanks, yes. But I'm not wearing them. My gown is flame color. They simply shrieked."

"Flame color?"

"A sort of orange," she explained. And, in a slightly defiant tone: "Rodney's is a costume dance, you know."

"Do you mean you are in fancy dress?"

"I am, indeed."

He was rather startled. The annual dinner of the board of governors of the City Club and their wives was a most dignified function always. He was the youngest by far of the men; the women were all frankly dowagers. They represented the conservative element of the city's social life, that element which frowned on smartness and did not even recognize the *bizarre*. It was old-fashioned, secure in its position, influential, and slightly tedious.

"There will be plenty in fancy dress."

"Not at the dinner."

"Stodgy old frumps!" was Natalie's comment. "I believe you would rather break one of the ten commandments than one of the conventions," she added.

IT WAS when he saw her coming down the staircase in the still empty club-house that he realized the reason for her defiant attitude when she acknowledged to fancy dress. For she wore a peacock costume of the most daring sort. Over an orange foundation, resembling in itself and very short, was a vivid tunic covered with peacock feathers on gold tissue, with a sweeping tail behind, and on her head was the towering crest of a peacock on a gold bandeau. She waved a great peacock fan, also, and half-way down the stairs she paused and looked down at him, with half-frightened eyes.

"Do you like it?"

"It is very wonderful," he said, gravely.

He could not hurt her. Her pleasure in it was too naive. It dawned on him then that Natalie was really a child, a spoiled and wilful child. And always afterward he tried to remember that, and to judge her accordingly.

She came down, the upturned wired points of the tunic trembling as she stepped. When she came closer he saw that she was made up for the costume ball also, her face frankly rouged, fine lines under her eyes, her lashes blackened. She looked very lovely and quite unfamiliar. But he had determined not to spoil her evening and he continued gravely smiling.

"You'd better like it, Clay," she said, and took a calculating advantage of what she considered a softened mood. "It cost a thousand dollars."

She went on past him, toward the room where the florist was still putting the finishing touches to the flowers on the table. When the first guests arrived, she came back and took her place near him, and he was uncomfortably aware of the little start of surprize with which she burst upon each new arrival. In the old and rather staid surroundings of the club she looked out of place—oriental, extravagant, absurd.

And Clayton Spencer suffered. To draw him as he stood

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in the club that last year of our peace, 1916, is to draw him not only with his virtues but with his faults; his over emphasis on small things; his jealousy for his dignity; his hatred of the conspicuous and the unusual.

When, after the informal manner of clubs, the party went in to dinner, he was having one of the bad hours of his life to that time. And when, as was inevitable, the talk of the rather serious table turned to the war, it seemed to him that Natalie, gorgeous and painted, represented the very worst of the country he loved, indifference, extravagance, and ostentatious display.

But Natalie was not America. Thank God, Natalie was not America.

Already with the men she was having a triumph. The women, soberly clad, glanced at each other with raised eyebrows and cynical smiles. Above the band, already playing in the ballroom, Clayton could hear old Terry Mackenzie paying Natalie extravagant, flagrant compliments.

"You should be sitting in the sun, or on a balcony," he was saying, his eyes twinkling. "And pretty gentlemen, with long curls and their hats tucked under their arms, should be feeding you with nightingale tongues, or whatever it is you eat."

"Bugs," said Natalie.

"But—tell me," Terry bent toward her, and Mrs. Terry kept fascinated eyes on him. "Tell me, lovely creature—aren't peacock's unlucky?"

"Are they? What bad luck can happen to me because I dress like this?"

"Frightfully bad luck," said Terry, jovially. "Some one will undoubtedly carry you away in the course of the evening, and go madly through the world hunting a marble balustrade to set you on. I'll do it myself if you'll give me any encouragement."

Perhaps, had Clayton Spencer been entirely honest with himself that night, he would have acknowledged that he had had a vague hope of seeing Audrey at the Club. Cars came up, discharged their muffled occupants under the awning and drove away again. Delight and Mrs. Haverford arrived and he danced with Delight, to her great anxiety lest she might not dance well. Graham came very late, in the wake of Marion Hayden.

But Audrey did not appear.

He waited until the New-year came in. The cotillion was on then, and the favors for the midnight figure were gilt cornucopias filled with loose flowers. The lights went out for a moment on the hour, the twelve strokes were run in a triangle in the orchestra, and there was a moment's quiet. Then the light blazed again, flowers and confetti were thrown, and club servants in livery carried round trays of champagne.

Clayton, standing glass in hand, surveyed the scene with a mixture of satisfaction and impatience. He found Terry Mackenzie at his elbow.

"Great party, Clay," he said. "Well, here's to 1917, and may it bring luck."

"May it bring peace," said Clayton, and raised his glass.

Some time later going home in the car with Mrs. Mackenzie, quiet and slightly grim beside him, Terry spoke out of a thoughtful silence.

"There's something wrong with Clay," he said. "If ever a fellow had a right to be happy— He has a queer look. Have you noticed it?"

"Anybody married to Natalie Spencer would develop what you call a queer look," she replied, tartly.

"Don't you think he is in love with her?"

"If you ask me, I think he has reached the point where he can't bear the sight of her. But he doesn't know it."

"She's pretty."

"So is a lamp-shade," replied Mrs. Terry, acidly. "Or a kitten, or a fancy ice-cream. But you wouldn't care to be married to them, would you?"

IT WAS almost dawn when Natalie came in. Clayton had not been asleep. He had got to thinking rather feverishly of the New-year. Without in any way making a resolution, he had determined to make it a better year than the last; to be more gentle with Natalie, more understanding with Graham; to use his new prosperity wisely; to forget his own lack of happiness in making others happy. He was very vague about that. The search of the ages the rector had called happiness, and one found it by giving it.

To his surprize, Natalie came into his bedroom, looking like some queer oriental bird, vivid and strangely unlike herself.

"I saw your light. Heavens, what a party!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I hope you didn't mind my not going on."

"I wish you had, Clay; you'll never guess what happened."

"Probably not. What?"

"Well, Audrey just *made* it, that's all. Funny! I wish you'd seen some of their faces. Of course she was disgraceful, but she took it off right away. But it was like her—no one else would have dared."

His mouth felt dry. Audrey—disgraceful!

"It was in the stable, you know, I told you. And just at midnight the doors opened and a big white horse leaped in with Audrey on his back. No saddle—nothing. She was dressed like a bare-back rider in the circus, short tulle skirts and tights. They nearly mobbed her with joy." She yawned. "Well, I'm off to bed."

He roused himself.

"A happy New-year, my dear."

"Thanks," she said, and wandered out, her absurd feathered tail trailing behind her.

He lay back and closed his eyes. So Audrey had done that, Audrey, who had been in his mind all those sleepless hours; for he knew now that back of all his resolutions to do better had been the thought of her.

He felt disappointed and bitter. The sad disillusion of the middle years, still heroically clinging to faiths that one after another destroyed themselves, was his.

Audrey was frightened. She did not care a penny's worth what her little world thought. Indeed, she knew that she had given it a new thrill and so had won its enthusiastic approval. She was afraid of what Clayton would think.

She was absurdly quiet and virtuous all the next day, gathered out her stockings and mended them; began a personal expenditure account for the New-year, heading it carefully with "darning silk, 50 cents"; wrote a long letter to Chris, and—listened for the telephone. If only he would call her, so she could explain. Still, what could she explain? She had done it. It was water over the dam—and it is no fault of Audrey's that she would probably have spelled it "damn."

PICTURES TO FRAME AND KEEP

ARE you framing the remarkable war pictures appearing month after month in Pictorial Review? The series began with the February issue and there were four in the March number. All these pictures are reproductions, in full color, of paintings by famous artists.

You would gladly pay fifty cents for any one of them in an art store. In Pictorial Review you get them without extra charge. Not only are these reproductions noteworthy as examples of high-class art, but they also provide a lasting souvenir of the great war.

By noon she was fairly abject. She did not analyze her own anxiety, or why the recollection of her escapade, which would a short time before have filled her with a sort of unholy joy, now turned her sick and trembling.

THEN, in the middle of the afternoon, Clay called her up. She gasped a little when she heard his voice.

"I wanted to tell you, Audrey," he said, "that we can probably use the girl you spoke about, rather soon."

"Very well. Thank you. Is—wasn't there something else, too?"

"Something else?"

"You are angry, aren't you?"

He hesitated.

"Surprized. Not angry. I haven't any possible right to be angry."

"Will you come up and let me tell you about it, Clay?"

"I don't see how that will help any."

"It will help me."

He laughed at that; her new humility was so unlike her.

"Why, of course I'll come, Audrey," he said, and as he rang off he was happier than he had been all day.

He was coming. Audrey moved around the little room, adjusting chairs, re-arranging the flowers that had poured in on New-year's day, brushing the hearth. And as she worked she whistled. He would be getting into the car now. He would be so far on his way. He would be almost there. She ran into her bedroom and powdered her nose, with her lips puckered, still whistling, and her heart singing.

But he scolded her thoroughly at first.

"Why on earth did you do it?" he finished. "I still can't understand. I see you one day, gravity itself, a serious young woman—as you are to-day. And then I hear—it isn't like you, Audrey."

"Oh, yes it is. It's exactly like me. Like one me. There are others, of course."

She told him then, making pitiful confession of her own pride and her anxiety to spare Chris's name.

"I couldn't bear to have them suspect he had gone to the war because of a girl. Whatever he ran away from, Clay, he'd doing all right now."

He listened gravely, with, toward the end, a jealousy he would not have acknowledged even to himself. Was it possible that she still loved Chris? Might she not, after the fashion of women, be building a new and idealized Chris, now that he had gone to war, out of his very common clay?

"He has done splendidly," he agreed.

Again the warmth and coziness of the little room enveloped him. Audrey's low huskily sweet voice, her quick smile, her new and unaccustomed humility, and the odd sense of her understanding, comforted him. She made her indefinite appeal to the best that was in him.

Nothing so ennobles a man as to have some woman believe in his nobility.

"Clay," she said suddenly, "you are worrying about something."

"Nothing that won't straighten out, in time."

"Would it help to talk about it?"

He realized that he had really come to her to talk about it. It had been in the back of his head all the time.

"I'm rather anxious about Graham."

"Toots Hayden?"

"Partly."

"I'm afraid she's got him, Clay. There isn't a trick in the game she doesn't know. He had about as much chance as I have of being twenty again. She wants to make a wealthy marriage, and she's picked on Graham. That's all."

"It isn't only Marion. I'm afraid there's another girl, a girl at the mill—his stenographer. I have no proof of anything. In fact, I don't think there is anything yet. She's in love with him, probably, or she thinks she is. I happened on them together, and she looked— Of course, if what you say about Marion is true, he can not care for her, even, well, in any way."

"Oh, nonsense, Clay. A man—especially a boy—can love a half-dozen girls. He can be crazy about any girl he is with. It may not be love, but it plays the same tricks with him that the real thing does."

"I can't believe that."

"No. You wouldn't."

She leaned back and watched him. How much of a boy he was himself, anyhow! And yet how little he understood the complicated problems of a boy like Graham, irresponsible but responsible, rich without labor, with time for the sort of dalliance Clay himself at the same age had had neither leisure nor inclination to indulge.

He was wandering about the room, his hands in his pockets, his head bent. When he stopped:

"What am I to do with the girl, Audrey?"

"Get rid of her. That's easy."

"Not so easy as it sounds."

He told her of Dunbar and the photographs, of Rudolph Klein, and the problem as he saw it.

"So there I am," he finished. "If I let her go, I lose one of the links in Dunbar's chain. If I keep her——"

"Can't Natalie talk to him? Sometimes a woman can get to the bottom of these things when a man can't. He might tell her all about it."

"Possibly. But I think it unlikely Natalie would tell me!"

She leaned over and patted his hand impulsively.

"What devils we women are!" she said. "Now and then one of us gets what she deserves. That's me. And now and then one of us gets something she doesn't deserve. And that's Natalie. She's overindulgent to Graham."

"He is all she has."

"She has you."

Something in her voice made him turn and look at her.

"That ought to be something, you know," she added. And laughed a little.

"Does Natalie pay his debts?"

"I rather think so."

But that was a subject he could not go on with.

"The fault is mine. I know my business better than I know how to handle my life, or my family. I don't know why I trouble you with it all, anyhow. You have enough." He hesitated. "That's not exactly true, either. I do know. I'm relying on your woman's wit to help me. I'm wrong somehow."

"About Graham?"

"I have a curious feeling that I am losing him. I can't ask for his confidence. I can't, apparently, even deserve it. I see him, day after day, with all the good stuff there is in him, working as little as he can, drinking more than he should, out half the night, running into debt—good Lord, Audrey, what can I do?"

She hesitated.

"Of course, you know one thing that would save him, Clay?"

"What?"

"Our getting into the war."

"I ought not to have to lose my boy in order to find him. But—we are going to be in it."

HE HAD risen and was standing, an elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at her.

"I suppose every man wonders, once in a while, how he'd conduct himself in a crisis. When the *Lusitania* went down I dare say a good many fellows wondered if they'd have been able to keep their coward bodies out of the boats. I know I did. And I wonder about myself now. What can I do if we go into the war? I couldn't do a forced march of more than five miles. I can't drill, or whatever they call it. I can shoot clay pigeons, but I don't believe I could hit a German coming at me with a bayonet at twenty feet. I'd be pretty much of a total loss. Yet I'll want to do something."

And when she sat, very silent, looking into the fire: "You see, you think it absurd yourself."

"Hardly absurd," she roused herself to look up at him. "If it is, it's the sort of splendid absurdity I am proud of. I was wondering what Natalie would say."

"I don't believe it lies between a man and his wife. It's between him and his God."

He was rather ashamed of that, however, and soon after he went away.

Natalie Spencer was finding life full of interest that Winter. Now and then she read the headings in the newspapers, not because she was really interested, but that she might say, at the dinner-party which was to her the proper end of a perfect day:

"What do you think of Turkey declaring her independence?"

Or:

"I see we have taken the Etoile Wood."

Clayton had overheard her more than once, and had marveled at the dexterity with which, these leaders thrown out, she was able to avoid committing herself further.

But the new house engrossed her. She was seeing a great deal of Rodney, too, and now and then she had fancied that there was a different tone in Rodney's voice when he addressed her.

She never analyzed that tone, or what it suggested, but it gave her a new interest in life. She was always marceled, massaged, freshly manicured. And she had found a new facial treatment. Clayton, in his room at night, could hear the sharp slapping of flesh on flesh, as Madeline gently pounded certain expensive creams into the skin of her face and neck.

She refused all forms of war activity, altho now and then she put some appeal before Clayton and asked him if he cared to send a check. He never suggested that she answer any of these demands personally, after an experience early in the Winter.

"Why don't you send it yourself?" he had asked. "Wouldn't you like it to go in your name?"

"It doesn't matter. I don't know any of the committee."

He had tried to explain what he meant.

"You might like to feel that you are doing something."

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"I thought my allowance was only to dress on. If I'm to attend to charities, too, you'll have to increase it."

"But," he argued patiently, "if you only sent them twenty-five dollars, and did without some little thing to do it, you'd feel rather more as tho you were giving, wouldn't you?"

"Twenty-five dollars! And be laughed at!"

He had given in then.

"If I put an extra thousand dollars to your account tomorrow, will you check it out to this fund?"

"It's too much."

"Will you?"

"Yes, of course," she had agreed, indifferently. And he had notified her that the money was in the bank. But two months later the list of contributions was published, and neither his name nor Natalie's was among them.

Toward personal service she had no inclination whatever. She would promise anything, but the hour of fulfilling always found her with something else to do. Yet she had kindly impulses, at times, when something occurred to take her mind from herself. She gave liberally to street mendicants. She sent her car to be used by those of her friends who had none. She was lavish with flowers to the sick—altho Clayton paid her florist bills.

She was lavish with money—but never with herself.

IN THE weeks after the opening of the New-year Clayton found himself watching her. He wondered some times just what went on in her mind during the hours when she sat, her hands folded, gazing into space. He could not tell. He surmised her planning, always planning; the new house, a gown, a hat, a party.

But late in January he began to think that she was planning something else. Old Terry Mackenzie had been there one night, and he had asserted not only that war was coming, but that we would be driven to conscription to raise an army.

"They've all had to come to it," he insisted. "And we will, as sure as God made little fishes. You can't raise a million men for a war that's three thousand miles away."

"You mean, conscription among the laboring class?" Natalie had asked naively, and there had been a roar of laughter.

"Not at all," Terry had said. And chuckled. "This war, if it comes, is every man's burden, rich and poor. Only the rich will give most, because they have most to give."

"I think that's ridiculous," Natalie had said.

It was after that that Clayton began to wonder what she was planning.

He came home late one afternoon to find that they were spending the evening in, and to find a very serious Natalie waiting when he came down-stairs dressed for dinner.

She made an effort to be conversational, but it was a failure. He was uneasily aware that she was watching him, inspecting, calculating, choosing her moment. But it was not until they were having coffee that she spoke.

"I'm uneasy about Graham, Clay."

He looked up quickly.

"Yes?"

"I think he ought to go away somewhere."

"He ought to stay here, and make a man of himself," he came out, almost in spite of himself. He knew well enough that such a note always roused Natalie's antagonism, and he waited for the storm. But none came.

"He's not doing very well, is he?"

"He's not failing entirely. But he gives the best of himself outside the mill. That's all"

She puzzled him. Had she heard of Marion?

"Don't you think, if he was away from this silly crowd he plays with, as he calls it, that he would be very much better off?"

"Where, for instance?"

"You keep an agent in England. He could go there. Or to Russia, if the Russian contract goes through."

He was still puzzled.

"But why England or Russia?"

"Anywhere out of this country."

"He doesn't have to leave this country to get away from a designing woman."

From her astonished expression, he knew that he had been wrong. She was not trying to get him away from Marion. From what? She bent forward, her face set hard. "What woman?" Well, it was out. She might as well know it. "Don't you think it possible, Natalie, that he may intend to marry Marion Hayden?"

There was a very unpleasant half-hour after that. Marion was a parasite of the rich. She had abused Natalie's hospitality. She was designing. She played bridge for her dress money. She had ensnared the boy.

And then: "That settles it, I should think. He ought to leave America. If you have a single thought for his welfare you'll send him to England."

"Then you hadn't known about Marion when you proposed that before?"

"No. I knew he was not doing well. And I'm anxious. After all, he's my boy. He is——"

"I know," he supplemented gravely. "He is all you have. But I still don't understand why he must leave America."

It was not until she had gone up-stairs to her room, leaving him uneasily pacing the library floor, that he found the solution. Old Terry Mackenzie and his statement about conscription. Natalie wanted Graham sent out of the country, so he would be safe. She would purchase for him a shameful immunity, if war came. She would stultify the boy to keep him safe. In that hour of clear vision he saw how she had always stultified the boy, to keep him safe. He saw her life a series of small subterfuges, of petty indulgences, of little plots against himself, all directed toward securing Graham immunity—from trouble at school, from debt, from his own authority.

A wave of unreasoning anger surged over him, but with it there was pity, too; pity for the narrowness of her life and her mind, pity for her very selfishness. And, for the first time in his life he felt a shamefaced pity for himself. He shook himself violently.

Good Lord, when a man got sorry for himself——

"She Got up and Gave Him the Cablegram. Then She Fainted in a Crumpled Heap at His Feet"

Rudolph Klein had not for a moment believed Anna's story about the watch, and on the day after he discovered it on her wrist he verified his suspicions. During his noon hour he went up-town and, with the confident swagger of a certain type of workman who feels himself out of place, entered the jeweler's shop in question.

He had to wait for some little time, and he spent it in surveying contemptuously the contents of the show-cases. That even his wildest estimate fell far short of their value he did not suspect, but his lips curled. This was where the money earned by honest workmen was spent, that women might gleam with such gewgaws. Wall Street bought them, Wall Street which was forcing this country into the war to protect its loans to the Allies. America was to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire that women, and yet more women, might wear those strings of pearls, those glittering diamond baubles.

Into his crooked mind there flashed a line from a speech at the Third Street Hall the night before: "War is hell. Let those who want to, go to hell."

So—Wall Street bought pearls for its women, and the dissolute sons of the rich bought gold wrist-watches for girls they wanted to seduce. The expression on his face was so terrible that the clerk behind the counter, waiting to find what he wanted, was startled.

"I want to look at gold wrist-watches," he said. And eyed the clerk for a trace of patronage.

"Ladies?"

"Yes."

He finally found one that was a duplicate of Anna's, and examined it carefully. Yes, it was the same, the maker's name on the dial, the space for the monogram on the back, everything.

"How much is this one?"

"One hundred dollars."

He almost dropped it. A hundred dollars! Then he remembered Anna's story.

"Have you any gold-filled one's that look like this?"

"We do not handle gold-filled cases."

He put it down, and turned to go. Then he stopped.

"Don't sell on the instalment plan, either, I suppose?"

The sneer in his voice was clearer than his anxiety. In his mind, he already knew the answer.

"Sorry. No."

He went out. So he had been right. That young skunk had paid a hundred dollars for a watch for Anna. To Rudolph it meant but one thing.

That had been early in January. For some days he kept his own counsel, thinking, planning, watching. He was jealous of Graham, but with a calculating jealousy that set him wondering how to turn his knowledge to his own advantage. And Anna's lack of liberty comforted him somewhat. He couldn't meet her outside the mill, at least not without his knowing it.

He established a system of espionage over her that drove her almost to madness.

"What're you hanging round for?" she would demand when he stepped forward at the mill gate. "D'you suppose I never want to be by myself?"

Or:

"You just go away, Rudolph Klein. I'm going up with some of the girls."

But she never lost him. He was beside her or at her heels, his small crafty eyes on her. When he walked behind her there was a sensuous gleam in them.

AFTER a few weeks she became terrified. There was a coldness of devitry in him, she knew. And he had the whip-hand. She was certain he knew about the watch, and her impertinence masked an agony of fear. Suppose he went to her father? Why, if he knew, didn't he go to her father?

She suspected him, but she did not know of what. She knew he was an enemy of all government, save that of the mob, that he was an incendiary, a firebrand who set on fire the brutish passions of a certain type of malcontents. She knew, for all he pretended to be the voice of labor, he no more represented the honest labor of the country than he represented law and order.

She watched him some times, at the table, when on Sundays he ate the midday meal with them; his thin hatchet face, his prominent epiglottis. He wore a fresh cotton shirt then, with a flaming necktie, but he did not clean his finger-nails. And his talk was always of tearing down, never of building up.

"Just give us time, and we'll show them," he often said. And "them" was always the men higher up.

He hated policemen. He and Herman had had many arguments about policemen. Herman was not like Rudolph. He believed in law and order. He even believed in those higher up. But he believed very strongly in the fraternity of labor.

Until the first weeks of that New-year, Herman Klein, outside the tyranny of his home life, represented very fairly a certain type of workman, believing in the dignity and integrity of his order. But, with his failure to re-locate himself, something went wrong in Herman. He developed, in his obstinate, stubborn, German head, a suspicion of the land of his adoption. He had never troubled to understand it. He had taken it for granted, as he took for granted that Anna should work and turn over her money to him.

NOW it began to ask things of him. Not much. A delegation of women came around one night and asked him for money for Belgian Relief. The delegation came, because no one woman would venture alone.

"I have no money for Belgians," he said. He would not let them come in. "Why should I help the Belgians? Liars and hypocrites!"

The story went about the neighborhood, and he knew it. He cared nothing for popularity, but he resented losing his standing in the community. And all along he was convinced that he was right; that the Belgians had lied. There had been, in the Germany he had left, no such will to wanton killing. These people were ignorant. Out of the depths of their ignorance they talked.

He read only German newspapers. In the little room

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back of Gustav Shoeder's he met only Germans. And always, at his elbow, there was Rudolph.

Until the middle of January Rudolph had not been able to get him to one of his incendiary meetings. Then, one cold night, while Anna sewed by the lamp inside the little house, Rudolph and Herman walked in the frozen garden, Herman with his pipe, Rudolph with the cheap cigarets he used incessantly. Anna opened the door a crack and listened at first. She was watchful of Rudolph, always, those days. But the subject was not Anna.

"You think we get in, then?" Herman asked.

"Sure."

"But for what?"

"So the Spencers can make more money out of it," said Rudolph bitterly. "And others like them. But they and their kind don't do the dying It's the workers that go and die. Look at Germany!"

"Yes, it is so in Germany."

"All this talk about democracy—that's bunk. Just plain bunk. Why should the workers in this country kill the workers in another? Why? To make money for capital—more money."

"Ya," Herman assented. "That is what war is. Always the same. I came here to get away from war."

"Well, you didn't get far enough. You left a king behind, but we've got a Czar here "

Herman was slowly, methodically, following an earlier train of thought.

"I am a workman," he said. "I would not fight against other workmen. Just as I, a German, will not fight against other Germans."

"But you would sit here, on the hill, and do nothing."

"What can I do? One man, and with no job."

"Come to the meeting to-night."

"You and your meetings!" the old German said impatiently. "You talk. That's all."

Rudolph lowered his voice.

"You think we only talk, eh? Well, you come and hear some things. Talk! You come," he coaxed, changing his tone. "And we'll have some beer and schnitzel at Gus's after. My treat. How about it?"

Old Herman assented. He was tired of the house, tired of the frozen garden, tired of scolding the slovenly dirty girl who pottered around all day in a boudoir cap and slovenly wrapper. Tired of Anna's rebellious face and pert answers.

He went inside the house and put a sweater under his coat, and got his cap.

"I go out," he said, to the impassive figure under the lamp. 'You will stay in."

"Oh, I don't know. I may take a walk."

"You will stay in," he repeated and followed Rudolph outside. There he reached in, secured the key, and locked the door on the inside. Anna, listening and white with anger, heard his ponderous steps going around to the back door, and the click as he locked that one also.

"Beast!" she muttered. "*Schween!* German *schwein*"

It was after midnight when she heard him coming back. She prepared to leap out of her bed when he came upstairs, to confront him angrily and tell him she was through. She was leaving home. But long after she had miserably cried herself to sleep, Herman sat below, his long-stemmed pipe in his teeth, his stockinged feet spread to the dying fire.

In that small guarded hall that night he had learned many surprizing things, there and at Gus's afterward. The Fatherland's war was already being fought in America, and not only by Germans. The workers of the world had banded themselves together, according to the night's speakers. And because they were workers they would not fight the German workers. It was all perfectly simple. With the co-operation of the workers of the world, which recognized no country but a vast brotherhood of labor, it was possible to end war, all war.

In the meantime, while all the workers all over the world were being organized, ope prevented as much as possible any assistance going to capitalistic England. One did some simple thing—started a strike, or sawed lumber too short, or burned a wheat-field, or put nails in harvesting machinery, or missent perishable goods, or changed signal-lights on railroads, or drove copper nails into fruit-trees, so that they died. This was a pity, the fruit-trees. But at least they did not furnish fruit for Germany's enemies.

SO EACH one did but one thing, and that small, so small that it was difficult to discover. But there were two hundred thousand men to do them, according to Rudolph, and that meant a great deal.

Only one thing about the meeting Herman had not liked. There were packages of wicked photographs going about. Filthy things. When they came to him he had dropped them on the floor. What had they to do with Germany's enemies, or preventing America from going into the war?

Rudolph laughed when he dropped them.

'They won't bite you!" he had said, and had stooped to pick them up. But Herman had kept his foot on them.

So—America would go into the war against the Fatherland, unless many hundreds of thousands did each their little bit. And if they did not, America would go in, and fight for England to control the seas, and the Spencer plant would make millions of shells that honest German workers, sweat-brothers of the world, might die.

He remembered word for word the peroration of the evening's speech.

"We would extend the hand of brotherhood to the so-called enemy, and strangle the cry for war in the fat white throats of the blood-bloated money-lenders of Wall Street, before it became articulate."

He was very tired. He stooped and picked up his shoes, and with them in his hand, drawn to his old-time military erectness, he stood for some time before the gilt-framed picture on the wall. Then he went slowly and ponderously up-stairs to bed.

FROM the moment, the day before Christmas, when Graham had taken the little watch from his pocket and fastened it on Anna's wrist, he was rather uneasily aware that she had become his creature. He had had no intention of buying Anna. He was certainly not in love with her. But he found her amusing and at times comfort ng

He had, of course, expected to lose her after the unlucky day when Clayton had found them together, but Dunbar had advised that she be kept on for a time at least. Mentally Graham figured that the first of January would see her gone, and the thought of a Christmas present for her was partly compounded of remorse.

He had been buying a cigaret-case for Marion when the thought came to him. He had not bought a Christmas present for a girl, except flowers, since the first year he was at college.

He had sent Delight one that year, a half-dozen little leather-bound books of poetry. What a precious young prig he must have been! He knew now that girls only pretended to care for books. They wanted jewelry, and they got past the family with it by pretending it was not real, or that they had bought it out of their allowances. One of Toots's friends was taking a set of silver fox from a man, and she was as straight as a die. Oh, he knew girls, now.

The next day he asked Anna Klein: "What would you like for Christmas?"

Anna, however, had insisted that she did not want a Christmas present. Later on she had seen a watch one of the girls on the hill had bought for twelve dollars, and on his further insistance a day or so later she had said:

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course I do."

"You oughtn't tospendmoneyon me, you know."

"You let me attend to that. Now, out with it!"

So she told him rather nervously,

Drawing by Edward Borna

for she felt that twelve dollars was a considerable sum. He had laughed, and agreed instantly, but when he went to buy it he found himself paying a price that rather startled him.

"Don't you lose it, young lady!" he admonished her when, the day before Christmas, he fastened it on her wrist. Then he had stooped down to kiss her, and the intensity of feeling in her face had startled him. "It's a good watch," he had said, rather uneasily, "no excuse for your being late now."

All that of the day she was radiant.

He meant well enough even then. He had never pretended to love her. He accepted her adoration, petted and teased her in return, worked off his occasional ill humors on her, was indeed conscious some times that he was behaving extremely well in keeping things as they were.

But by the middle of January he began to grow uneasy. The atmosphere at Marion's was bad; there was a knowledge of life plus an easy toleration of certain human frailties that was as insidious as a slow fever. The motto of live and let live prevailed. And Marion refused to run away with him and marry him, or to let him go to his father.

In his office, all day long, there was Anna, so yielding, so surely his to take if he wished.

Already he knew that things there must either end or go forward. Human emotions do not stand still; they either advance or go back, and every impulse of his virile young body was urging him on.

He made at last an almost frenzied appeal to Marion to marry him at once, but she refused almost coldly.

"I'm not going to ruin you," she said. "If you can't bring your people round, we'll just have to wait."

"They'd be all right, once it is done."

"Not if I know your father! Oh, he'd be all right—in ten years or so. But what about the next two or three? We'd have to live, wouldn't we?"

He lay awake most of the night, thinking things over. Did she really care for him, as Anna cared, for instance? She was always talking about their having to live. If they couldn't manage on his salary for a while, then it was because Marion did not care enough to try.

For the first time he began to question Marion's feeling for him. She had been rather patronizing him lately. He had overheard her, once, speaking of him as a nice kid, and it rankled. In sheer assertion of his manhood he met Anna Klein outside the mill at the noon hour, the next day, and took her for a little ride in his car. After that he repeatedly did the same thing, choosing infrequented streets and roads, dining with her some times at a quiet hotel out on the Freeland road.

"How do you get away with this, to your father?" he asked her once.

"Tell him you're getting ready to move out to the new plant, and we're working. He's not round much in the evenings now. He's at meetings, or swilling beer at Gus's saloon. They're a bad lot, Graham, that crowd at Gus's."

"How do you mean, bad?"

"Well, they're Germans, for one thing, the sort that shouts about the Fatherland. They make me sick."

"Let's forget them, honey," said Graham, and reaching under the table-cloth, caught and held one of her hands.

HE WAS beginning to look at things with the twisted vision of Marion's friends. He intended only to flirt a little with Anna Klein, but he considered that he was extremely virtuous, and, perhaps, a bit of a fool for letting things go at that. Once, indeed, Tommy Hale happened on them in a road-house, sitting very quietly with a glass of beer before Graham, and a lemonade in front of Anna, and had winked at him as tho he had received him into the brotherhood of those who were seeing life.

Then, near the end of January, events took another step forward. Rudolph Klein was discharged from the mill.

Clayton, coming down one morning, found the manager, Hutchinson, and Dunbar in his office. The two men had had a difference of opinion, and the matter was laid before him.

"He is a constant disturbing element," Hutchinson finished. "I understand Mr. Dunbar's position, but we can't afford to have the men thrown into a ferment, constantly."

"If you discharge him you rouse his suspicions and those of his gang," said Dunbar, sturdily.

"There is a gang, then?"

"A gang! My God."

In the end, however, Clayton decided to let Rudolph go. Hutchinson was insistent. Production was falling down. One or two accidents to the machinery lately looked like sabotage. He had found a black cat crudely drawn on the cement pavement outside his office door that very morning, the black cat being the symbol of the I.W.W.'s who advocated destruction.

"What about the girl?" Dunbar asked, when the manager had gone.

"I have kept her, against my better judgment, Mr. Dunbar."

For just a moment Dunbar hesitated. He knew certain things that Clayton Spencer did not, things that it was his business to know. The girl might be valuable, one of these days. She was in love with young Spencer. The time might come when he, Dunbar, would need to capitalize that love and use it against Rudolph, and the rest of the crowd that met in the little room behind Shoeder's saloon. It was too bad, in a way. He was sorry for this man with the strong, repressed face and kindly mouth, who sat across from him. But these were strange times. A man could not be too scrupulous.

"Better keep her on for a month or two, anyhow," he said. "They're up to something, and I miss my guess if it isn't directed against you."

"How about Herman Klein?"

"Nothing doing," stated Mr. Dunbar, flatly. "Our informer is tending bar at Gus's.. Herman listens and drinks their beer, but he's got the German fear of authority in him. He's a beer socialist. That's all."

But, in that fear, Dunbar left out of account the innate savagery that lurked under Herman's phlegmatic surface.

"You don't think it would do if she was moved to another office?"

"The point is this," Dunbar moved his chair forward. "The time may come when we will need the girl as an informer. Rudolph Klein is infatuated with her. Now I understand that she has a certain feeling of—loyalty to Mr. Graham. In that case"—he glanced at Clayton—"the welfare of the many, Mr. Spencer, against the few."

For a long time after he was gone Clayton sat at his desk, thinking. Every instinct in him revolted against the situation thus forced on him. There was something wrong with Dunbar's reasoning. It flashed on him that Dunbar was right, and that their points of view were bitterly opposed. Dunbar would have no scruples, because he was not quite a gentleman. But war was a man's game. It was not the time for fine distinctions of ethics. And Dunbar was certainly a man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

ARIZONA

By JOHN P. WILSON

SAGE and sand, and craggy land;
Brazen sun in vault of blue;
Cactus thorns and toads with horns,
Rattlesnakes and gilas too.
Gulches deep, and streams that seep
'Neath the rocks and sand and silt;
Valleys green with peachblow sheen,
Where the low hogan is built.
High-perched halls in cañon walls,
Where the Colorado flows.
Ancient towns on mesa crowns,
Of whose story no man knows.
Bound is all in mystic thrall
You but feel, not penetrate;
Tho it fills you, holds you, thrills you!
Arizona, ain't she great?

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"A bounding boy with abounding joy—
I'm happy as bees in clover.
And here's the thing that gives the spring
That carries me gaily over."

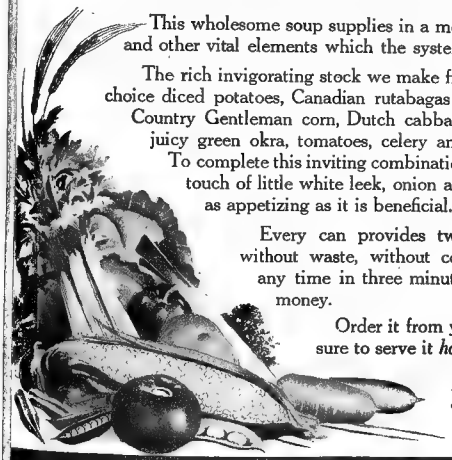
"Vigor and Spring"

Active health is the only health worth having

There is no satisfaction in merely "keeping about." You want the wide-awake abounding vitality which expresses itself in action, and which makes the day's task a pleasure instead of a burden. But you cannot build up this kind of health on a one-sided diet. You must have plenty of good vegetables to balance a moderate amount of meat. This is the only way.

At this time of year especially you should have the regular benefit and enjoyment of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup



This wholesome soup supplies in a most tempting form the valuable vegetable salts and other vital elements which the system positively requires.

The rich invigorating stock we make from selected beef. We blend this stock with choice diced potatoes, Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots. We include Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage, small peas, and baby lima beans. Also juicy green okra, tomatoes, celery and parsley, beside plenty of rice and barley. To complete this inviting combination, we add alphabet macaroni and a relishable touch of little white leek, onion and sweet red peppers. Here you have a dish as appetizing as it is beneficial.

Every can provides two cans of nourishing soup—without labor, without waste, without cooking-cost for you. Ready for your table any time in three minutes. There is no better food-value for your money.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. And be sure to serve it *hot*.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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DISHES

The Greatest Thing in the World is to Get What You Want

By AGNES MARY BROWNELL

WELL, I guess that's the last of that!" Myra Bray said grimly, and blinked at the smashed fragments of the cup.

It had been so fragile, that even the sound of its breaking was thin and evanescent like a note blown, not struck. Now as it lay on the floor, it seemed dwindled to nothing more than the fine gilt stem that had been its handle, and irregular pinkish fragments like fallen petals.

"Myry Bray! Butterfingers!" Myra apostrophized herself, and darted a quick, sidelong glance in the direction of old Mrs. Bray, her mother-in-law.

It had been old Mrs. Bray's cup. This was old Mrs. Bray's house. When Myra married Marvin Bray it had been with the understanding that they must make their home with his mother, now that Nellie was gone.

Old Mrs. Bray said nothing. The pink cup had belonged to Nellie, Marvin's bad been blue. They had been old-time Christmas gifts; and they had never been used. They were too fine to use. All those years they had stood side by side on an upper shelf of the safe, along with the majolica pickle-dish, the cracker-jar that Abbie Carter had painted in a design of wheat-heads, the lemonade-set that George's wife had presented upon the occasion of a visit, and a collection of little china souvenirs—trays and miniature pitchers with "Souvenir of the Springs" inscribed upon them.

"At least the saucer's safe," ventured Myra, after a pause. She had only just come to live with old Mrs. Bray. She wondered how she would take it. "Well—might's well sweep up the muss!"

Old Mrs. Bray spoke. Myra thought she detected a quiver in her voice:

"Pick 'em up," her mother-in-law directed, "and put 'em here in my apron." Myra obeyed. Old Mrs. Bray gathered up her apron and went away to her room. She did not emerge till nearly supper-time.

Once Myra had gone to her door It was inhospitably closed. Myra thought she detected a faint chinking sound. "Now I wonder"—thought Myra—"is she agrievin' or asulkin'? I'd rather it was asulkin'—an old pink chiny cup! I'd buy her another, only I s'pose it wouldn't make it up to her—Nellie's and all. Mebbe if I hurried and put off my waist, I could finish up her challis. She don't need the challis, and I do the waist. But mebbe it might take her mind off—losin' Nellie and then losin' the cup. I expect that come hard to Mother Bray."

Myra smoothed her hair and put on a fresh afternoon percale. To see Myra with her thin brown face, her slicked-back black hair which showed white threads like ravellings, in her afternoon house-dress of gray percale, one would never have taken her for a bride. Yet Myra had a very bridal feeling, sitting in her own home, with her own sewing, instead of running the machine in the shop, as she had done before her marriage. That it was, in reality, her husband's mother's home, and her husband's mother's sewing, scarcely altered the case; it was home, not shop. She had been married in August, when work fell slack. Now it was October. She had not broken anything until to-day.

Myra sewed and rocked and looked up at the framed portraits of Marvin and Nellie and Frank as children—the girl in queer plaid, and a locket; the boys in gilt-braided suits. Old and crude as the drawing was, it had a look of them—that steady, serious look of Marvin which he had never lost, and Nellie's—bold and managerial. Frank had died. Poor mother. She had known trouble.

At five, old Mrs. Bray came stiffly out. She had a curious, secretive air, not in the least mournful nor accusative, as Myra had feared. Myra held up the dress—a soft, gray challis with lavender pipings. Old Mrs. Bray's eyes widened like a pleased child's.

"Want to try it on?" suggested Myra.

"It ain't done!"

"To the last hook." She began to assist her mother into the new dress.

Mrs. Bray was a pretty old woman. There was about her an effect of fragile bloom like that of her old cup. In her gray-and-lavender she was like a quaint pastel.

"There!" cried Myra, standing off to view the effect.

"I ain't agoin' to take it off!" declared old Mrs. Bray suddenly; and waited for the remonstrance.

Nellie had always said: "Why, mother! Of course you'll take it off right away! Wear your good clothes out at home!"

To her surprize, Myra assented. "Keep it on, and let Marvin see how fine you look."

"Wun't you need me about supper?"

"Now you just set and let me get supper alone to-night."

"I'll set the table," decided old Mrs. Bray. "I guess just laying plates won't hurt it none."

Myra set about her biscuits. Marvin had to have his hot bread. Suddenly she heard a little splintering crash, followed by a whimpering wail—"Myry! Oh, Myry! I've broke the sasser!" The last remnants of Nellie's saucer, with their pink, fluted edges like ravished petals, lay spread out at old Mrs. Bray's feet.

"Now ain't that just too bad! (I s'pose she was touching it, for old times' sake—and her trembly old fingers and all, she let it slip.) Never mind, Mother; you got the blue one yet. And mebbe that saucer can be mended —"

Her mother with a jealous sweep of old hands, gathered up the fragments of the broken saucer. "I don't want mended dishes," she said resentfully, and went stiffly away to her room.

THAT night, when they were alone, Myra told Marvin about Nellie's cup and saucer. "And I just know she's akeeping of the pieces, and amourning over them," she finished. "Such things get to have associations. I 'most wish it had been your cup that got broke. She's got you, and Nellie's gone."

"Gone—what's a hundred miles!"

"I'm afraid she misses Nell."

"Now don't you go getting notions in your head. Nell was a master hand for work, but she didn't keep things up a mite better than you—not so good, to my notion. You're restfuller. Nell couldn't rest herself nor let anybody else. Nell couldn't atouched them biscuit—fact!"

"I try to keep things up as much like Nell as I can. I'd ruther use white table-cloths myself, but Nell always used the checkered. And my own chiny set the folks gave me—but I know Mother'd feel strange without her old white ones. There's lots of pretty chiny in the safe, but Nell always used it so careful. I've never used a piece. And yet, just adustin' that pink cup, I had to go and drop it! I don't s'pose it was ever drunk out of."

"What's the good," argued Marvin, "of having things too fine to use?"

"You and me, Marvin, think the same about them things. But Nell and Mother—they're different."

"You're a good woman, Myry."

It pleased Myra to be told that she was good, and that her biscuits surpassed those of the capable Nell. But such compliments, for all their practicality and worth, sent no flush to her sallow cheek.

In her woman's magazine, which came to her monthly, lovers (and more rarely, husbands) were always breathing into the heroine's ear, "I love you. How beautiful you are!" or sentiments in that tenor. Marvin had not told her he loved her. He had asked her seriously and respectfully to marry him, when it became apparent that the efficient Nell was about to wed. And he had never told her that she was beautiful. She could not have believed him if he had.

Two days after the accident to the pink cup, the majolica pickle - dish was found shattered in front of the safe, when Marvin came out to start the kitchen fire. No one could account for its being there. The safe doors were ajar, and they decided that the majolica dish must have got pushed too near the edge of the shelf, and that a sudden jar had dislodged it. The safe doors were never remembered to have been left open before; the majolica dish had always sat well back; and nothing more jarring than Marvin's step disturbed the habitual quiet of the house. Still, how else account for it? "Mebbe Tom leaped up and done it," suggested old Mrs. Bray. The sleepy Tom, a handsome tiger-stripe, sunk in bodily comfort, seemed to eye her reproachfully. He had not leaped in years.

"'Myry! Oh, Myry! I've Broke the Sasser!'" John Wolcott Adams

Old Mrs. Bray carried away with her the fragments of the majolica pickle-dish and that afternoon, and other afternoons, she passed in the solitary privacy of her room.

Still her retirement seemed to work her no ill From these solitary vigils she always emerged dressed in her gray-and-lavender. Ordinarily the ladies Bray wore percale on week-day afternoons—fresh ones, but prints for all that. That had been Nell's way. Altho old Mrs. Bray had a closet hung with good wool dresses, and even one festival silk.

MYRA'S trousseau had been so simple as scarcely to deserve the name. She had been married in a neat, dark suit, turned out in the shop where she had been employed for more than seven years. Myra had been "on skirts" for most of the seven years; and her dress had been almost a uniform—skirt and blouse. But she had secretly sewed for herself another sort of dress—house-dresses for the afternoon, of inexpensive, but delicate and light-colored fabrics, made a little "fussy." These she never wore. Old Mrs. Bray never wore fussy clothes; and it had not been Nell's way. The gray-and-lavender challis had been in the nature of an experiment. Old Mrs. Bray was plainly pleased; but she rarely wore it. She said it would make it common.

So the Brays, as in Nellie's régime, continued to wear the common gray percales, and to eat off the common white crockery. And with a strange, bewitched pertinacity, the fine, decorative bits of china, shut away on their upper shelf in the safe, continued to get themselves broken.

Once it was one of the glasses of George's wife's lemonade-set. These glasses had ornate gilt bands about the brim, and painted flowers upon the side. Taking down the set one day, to show George's wife's gift to a caller (gifts were never gifts in fee simple in the Bray household. Always part possession seemed vested in the donor) old Mrs. Bray let slip one of the glasses. The fragments lay in a path of sun, struck through and through with light, they seemed to possess a strange, new iridescence.

"Now ain't that too bad!" sympathized the caller. "Spoils the whole set. You want to get every bit of that glass up and in the ash-can. Glass is awful to grind in."

Old Mrs. Bray gathered up the pieces. They sent out strange gleams like rude gems. Myra and the caller watched sympathetically, the eager abruptness of her departure.

"Your mother-in-law is some shaky," observed the caller. "She hadn't ought to go to handle such delicate things."

"I expect she won't come out again," Myra said. "It always makes Mother feel bad to break things."

Old Mrs. Bray did not come out again till after the caller had departed. She had on her gray-and-lavender dress. "Always when Mother breaks a dish seems like she goes and puts on her gray-and-lavender," thought Myra; but she only said, "You look nice in that dress, Mother."

"I know I do," returned old Mrs. Bray serenely, "but I don't aim to make it common, Myry."

At holiday time, Nell and her husband came for a visit. Nell immediately proceeded to take the reins of government. She was a big, good-looking woman, younger than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

"Old Mrs. Bray's Voice Streamed Quavering Out, 'Oh, Nellie! Don't Scold Me! Myry!——'" John Wolcott Adams

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Filet Crochet and Unbleached Muslin Enter the Nursery

No. 134—A blue bird motif used on the crib

No. 134—This lively little squirrel is also on the crib

No. 129—One can help learning the A-B-C

No. 129—A new moon and a wise old owl

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 129 Nursery curtains made of unbleached muslin with a simple filet crochet edging and motifs. 20 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

No 134—Pussy has just had a nap

No. 134—Fido begs for his supper

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No 134 include the four triangular motifs shown here, and an oblong one of a stork which was placed in the center of each side of the crib. Unbleached muslin was used to make the practical draperies shown here. Each piece is finished with a narrow edging of filet crochet. A five inch flap on the side pieces helps to hold them in place when the ruler of this domain uses them as an aid in rising.

Pictorial Review Crochet No. 129. So that any combination of letters may be used for the shortest panels on these curtains a chart for the whole alphabet is supplied. Noah's ark trees form the design of the triangular motifs in the valance which is seventeen inches deep. The kimono, moccasins, and bonnet are made of cream flannel with the seams herringboned in the blue silk which was used for the crochet on these garments. A detail of the edge on the kimono forms the cunning oval frame.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions for kimono No. 130, bonnet No. 137, moccasins No. 132, and carriage pillow No. 133—20 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelop. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6827, infants' size kimono and moccasins, 25 cents. No. 6387, Infants' size cap, 15 cents Instructions for making a carriage robe to match the pillow are included in the crochet directions.

No. 129—"G" stands for Giraffe so tall

No. 129—A clown, a monkey, and a hoop

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 134. For working directions send 25 cents and a stamped, self addressed envelop to The Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have coffee —you find *Postum* a happy surprise."

It is in reality a most delicious beverage, with a rich, coffee-like appearance and flavor. But, unlike coffee, it contains no harmful ingredient, and hence makes entirely for health.

There's nothing of actual worth lost in a change from coffee to

POSTUM

On the contrary, there is great gain. Gain in health and comfort for those with whom coffee does not agree.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal, which must be boiled; Instant Postum, made in the cup, at table, in a moment. Some prefer one form, some the other. They are equally delicious, nourishing, healthful, and *always economical.*

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

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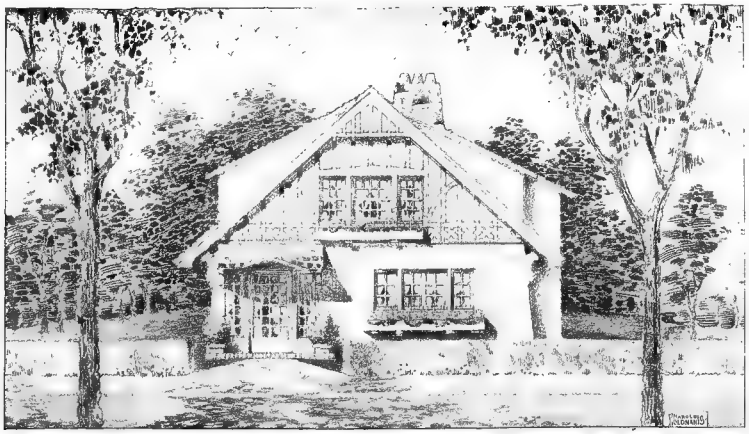


This Cozy Little House Contains just Five Rooms. It Is both Livable and Practical and Can Be Built Most Economically

What the War Has Taught Us about Economy Building

A Design for a Five-Room House Based upon Recent Experience in Government War-Housing

By N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

DURING the past twelve months, while individuals have been practically prohibited from the erection of new dwellings, our Government has carried on house-building operations on a gigantic scale, many thousands of homes having been built for the employees of shipbuilding and munition plants.

A study of these houses reveals many valuable lessons, the chief of which is found in the startling discovery that families may be perfectly comfortable and contented in houses of much smaller dimensions than was ever before dreamed of. By this we do not mean the haphazard slicing off of room-sizes, or story-height, or the omission of rooms, closets, or passage-ways, where such compartments are necessary to the comfort of the occupants; but, instead, we refer to the intelligent reduction of sizes in all cases where such a saving is found possible, and the utilizing of all other features of economic planning known.

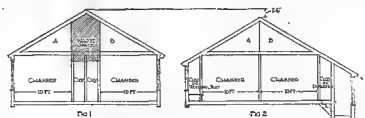
Last Spring, PICTORIAL REVIEW published a series of articles, "The Most House for the Least Money," illustrating a group of houses designed by Mr. Woods, in which was given a description of many of these money-saving ideas of planning as applied to the modern dwelling of average capacity. The houses illustrated herewith represent the further development of these ideas, with new features added, and, withal, some practical suggestions are given which will help to offset the present-day higher cost of building.

To briefly summarize the more important items in the original series it will be noted that, on the plans shown below, we have a perfectly square outline except for the stairway extension, which is, for an excellent reason, placed on the outside of the basic rectangle of the building, so that it will require the absolute minimum of cubage. We have only one chimney, and that in the center of the house, requiring the least exposure to exterior view. All plumbing fixtures are concentrated so as to require only one riser line.

THE porch is placed within the boundaries of the main building, and is enclosed, so that, when so desired, its area may serve to increase the apparent sizes of both the living-room and dining-room, while in no way spoiling its usefulness as a porch. These three compartments, and also the stair-landing, are connected by liberal openings, so that no one of them is seen singly (unless the portières are drawn together on occasion), but the size of each is apparently increased by being so placed. The room sizes are further reduced by the careful arrangement of furniture.

All halls and passage-ways have been eliminated from the first story, and the second-story hall has been reduced to an exceedingly small area, but its usefulness still preserved. Cellar stairs are located so as to serve both as an inside and outside entrance to basement, and the main stairway is arranged so as to require no newels, hand-rails, or balusters.

In addition to the above, in Nos. 20 and 22, the floor beams of first, second, and attic stories are so laid out as to require exact commercial lengths of lumber, obviating the usual waste of material, as well as the labor of cutting.



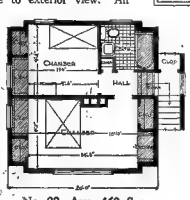
No Room-Space Is Sacrificed by the Reduction in Height

Also note in Figures 1 and 2, how the height of the entire building has been lowered by 18 inches, without injury to any room or feature. On the second-floor plans below, the story-heights have been cut off on each side, and the area so affected is shown darkened by the diagonal lines. But note that this area contains only closets, window-seats, a dresser, and the bathtub, none of which is in any way injured by this slight reduction of the ceiling height; and the stairway, descending in the same direction as the sloping roof, retains ample headroom at all points. Thus the waste space in the center of Figure 1 is saved and the appearance of the house much improved by being lowered, by placing the closets on the outside walls; and the areas and the ceiling height of the bedrooms remain unchanged.

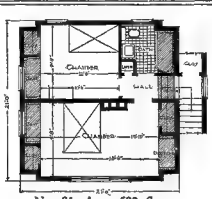
Now, regarding the actual money-saving effected by all of these items, those who are familiar with the area and cubage figures of the average "small" dwelling, will see at once that the sizes ordinarily used have been practically cut in half. But if the little "doll house" which results is found to be perfectly livable and practical, and if we may build now in times of advanced prices a home at the same cost as in former years, then the "juggling" of the component parts that go to make up a small dwelling which has resulted in the scheme here offered has not been in vain.

Room sizes are matters for the personal decision of the owner or occupant of the house, and the flexibility of this scheme is shown by the variety here given. These sizes may be still further increased, and still retain the features of economy.

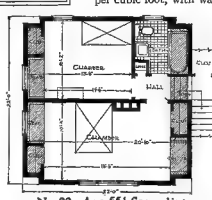
MR. WOODS will gladly answer any questions on this scheme, and is prepared to furnish complete working plans, also a full description of "The Most House for the Least Money." Write for information. Address House Plan Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 214 West 39th Street, New York City.



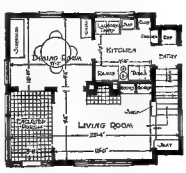
No. 20—Area, 460 Square Feet; Cubage, 11,375 Cubic Feet; Approximate Cost, $2,275.

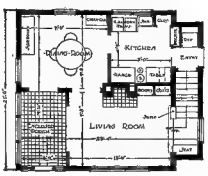


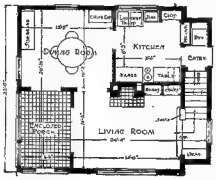
No. 21—Area, 502 Square Feet; Cubage, 12,513 Cubic Feet; Approximate Cost, $2,502.



No. 22—Area, 541 Square Feet; Cubage, 13,631 Cubic Feet; Approximate Cost, $2,730.







SOME years ago houses of this type could have been erected at 15 cents to 18 cents per cubic foot. The frame houses built by the Government during the past year have cost approximately 25 cents per cubic foot, with war-time prices and much overtime labor. In view of these facts we have based the approximate estimates here given on a unit price of 20 cents per cubic foot.

And so the small house, developed to meet war emergency needs, becomes the new idea in house building. Its many adaptations in present building plans reflect the work of some of the best architects in the country who have given their experience to the designing and erection of many thousands of low-cost houses.

In the next article, we will show these same principles applied to a six-room house, and will give a comparison between a house of the type here described and a one-story bungalow of typical design, and will show the extravagance of the bungalow in comparison with the two-story dwelling intelligently planned.

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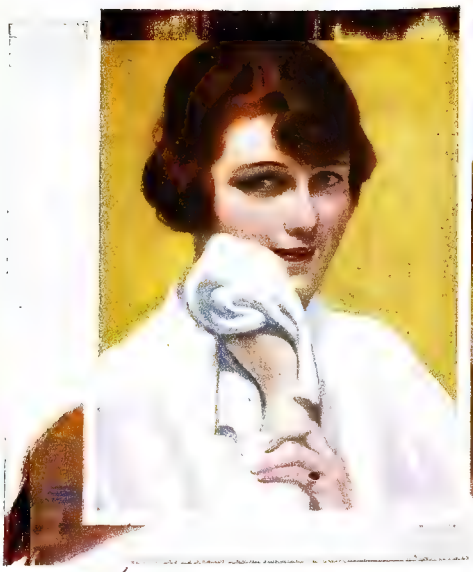

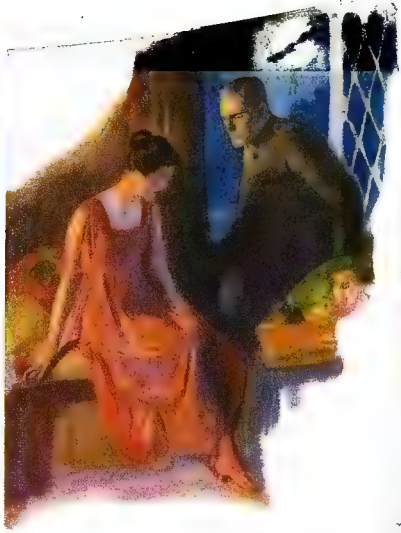

Try this famous treatment

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

BLACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. The presence of such blemishes is a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Unless you use the proper treatment for your skin, you cannot keep it soft, clear, colorful.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight and examine your skin closely. If you find blackheads, try this famous treatment for them.

This treatment has helped thousands

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice*. Dry carefully.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the commoner troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general cleansing use. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap

with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 304 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 304 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

To make your skin fine in texture

If constant exposure to dust and dirt has begun to coarsen your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine and soft again. For full directions see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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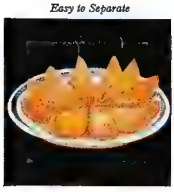
Keep Them Within Reach

Note What 91 Doctors Say

Here are some facts with regard to the feeding of children that all mothers ought to know:

Easy to Peel

Easy to Separate



Juicy

WE lately asked 118 physicians to name the fruits they most often recommended for children.

91 named oranges as one of the best fruits for children from three to fifteen years of age. 50 of this number mentioned only oranges.

107 named oranges for children under 3 years of age, 93 of these physicians referring only to this fruit.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt's Opinion

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the famous child specialist, in his book, The Care and Feeding of Children, says:

"Some fruit should be given to most healthy chi'dren every day....Oranges, baked apples and stewed prunes are most to be depended upon....The best fruit juice is that of the orange, which should be fresh and sweet."

Such comments as these are important to remember when you purchase your family's daily food.

Oranges Plentiful Now

Now oranges are again plentiful—California having this year produced a crop of almost normal size.

That means twice as many oranges as were shipped from California last year when a period of severe heat destroyed two-thirds of the crop.

It is estimated that this year's California crop will total 14,000,000 boxes, so there will be enough for everyone everywhere—and at reasonable prices.

So keep a bowl full of oranges in your dining room—it adds to the room's cheeriness, and keeps this healthful fruit within easy reach.

That's as it should be, because a fruit so good should be constantly suggested.

Best for Slicing Practically Seedless

Easy to Prepare—in Salads

Oranges and Coconut Nothing Else

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist are California's uniformly good oranges. They are easiest to peel, easiest to segment, and easiest to slice, because they are meaty, firm and practically seedless. They are luscious, juicy, sweet and easy to prepare in delicious desserts and zestful salads.

Oranges are just as good for grown-ups as for children, so use them often in these ways.

Mail This With 10c

Send 10c (12c if you live in Canada) with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist Recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 50c (75c if you live in Canada) we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid. This set would cost more than $1.00 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept, and forward with stamps or coin.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards { 10c to points in U. S. A. / 12c to points in Canada.

☐ Complete box and file { 50c to points in U. S. A. / 75c to points in Canada.

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. K-67, Los Angeles, Cal.

Name_____

Address_____

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers

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Also distributors of Sunkist Lemons and Sunkist Marmalade

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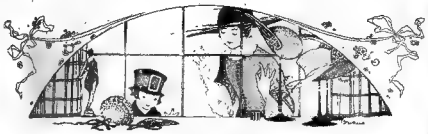

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

If only he could talk it over with Natalie! But he knew Natalie too well to expect any rational judgment from her. She would demand at once that the girl should go. Yet he needed a woman's mind on it. In any question of relationship between the sexes men were creatures of impulse, but women had plotted and planned through the ages. They might lose their standards, but never their heads. Not that he put such a thought into words. He merely knew that women were better at such things than men.

That afternoon, as a result of much uncertainty, he took his problem to Audrey. And Audrey gave him an answer.

"You've got to think of the mill, Clay," she said. "The Dunbar man is right. And all you or any other father of a boy can do is to pray in season, and to trust to Graham's early training."

And all the repressed bitterness in Clayton Spencer's heart was in his answer.

"He never had any early training, Audrey. Oh, he had certain things. His manners, for instance. But other things—I ought not to say that. It was my fault, too. I'm not blaming only Natalie. Only now, when it is all we have to count on—"

He was full of remorse when he started for home. He felt guilty of every disloyalty. And in masculine fashion he tried to make up to Natalie for the truth that had been wrung from him. He carried home a great bunch of roses for her. But he carried home, too, a feeling of comfort and vague happiness, as tho the little room behind him still reached out and held him in its warm embrace.

ON THE evening of the thirty-first of January, Clayton and Graham were waiting for Natalie to come down to dinner when the bell rang, and Dunbar was announced. Graham welcomed the interruption. He had been vaguely uneasy with his father since that day in his office, when Clayton had found him on Anna Klein's desk.

Clayton had tried to restore the old friendliness of their relation, but the boy had only half-heartedly met his advances. Now and then he himself made an overture, but it was the almost timid advance of a puppy that has been beaten. It left Clayton discouraged and alarmed, set him to going back over the past for any severity on his part to justify it. Now and then he wondered if, in Graham's frequent closetings with Natalie, she did not covertly undermine his influence with the boy, to increase her own.

But if she did, why? What was going on behind the impassive, lovely mask that was her face?

Dunbar was abrupt, as usual.

"I've brought you some news, Mr. Spencer," he said. He looked oddly vital and alive in the subdued and quiet room. "They've been that hand at last. But maybe you've heard it."

"I've heard nothing new."

"Then listen," said Dunbar, bending forward over a table, much as it was his habit to bend over Clayton's desk. "We're in it at last. Or as good as in it. Unrestricted submarine warfare! All merchant-ships bound to and from Allied ports to be sunk without warning! We're to be allowed—mark this, it's funny!—we're to be allowed to send one ship a week to England, nicely marked and carrying passengers only."

There was a little pause. Clayton drew a long breath.

"That means war," he said finally.

"Hell turned over and stirred up with a pitchfork. If we have any backbone at all," agreed Dunbar. He turned to Graham. "You young fellows 'll be crazy about this."

"You bet we will," said Graham.

Clayton slipped an arm about the boy's shoulders. He could not speak, for a moment. All at once he saw what the news meant. He saw Graham going into the horror across the sea. He saw vast lines of marching men, boys like Graham, boys who had frolicked through their careless days, whistled and piped and slept sound of nights, now laden like pack animals and carrying the implements of death in their hands, going forward to something too terrible to contemplate.

And a certain sure percentage of them would never come back.

His arm tightened about the boy. When he withdrew it Graham straightened.

"If it's war, it's my war, Father."

And Clayton replied, quietly:

"It is your war, old man."

Dunbar turned his back and inspected Natalie's picture. When he faced about again Graham was lighting a cigaret, and Natalie was entering the room. In her rose-colored satin she looked exotic, beautiful, and Dunbar gave her a fleeting glance of admiration as he bowed. She looked too young to have a boy going to war. Behind her he suddenly saw other women, thousands of other women, living luxurious lives, sheltered and pampered, and suddenly called on to face sacrifice without any training for it.

"Didn't know you were going out," he said. "Sorry. I'll run along now."

"We are dining at home," said Natalie, coldly. She remained standing near the door, as a hint to the shabby gentleman with the alert eyes, who stood by the table. But Dunbar had forgotten her presence already.

"I came here right away," he explained, "because you may be having trouble now. In fact, I'm pretty sure you will. If we declare war to-morrow, as we may—"

"War!" said Natalie, and took a step forward.

Dunbar remembered her.

"We will probably declare war in a day or two. The Germans—"

But Natalie was looking at Clayton, with a hostility in her eyes she took no trouble to conceal.

"I hope you'll be happy, now. You've been talking war, wanting war—and now you've got it."

She turned and went out of the room. The three men in the library below heard her go up the stairs and the slam of her door behind her. Later on she sent word that she did not care for any dinner, and Clayton asked Dunbar to remain. Practical questions as to the mill were discussed, Graham entering into them with a new interest. He was flushed and excited. But Clayton was rather white and very quiet.

Once Graham took advantage of Dunbar's pre-occupation with his asparagus, to say:

"You don't object to the aviation service, Father?"

"Wherever you think you can be useful." After coffee Graham rose.

"I'll go and tell Mother," he said. And Clayton felt in him a new manliness. It was as tho his glance said, "She is a woman, you know. War is men's work, work for you and me. But it's hard on them."

Afterward Clayton was to remember with surprise, how his friends gathered that night at the house. Nolan came in early, his twisted grin rather accentuated, his tall frame more than usually stooped. He stood in the doorway of the library, one hand in his pocket, a familiar attitude which made him look oddly boyish.

"Well!" he drawled, without greeting. "They've done it. The English have got us. We hadn't a chance. The little Welshman—"

"Come in," Clayton said, "and talk like an American and not an Irishman. I don't want to know what you think about Lloyd George. What are you going to do?"

"I was thinking," Nolan observed, advancing, "of blowing up Washington. We'd have a fresh start, you see. With Washington gone root and branch we would have some sort of chance, a clear sweep, with the capital here or in Boston. Or London."

CLAYTON laughed. Behind Nolan's cynicism he felt a real disturbance. But Dunbar eyed him uncertainly. He didn't know about some of these Irish. They'd fight like hell, of course, if only they'd forget England.

"Don't worry about Washington," Clayton said. "Let it work out its own problems. We will have our own. What do you suppose men like you and myself are going to do? We can't fight."

Nolan settled himself in a long chair.

"Why can't we fight?" he asked. "I heard something the other day. Roosevelt is going to take a division abroad—older men. I rather like that idea. Wherever he goes there'll be fighting. I'm no Rough Rider, God knows. But I haven't spent a half hour every noon in a gymnasium for the last ten years for nothing. And I can shoot."

"And you are free," Clayton observed, quietly.

Nolan looked up.

"It's going to be hard on the women," he said. "You're all right. They won't let you go. You're too useful where you are. But of course there's the kid."

When Clayton made no reply Nolan glanced at him again.

"I suppose he'll want to go," he suggested.

Clayton's face was set. For more than an hour now Graham had been closeted with his mother, and as the time went on, and no slam of a door up-stairs told of his customary method of leaving a room, he had been conscious of a growing uneasiness. The boy was soft; the fiber in him had not been hardened yet, not enough to be proof against tears. He wanted desperately to leave Nolan, to go up and learn what arguments, what coaxing and selfish whimper-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

HEINZ

OVEN BAKED

BEANS

All authorities agree that most of us eat too much meat—and that is bad for everyone. Most of us agree that too much meat at present prices is very extravagant—and that is bad for everyone.

Heinz Baked Beans—baked in real dry-heat ovens—have a greater food value than the same amount of meat, and will make you healthier. Heinz Baked Beans are so economical as compared with meat that they will make you wealthier.

When you see how the family enjoys Heinz Baked Beans and how often they want them served, and then realize how easy they are to prepare for the table—you will be wiser.

One of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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Growing up with COLGATE'S

A WISE MOTHER judges the growth and progress of her children not only by height and weight, but also by their general state of health and strength.

And there the faithful care of the teeth plays a large part—for on well-kept teeth depend proper chewing of food and good digestion.

That is why a wise mother's children grow up with Colgate's—the safe, sane, delicious dentifrice. Regular tooth brushing by the children is a treat, not a task, with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

More dentists recommend Colgate's to their patients (both young and old) than any other dentifrice. An interesting leaflet giving full details of the impartial investigation which proved this will be sent free on request.

Mother Goose Booklets—each with 8 pages of the dear old rhymes—in a beautiful cover printed in full color. A set of 12 booklets (all different) will be sent on receipt of 12c in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
199 Fulton Street Dept. 10, New York

Makers of COLEO SOAP—just suited for baby's bath

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

ings Natalie was using with the hoy. But he wanted, also desperately, to have the boy fight his own fight and win.

"He will want to go, I think. Of course, his mother will be shaken just now. It's all new to her. She wouldn't believe it was coming."

"He'll go," Nolan said reflectively. "They'll all go, the best of them first. After all, we've been making a lot of noise about wanting to get into the thing. Now we're in, and that's the first price we pay—the boys."

A DOOR slammed up-stairs, and Clayton heard Graham coming down. He passed the library door, however, and Clayton suddenly realized that he was going out.

"Graham!" he called.

Graham stopped, and came back slowly. "Yes, Father," he said, from the doorway.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"I thought I'd go out for a bit of a spin, if you don't mind. Evening, Mr. Nolan."

The boy was shaken! Clayton knew it from his tone. All the fine vigor of the early evening was gone. And an overwhelming rage filled him, against Natalie, against himself, even against the boy. Trouble, which should have united his house, had divided it. The first threat of trouble, indeed.

"You can go out later," he said rather sharply "We ought to talk things over, Graham. This is a mighty serious time."

"What's the use of talking things over, Father? We don't know anything but that we may declare war."

"That's enough, isn't it?"

But he was startled when he saw Graham's face. He was very pale and his eyes already looked furtive. They were terribly like Natalie's eyes sometimes. The frankness was gone out of them. He came into the room, and stood there, rigid.

"I promised mother to get her some sleeping-powders."

"Sleeping-powders!"

"She's nervous."

"Bad things, sleeping-powders," said Nolan. "Get her to take some setting-up exercises by an open window and she'll sleep like a top."

"Do you mind if I go, Father?"

Clayton saw that it was of no use to urge the boy. Graham wanted to avoid him, wanted to avoid an interview. The early glow of the evening faded. Once again the sense of having lost his son almost overwhelmed him.

"Very well," he said stiffly. And Graham went out.

However, he did not leave the house. At the door he met Doctor Haverford and Delight, and Clayton heard the clergyman's big bass booming through the hall.

"——like a lamb to the slaughter!" he was saying. "And I a man of peace!"

When he came into the library he was still holding forth, with an affectation of rage.

"I ask you, Clayton," he said. "What refuge is there for a man of peace? My own child, leading me out into the night, and inquiring on the way over if I did not feel that the commandment not to kill was a serious error."

"Of course he's going," she said. "He has been making the most outrageous excuses, just to hear Mother and me reply to them. And all the time nothing would hold him back."

"My dear," said the rector solemnly, "I shall have to tell you something. I shall have to lay it before you, with my heart. How are you, Nolan? Delight, they will not take me. I have three back teeth on a plate. I have been told you this before. I did not wish to rufu your belief that I am perfect. But——"

IN THE laugh that greeted this Graham returned. He was, Clayton saw, vaguely puzzled by the rector and rather incredulous as to Delight's attitude.

"Do you really want him to go?" he asked her.

"Of course. Aren't you going? Isn't everybody who is worth anything going? I'd go myself, if I could. You don't know how lucky you are."

"But is your mother willing?"

"Why, what sort of a mother do you think I have?"

Clayton overheard that, and he saw Graham wince. His own hands clenched. What a power in the world a brave woman was! And what evil could be wrought by a woman without moral courage, a selfish woman. He brought himself up short at that.

Others came in. Hutchinson, from the mill. Terry Mackenzie, Rodney Page, in evening clothes and on his way from the opera to something or other. In a corner Graham and Delight talked. The rector, in a high state of exaltation, was inclined to be oratorical and a trifle noisy. He dilated on the vast army that would rise overnight, at the call. He considered the raising of a company from his own church, and nominated Clayton as its captain. Nolan grinned sardonically.

"Precisely," he said drily. "Clayton, because he looks like a Greek god, is ideally fitted to lead a lot of men who never saw a bayonet outside of a museum. Against trained fighting men. There's a difference you know, dominie, between a clay pigeon and a German with a bomb in one hand and a saw-toothed bayonet in the other."

"We did that in the Civil War."

"We did. And it took four years to fight a six-months' war."

"We must have an army. I daresay you'll grant that."

"Well, you can bet on one thing we're not going to have every ward boss who wants to make a record raising a regiment out of his henchmen and leading them to death."

"What would you suggest?" inquired the rector, rather crestfallen.

"I'd suggest training men as officers. And then—a draft."

"Never come to it in the world." Hutchinson spoke up. "I've heard men in the mill talking. They'll get some of them, but they won't be driven. It would be evil war."

Clayton glanced at Graham as he replied. The boy was leaning forward, listening.

"There's this to be said for the draft," he said. "Under the volunteer system the best of our boys will go first. That's what happened in England. And they were wiped out. It's every man's war now. There is no reason why the few should be sacrificed for the many."

"And there's this, too," Graham broke in. He was flushed and nervous. "A fellow would have to go. He wouldn't be having to think whether his going would hurt anybody or not. He wouldn't have to decide. He'd—just go."

There was a little hush in the room. Then Nolan spoke.

"Right—o!" he said. "The only trouble about it is that it's likely to leave out some of us old chaps, who'd like to have a fist in it."

HUTCHINSON remained after the others had gone. He wanted to discuss the change in status of the plant.

"We'll be taken over by the Government, probably," Clayton told him. "They have all the figures, capacity, and so on. The Ordnance Department has that in hand."

Hutchinson nodded. He had himself made the report.

"We'll have to look out more than ever, I suppose," he said, as he rose to go. "The Government is guarding all bridges and railways already. Met a lot of National Guard boys on the way."

Graham left when he did, offering to take him to his home, and Clayton sat for some time alone, smoking and thinking. So the thing had come at last. A year from now, and where would they all be? The men who had been there to-night, himself, Graham? Would they all be even living? Would Graham——

He looked back over the years. Graham a baby, splashing water in his bath and shrieking aloud with joy; Graham in his first little-boy clothes, riding a velocipede in the park and bringing in bruises of an amazing size and blackness; Graham going away to school and manfully fixing his mind on his first long trousers, so he would not cry; Graham at college, coming in with the winning crew, and stumbling, half collapsed, into the arms of a waiting, cheering crowd. And the Graham who had followed his mother up the stairs that night, to come down baffled, thwarted, miserable.

He rose and threw away his cigar. He must have the thing out with Natalie. The boy's soul was more important than his body. He wanted him safe. God, how he wanted him safe! But he wanted him to be a man.

Natalie's room was dark when he went in. He hesitated. Then he heard her in bed, sobbing quietly. He was angry at himself for his impatience at the sound. He stood beside the bed, and forced a gentleness he did not feel.

"Can I get you anything?" he asked.

"No, thank you." And he moved toward the lamp. "Don't turn the light on. I look dreadful."

"Shall I ring for Madeline?"

"No, Graham is bringing me a sleeping-powder."

"If you are not sleepy, may I talk to you about some things."

"I'm sick, Clay. My head is bursting."

"Some times it helps to talk out our worries, dear." He was still determinedly gentle.

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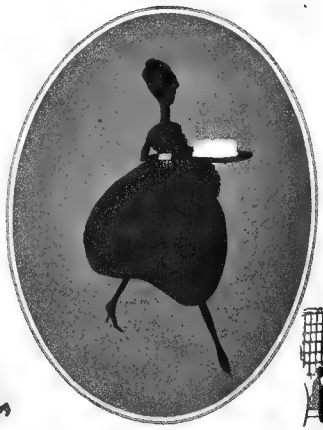
Can you make a cake filling that will Stand Up? —a frosting that will Not Run?



Your Caterer's Irreproachable Filling and Frosting

It's now "put up" in Mason Jars--ready-for-use with home baked cakes!

THE problem of "home-making" cake fillings that Stand Up, and frostings that Will Not Run, has been solved in the only manner in which it really could be solved. That is to say, it is no longer necessary to make them at all!

As a result, the preparation of a cake that's absolutely what it Should Be is now reduced to the detail of an order to the grocer. An order for a jar of HIP-O-LITE.

HIP-O-LITE is the SAME filling and frosting that caterers use, packed in Mason Jars and strictly ready-for-service. Merely spread it on the layers, and over your cake, just as you spread butter on bread. That's all for a Perfect filling, a Perfect frosting! No cooking—no eggs or other ingredients required—and no possibility of failure.

Aside from its convenience and economy, the important thing about HIP-O-LITE is this:

It will enable you to combine the rich, moist deliciousness of your home-baked cakes with the irreproachable filling and frosting of a master caterer. Which is something to live for.

By way of a beginning, it is suggested that you try one of the following recipes. That is, if your taste in cakes leans to Simplicity, with perhaps just a *touch* of the Elaborate. But—if you go in for the Extraordinary, or won't be satisfied with anything short of the Last Word—by all means send for

THE BOOK OF CATERERS' AND CHEFS' PROFESSIONAL RECIPES

It's a glimpse behind the scenes that reveals how amazingly simple it is to prepare even the most elaborate of *cakes and deserts* at home—*when one has the correct material to work with.* Mail the coupon below and a copy will be gladly sent you without charge.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE

Bake three layers of White Cake according to your favorite recipe. Chop equal amounts of raisins, figs, dates, cherries and nuts to make a good cupful. Add one-half teaspoon of chopped citron. Spread HIP-O-LITE on the bottom layer and cover with the chopped ingredients. Repeat with the second layer. Ice with HIP-O-LITE and decorate with maraschino cherries.

MARSHMALLOW RAISIN CAKE: For this, two layers of plain cake are used. Spread the layers with HIP-O-LITE and sprinkle chopped or ground raisins over it. Ice with HIP-O-LITE. This is also excellent with cooked Figs, ground or chopped, instead of Raisins.

DELICIOUS COCOANUT CAKE: Three layers of White Cake should be used for this. Moisten one cup and a half of cocoanut with a little warm milk. Let cook until well softened and cool—usually a half hour. Spread HIP-O-LITE on the layers and cover with cocoanut. Ice with HIP-O-LITE and sprinkle generously with shredded cocoanut.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE: Lovers of chocolate will find in this the *most delicious* of all chocolate cakes. Use chocolate cake layers and chocolate frosting but for *chocolate filling* spread the *snow white* HIP-O-LITE between the layers for a surprisingly striking contrast.

For a Perfect Filling or frosting, spread HIP-O-LITE on the layers and over the cake, as you spread butter on bread. That's all! No cooking, no chance of failure!

"The Sauce That Makes The Dish" as made by thinning HIP-O-LITE with water or milk. Wonderful for Sundaes! Or, in place of cream and sugar, with any dessert that needs a sauce.

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Douglas Chocolate Pie

3 cups milk
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon butter
2 squares chocolate
½ cup corn starch

Put 2½ cups of milk in double boiler, add salt, sugar and chocolate shaved. Moisten corn starch with ½ cup cold milk. Add gradually to hot milk, stirring constantly. Add the butter.

When thickened, pour into a pie shell that has been baked, cover with meringue and brown in a slow oven.

Meringue

Whites of 2 eggs
¼ teaspoon baking powder
4 tablespoons sugar

Beat whites until foamy. Add baking powder and beat until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly.

Crust

1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Douglas Oil
¼ cup Douglas Corn Starch
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup water (about)

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Make a well in center and pour Douglas Oil and water into it. Toss flour about with a fork until thoroughly mixed. Roll out to desired shape. All materials should be cold.

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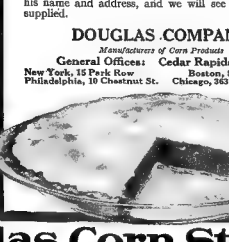

Douglas Corn Starch

Make your Salads With Douglas Oil.

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Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

He heard her turning her pillow, and settling herself more comfortably.

"Not to you. You've made up your mind. What's the use?"

"Made up my mind to what?"

"To sending Graham to be killed."

"That's hardly worthy of you, Natalie," he said gravely. "He is my son, too. I love him at least as much as you do. I don't think this is really up to us, anyhow. It is up to him. If he wants to go——"

She sat up, suddenly, her voice thin and high.

"How does he know what he wants?" she demanded. "He's too young. He doesn't know what war is; you say so yourself. You say he is too young to have a position worth while at the plant, but of course he's old enough to go to war and have a leg shot off, or to be blinded, or something." Her voice broke.

He sat down on the bed and felt around until he found her hand. But she jerked it from him.

"You promised me once to let him make his own decision, if the time came."

"When did I promise that?"

"In the Fall, when I came home from England."

"I never made such a promise."

"Will you make it now?"

"No!"

He rose, more nearly despairing than he had ever been. He could not argue with a hysterical woman. He hated cowardice, but far deeper than that was his conviction that she had merely exacted some sort of promise. And the boy was not like her in that respect. He regarded a promise as almost in the nature of an oath. He himself had taught him that in the creed of a gentleman a promise was a thing of his honor, to be kept at any cost.

"You are compelling me to do a strange and hateful thing," he said. "If you intend to use your influence to keep him out, I shall have to offset it by urging him to go. That is putting a very terrible responsibility on me."

He heard her draw her breath sharply.

"If you do that I shall leave you," she said, in a frozen voice.

Suddenly he felt sorry for her. She was so weak, so childish, so cowardly. And this was the nearest they had come to a complete break.

"You're tired and nervous," he said. "We have come a long way from what I started out to say. And a long way from—the way things used to be between us. If this thing, tonight, does not bring two people together——"

"Together!" she cried shrilly. "When have we been together? Not in years. You have been married to your business. I am only your housekeeper, and Graham's mother. And even Graham you are trying to take away from me. Oh, go away and let me sleep!"

Down-stairs, thoughts that were almost great had formulated themselves in his mind; that he and his wife might live what might be better than to live oneself; that he loved his country, altho he had been shamefully used by it; that America was really the melting pot of the world, and that, perhaps, only the white flame of war would fuse its fine, great nations.

But Natalie made all these thoughts tawdry. She cheapened them. She found in him nothing; therefore, there was probably nothing fine in him. He went away, to lie awake most of the night.

BUT, with the breaking off of diplomatic relations, matters remained for a time at a standstill. Natalie dried her eyes and ordered some new clothes, and saw rather more of Rodney Page than was good for her.

With the beginning of February the country house was far enough under way for it to be promised for June, and Natalie, the fundamentals of the furniture arranged for, began to haunt old-furniture shops, accompanied always by Rodney.

"Not that your taste is not right, Natalie," he explained. "It is exquisite. But these fellows are liars and cheats, some of them. Besides, I like trailing along, if you don't mind."

Trailing along was a fairly accurate phrase. There was scarcely a day now when Natalie's shining car, with its two men in livery, did not draw up before Rodney's office building, or stand, as unostentatiously as a fire engine, not too near the entrance of his club. Clayton, going in, had seen it there once or twice, and had smiled rather grimly. He considered its presence there in questionable taste, but he felt no uneasiness. Determined as he was to give Natalie such happiness as was still in him to give, he never mentioned these instances.

But a day came, early in February, which was to mark a change in the relationship between Natalie and Rodney.

It started simply enough. They had lunched together at a down-town hotel, and then went to look at rugs. Rodney had found her rather obdurate as to old rugs. They were still arguing the matter in the limousine.

"I just don't like to think of all sorts of dirty Turks and Arabs having used them," she protested. "Slept on them, walked on them, spilled things on them—ugh!"

"But the colors, Natalie dear! The old faded copper-tones, the dull-blues, the dead-rose! There is a beauty about age, you know. Lovely as you are, you'll be even lovelier as an old woman."

"I'm getting there rather rapidly."

HE TURNED and looked at her critically. No slightest aid that she had given her beauty missed his eyes, the delicate artificial lights in her hair, her eyebrows drawn to a hair's breadth and carefully arched, the touch of rouge under her eyes and on the lobes of her ears. But she was beautiful, no matter what art had augmented her real prettiness. She was a charming, finished product, from her veil and hat to her narrowly shod feet. He liked finished things, well done. He liked the glaze on a porcelain; he liked the perfect lacquering on the Chinese screen he had persuaded Natalie to buy; he preferred wood carved into the fine lines of Sheraton to the trees that grow in the park, for instance, through which they were driving.

A Sheraton sideboard was art. Even certain forms of Colonial mahogany were art, altho he was not fond of them. And Natalie was—art. Even if she represented the creative instincts of her dressmaker and her milliner, and not her own—he did not like a Louis XV. sofa the less that it had not carved itself.

Possibly Natalie appealed then to his collective instinct, he had not analyzed it. He only knew that he liked being with her, and he was not annoyed, certainly, by the fact that he knew their constant proximity was arousing a certain amount of comment.

So:

"You are very beautiful," he said with his appraising glance full on her. "You are quite the loveliest woman I know."

"Still? With a grown son?"

"I am not a boy myself, you know."

"What has that to do with it?"

He hesitated, then laughed a little.

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't mean to say that, exactly. Of course, the fact is that I'm rather glad you are not a débutante. You would be giving me odds and ends of dances if you were, you know, and shifting me as fast as possible. As it is——"

The coquetry which is a shallow woman's substitute for passion stirred in her.

"Well? I'm awfully interested."

He turned and faced her.

"I wonder if you are!"

"Go on, Roddie. As it is——?"

"As it is," he said, rather rapidly, "you give me a great deal of happiness. I can't say all I would like to, but just being with you—Natalie, I wonder if you know how much it means to me to see you, every day."

"I like it, or I wouldn't do it."

"But—I wonder if it means anything to you?"

Curiously enough, with the mere putting it into words, his feeling for her seemed to grow. He was even somewhat excited. He bent toward her, his eyes on her face, and caught one of her perfumed hands. He was no longer flirting with a pretty woman. He was in real earnest. But Natalie was still flirting.

"Do you want to know why I like to be with you? Because of course I do, or I shouldn't be."

"Does a famishing man want water?"

"Because you are sane and sensible. You believe, as I do, in going on as normally as possible. All these people who go around glooming because there is a war across the Atlantic! They are so tiresome. Good heavens, the hysterical attitude of some women. And Clay!"

He released her hand.

"So you like me because I'm sensible! Thanks."

"That's a good reason, isn't it?"

"Good God, Natalie, I'm only sensible because I have to be. Not about the war. I'm not talking about that. About you."

"What have I got to do with your being sensible and sane?"

"Just think about things, and you'll know."

She was greatly thrilled and quite untouched. It was a pleasant little game, and she held all the winning cards. So she said, very softly:

"We mustn't go on like this, you know. We mustn't spoil things."

And by her very "we" let him understand that the plight was not his but theirs. They were to suffer on, she implied, in a mutual, unacknowledged passion. He flushed deeply.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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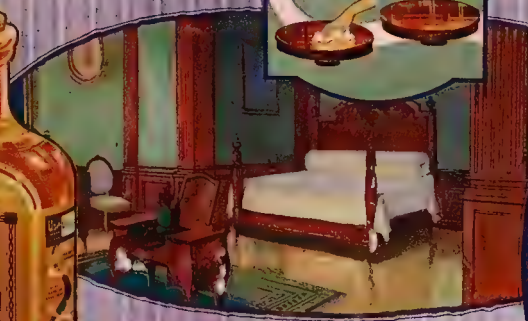

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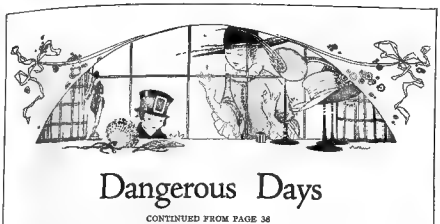

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

But altho he was profoundly affected, his infatuation was as spurious as her pretense of one. He was a dilettante in love, as he was in art. His esthetic sense, which would have died of an honest passion, fattened on the very hopelessness of his beginning affair with Natalie. Confronted just then with the privilege of marrying her, he would have drawn back in dismay.

Since no such privilege was to be his, however, he found a deep satisfaction in considering himself hopelessly in love with her. He was profoundly sorry for himself. He saw himself a tragic figure, hopeless and wretched. He longed for the unattainable; he held up empty hands to the stars, and by so mimicing the gesture of youth, he regained youth.

"You won't cut me out of your life, Natalie?" he asked wistfully.

And Natalie, who would not have sacrificed this new thrill for anything real in the world, replied:

"It would be better, wouldn't it?"

THERE was real earnestness in his voice when he spoke. He had dramatized himself by that time.

"Don't take away the only thing that makes life worth living, dear!"

Which Natalie, after a proper hesitation, duly promised not to do.

There were other conversations, after that. About marriage, for instance, which Rodney broadly characterized as the failure of the world, he liked treading on dangerous ground.

"When a man has married, and had children, he has fulfilled his duty to the State. That's all marriage is—duty to the State. After that he follows his normal instincts, of course."

"If you are defending unfaithfulness—"

"Not at all. I admire faithfulness. It's rare enough for admiration. No. I'm recognizing facts. Don't you suppose even dear old Clay likes a pretty woman? Of course, he does. It's a total difference of view-point, Natalie. What is an incident to a man is a career to a woman."

Or:

"All this economic freedom of women is going to lead to other freedoms, you know."

"What freedoms?"

"The right to live wherever they please. One liberty brings another, you know. Women used to marry for a home, for some one to keep them. Now they needn't, they only have to live just the same."

"I wish you wouldn't, Rodney. It's so cheap."

It was cheap. It was the old game of talking around conversational corners, of whispering behind mental doors. It was insidious, dangerous, and tantalizing. It made between them a bond of lowered voices, of being on the edge of things. Their danger was as spurious as their passion, but Natalie, without humor and without imagination, found the sense of insecurity vaguely attractive.

Fundamentally cold, she liked the idea of playing with fire.

WHEN war was not immediately declared the rector, who on the Sunday following that eventful Saturday of the President's speech to Congress, had preached a rousing call to arms, began to feel a bit sheepish about it.

"War or no war, my dear," he said to Delight, "it made them think for as much as an hour. And I can change it somewhat, and use it again, if the time really comes."

Second hand stuff!" she scoffed. "You with your old sermons and Mother with my old dresses! But it was a good sermon," she added. "I have hardly been civil to that German hundreds times."

"Good gracious, Delight. Can't you remember that we must love our enemies?"

"Must you love them? You know perfectly well that the moment you get on the other side, if you do, you'll be jerking the cross off your collar and bullying some wretched soldier to give you his gun."

He had a guilty feeling that she was right.

It was February then, and they were sitting in the parish house. Delight had been filling out Sunday school reports to parents, an innovation she detested. For a little while there was only the scratching of her pen to be heard, and an occasional squeal from the church organ, where the organ was being repaired. The rector sat back in his chair, his finger-tips together, and whistled noiselessly, a habit of his when he was disturbed. Now and then he glanced at Delight's bent head.

"My dear," he commented finally.

"Just a minute. That wretched little Simonton girl has been absent three Sundays out of four. And on the fourth one she said she had a toothache and sat outside on the steps. Well, Daddy?"

"Do you see anything of Graham Spencer now?"

"Very little." She looked at him with frank eyes. "He has changed somehow, Daddy. When we do meet he is queer. I sometimes think he avoids me."

He fell back on his noiseless whistling. And Delight, who knew his every mood, got up and perched herself on the arms of his chair.

"Don't you get to thinking things," she said. And slipped an arm around his neck.

"I did think, in the Winter—"

"I'll tell you about that," she broke in, bravely. "I suppose, if he'd cared for me at all, I'd have been crazy about him. It isn't because he's good looking. I—well, I don't know why. I just know—as long as I can remember, I—however, that's not important. He thinks I'm a nice little thing and lets it go at that. It's a good bit worse, of course, than having him hate me."

"Some times I think you are not very happy."

"I'm happier than I would be trying to make him fall in love with me. Oh, you needn't be shocked. It can be done. Lots of girls do it. It isn't any moral sense that keeps me from it, either. It's just pride."

"My dear!"

"And there's another angle to it. I wouldn't marry a man who hasn't got a mind of his own. Even if I had the chance, which I haven't. That silly mother of his—she is silly, Daddy, and selfish— Do you know what she is doing now?"

"We ought not to discuss her. She—"

"Fiddlesticks. You love gossip and you know it."

HER tone was light, but the rector felt that arm around his neck tighten. He surmised a depth of feeling that made him anxious.

"She is trying to marry him to Marion Hayden."

The rector sat up, almost guiltily.

"But—are you sure she is doing that."

"Everybody says so. She thinks that if he is married, and there is a war, he won't want to go if he has a wife." She was silent for a moment. "Marion will drive him straight to the devil, Daddy."

The rector reached up and took her hand. She cared more than she would admit, he saw. She had thought the thing out, perhaps in the long night—when he slept placidly. Thought and suffered, he surmised. And again he remembered his worldly plans for her, and felt justly punished.

"I suppose it is hard for a father to understand how any one can know his little girl, and not love her. Or be the better for it."

She kissed him and slid off the arm of his chair.

"Don't you worry," she said cheerfully. "I had to make an ideal of myself about somebody. Every girl does. Some times it's the plumber. It doesn't really matter who it is, so you don't waste your dreams to him. The only thing that hurts is that Graham wasn't worth while."

She went back to her card index cards, but some ten minutes later the rector, lost in thought, heard the scratching of her pen cease.

"Did you ever think, Daddy," she said, "of the influence women have over men? Look at Mrs. Spencer. She is simply spoiling Graham, and making her husband desperately unhappy. And—"

"Unhappy? What makes you think that?"

"He looks unhappy."

The rector was startled. He had an instant vision of Clayton Spencer, tall, composed, handsome, impeccably clothed. He saw him in the setting that suited him best, the quiet elegance of his home. Clayton unhappy! Nonsense. But he was uneasy, too, from the way in which he had noticed lately, that was certainly not the gravity of an entirely happy man. Clayton had changed, somehow. Was there trouble there? And if there were, why?

The rector, who reduced most wretchedness to terms of dollars and cents, of impending bills and small deprivations, found himself at a loss.

"I am sure you are wrong," he objected, rather feebly.

DELIGHT eyed him with the scorn of nineteen for fifty.

"I wonder what you would do," she observed, "if Mother just lay around all day, and had her hair done, and got new clothes, and never thought a thought of her own, and just used you as a sort of walking bank-account!"

"My dear, I really can not—"

"I'll tell you what you'd do," she persisted. "You'd fall in love with somebody else, probably. Or else you'd just naturally dry up, and be made a bishop."

He was extremely shocked at that, and a little hurt. It took her some time to establish cheerful relations again, and a very humble apology. But her words stuck

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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"—when in training back of the lines, on the march, into battle. Got the roughest kind of usage, but it stood the racket! I know now why I've always seen 'Wear-Ever' aluminum utensils in so many homes."

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HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

In the rector's mind. He made a note for a sermon, with the text: "Her children arose up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

He went quietly into the great stone building, and sat down. The organist was practising the introit anthem, and half way up the church a woman was sitting quietly.

The rector leaned back, and listened to the music. He often did that, when he had a sermon in his mind. It was peaceful and quiet. Hard to believe, in that peace of great arches and swelling music, that across the sea at that moment men were violating that fundamental law of the church, "Thou shalt not kill."

The woman turned her head, and he saw that it was Audrey Valentine. He watched her with kindly, speculative eyes. Self-reliant, frivolous Audrey, sitting alone in the church she had so casually attended —surely that was one of the gains of war. People all came to it ultimately. They held on with both hands as long as they could, and then they found their grasp growing feeble and futile, and they turned to the Great Strength.

The organist had ceased. Audrey was kneeling now. The rector, eyes on the gleaming cross above the altar, repeated softly:

"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies; that we, being armed with thy defense, may be preserved evermore from all perils."

Audrey was coming down the aisle. She did not see him. She had, indeed, the fixed eyes of one who still looks inward. She was very pale, but there was a new look of strength in her face, as of one who has won a victory.

"To glorify Thee, who are the only giver of all victory, through the merits of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord," finished the rector.

ON THE last day of February Audrey came home from her shorthand class and stood wearily by the window, too discouraged even to remove her hat. The shorthand was a failure the whole course was a failure. She had not the instinct for plodding, for the meticulous attention to detail that those absurd, irrational lines and hooks and curves demanded.

She could not even spell! And an idiot of an instructor had found fault with the large sprawl she wrote, as being uncommercial. Uncommercial! Of course it was. So was she uncommercial. She had dreamed a dream of usefulness, but after all, why was she doing it? We would never fight. Here we were, saying to Germany that we had ceased to be friends and letting it go at that.

She might go to England. They needed women there. But not untrained women. Not, she thought contemptuously, women whose only ability lay in playing bridge, or singing French chansons with no particular voice.

After all, the only world that was open to her was her old world. It liked her. It even understood her. It reached out a tolerant, pleasure-beckoning hand to her.

"I'm a fool," she reflected bitterly. "I'm not happy, and I'm not useful. I might as well play. It's all I can do."

But her real hunger was for news of Clayton. Quite suddenly he had stopped dropping in on his way up-town. He had made himself the most vital factor in her life, and then taken himself out of it. At first she had thought he might be ill. It seemed too cruel, otherwise. But she saw his name with increasing frequency in the newspapers. It seemed to her that every relief organization in the country was using his name and his services. So he was not ill.

He had tired of her, probably. She had nothing to give, had no right to give anything. And, of course, he could not know how much he had meant to her, of courage to carry on. How the memory of his big solid, dependable figure had helped her through the bad hours when the thought of Chris's defection left her crushed and abject.

She told herself that the reason she wanted to see Natalie was because she had neglected her shamefully. Perhaps that was what was wrong with Clay, perhaps he felt that, by avoiding Natalie, she was putting their friendship on a wrong basis. Actually, she had reached that point all living women reach, when even to hear a beloved name, coming out of a long silence, was both torture and necessity.

She took unusual pains with her dress that afternoon, and it was a very smart, slightly rouged and rather swaggering Audrey who made her first call in weeks on Natalie that afternoon.

Natalie was a little stiff, still slightly affronted.

"I thought you must have left town," she said. "But you look as tho you'd been having a rest cure."

"Rouge," said Audrey, coolly. "No, I haven't been entirely resting."

"There are all sorts of stories going about. That you're going into a hospital, that you're learning to fly; that you're in the secret service——"

"Just because I find it stupid going about without a man!"

Natalie eyed her shrewdly, but there was no self-consciousness in Audrey's face. If the stories were true, and there had been another woman, she was carrying it off well.

"At least Chris is in France. I have to go, when I go, without Clay. And there is no excuse whatever."

"You mean—he's working."

"Not at night He is simply obstinate. He says he is tired. I don't really mind any more. He is so hatefully heavy these days."

"Heavy! Clay!"

"My dear!" Natalie drew her chair closer and lowered her voice. "What can one do with a man who simply lives war? He spends hours over the papers. He's up if the Allies make a gain, and impossible if they don't. I can tell by the very way he slams the door of his room when he comes home what the news is. It's dreadful."

Audrey flushed.

"I wish there were more like him."

But Natalie smiled tolerantly.

"You are not married to him. I suppose the war is important, but I don't want it twenty-four hours a day. I want to forget it if I can. It's hideous."

AUDREY'S mouth twitched. After all, what was the good of talking to Natalie. She would only be resentful.

"How is the house coming on?" she asked.

She had Natalie on happy ground there. For a half-hour she looked at blueprints and water-color sketches, heard Rodney's taste extolled, listened to plans for a house-party, which she gathered was, rather belatedly, to include her. And through it all she was saying to herself,

"This is his wife. This is the woman he loves. He had had a child by her. He is building this house for her. He goes into her room as Chris came into mine. And she is not good enough. She is not good enough."

Now that she had seen Natalie, she knew why she had not seen her before. She was jealous of her. Jealous and contemptuous. Suddenly she hated Natalie. She hated her because she was Clayton Spencer's wife with all that that implied. She hated her because she was unworthy of him. She hated her because she loved Clay, and hated her more because she loved herself more than she loved him.

Audrey sat back in her chair and saw that she had traveled a long way along a tragic road. For the first time in her brave and reckless life she was frightened. She was even trembling. She lighted a cigaret from the stand at Natalie's elbow to steady herself.

Natalie chattered on, and Audrey gave her the occasional nod that was all she needed. She thought,

"Does he know about her? Is he still fooled? She is almost beautiful. Rodney is falling in love with her, probably. Does he know that? Will he care terribly if he finds it out? She looks cold, but one can't tell, and some men—has she a drop of honest, unselfish passion in her?"

She got up suddenly.

"Heavens, how late it is!" she said. "I must run on."

"Why not stay on to dinner? Graham is seldom home, and we can talk, if Clay doesn't."

THE temptation to see Clay again was strong in Audrey. But suddenly she knew that she did not want to see them together, in the intimacy of their home. She did not want to sit between them at dinner, and then go away, leaving them there together. And something fundamentally honest in her told her that she had no right to sit at their table.

"I'll come another time, if you'll ask me. Not to-day," she said. And left rather precipitately. It hurt her, rather, to have Natalie, with an impulsive gesture, gather the flowers out of a great jar and insist on her carrying them home with her. It gave her a miserable sense of playing unfairly.

She walked home. The fresh air, after Natalie's flower-scented, over-heated room, made her more rational. She knew where she stood, anyhow. She was in love with Clayton Spencer. She had, she reflected cynically, been in love before. A number of times before. She almost laughed aloud. She had called those things love, those sickly romances, those feeble sentiments!

Then her eyes filled with unexpected tears. She had always wanted some one to make her happy. Now she wanted to make some one happy. She cared nothing for the cost. She would put herself out of it altogether. He was not happy. Any

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY—

PERFECT FITTING **MUNSING WEAR** UNION SUITS

PERFECTION IN MUNSINGWEAR

SH!—DADDY WEARS THEM TOO!

Because Munsingwear fits and covers the form so perfectly, is such a wonder in the wash as well as wear, and gives such all 'round Union Suit service and satisfaction, millions of men, women, children, always say Munsingwear—and never ask for underwear. "Light as a feather," summer Munsingwear Union Suits in sheer, cool fabrics weigh only a few ounces. Reaching, running, standing, sitting, Munsingwear is always perfect fitting. It's a Munsingwear habit to outwash, outwear, outlast expectations. Munsingwear is Qualitywear. In the long run it is the most economical undergarment you can buy. Munsingwear is made in many different styles, sizes, fabrics, both light and medium weight. Men's athletic suits may be had in both form fitting knitted fabrics and loose fitting woven garments accurately sized and carefully finished. No matter the size of your person or purse there's an up to date dealer in every city or town of importance in the United States who can Union Suit you with Munsingwear.

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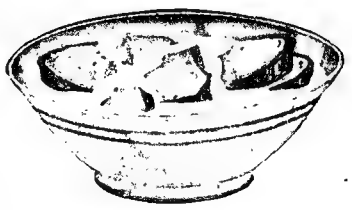
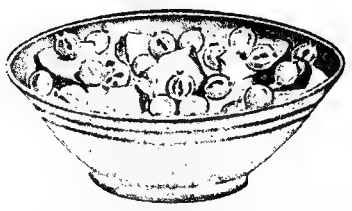
Making Foods
Doubly Attractive



Bread and Milk

Is a great food for children. You wish they would eat it oftener.

But white bread contains only about half the wheat. It omits much which growing children need.

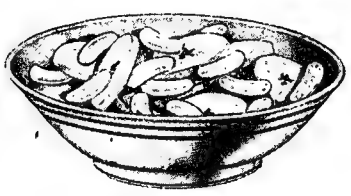


Add Puffed Wheat

And you have a whole-grain dainty. The grains are toasted bubbles puffed to eight times normal size. They are flavory and flaky. The dish is made twice as delightful.

Sliced Bananas

Or any fruit is healthful and delicious. But fruit is better served with crust, as in pies and tarts and shortcakes.



Add Puffed Rice

And you have a delightful blend. You add flimsy morsels with a nut-like taste — rice bubbles which crush at a touch.

Ice Cream

Is good and good for you. But most people consider it twice better mixed with nuts.

Add Corn Puffs

And you add the nutty flavor in the form of fragile, toasted globules puffed from corn hearts.

Home-Made Fudge

Is cheap and healthful and a treat. But a nutty flavor betters it immensely.

Add Puffed Rice

And you add that flavor. You also make the candy lighter — easier to eat.

Savory Soups

Start any dinner in an appetizing way. But most people like something crisp with them.

Add Puffed Wheat

And you add crisp, toasted, flaky morsels which seem made for soups.

All Food Cells Exploded

Puffed Grains are more than breakfast dainties. They are ideal foods to serve in every way you can.

They are made by causing in each kernel millions of steam explosions. Every food cell is blasted by them, so digestion is easy and complete.

This process, invented by Prof. Anderson, does more than make these foods enticing. It fits them for digestion as no other process does.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

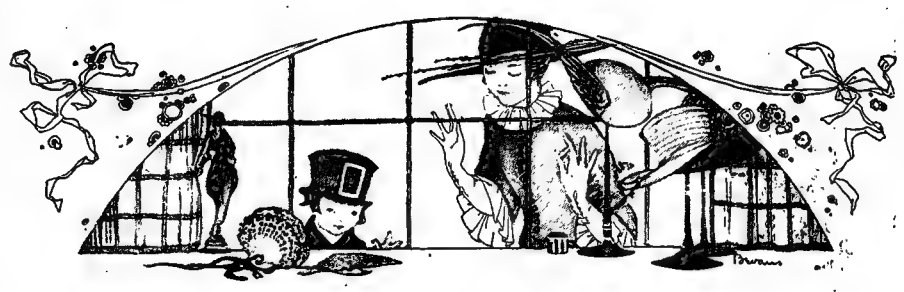
Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(3037)



Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

one could see that. He had everything, but he was not happy. If he belonged to her, she would live to make him happy. She would——

Suddenly she remembered Chris. Perhaps she did not know how to hold a man's love. She had not held him. He had protested that she was the only woman he had ever loved, but all the time there had been that other girl. How account for her, then?

"He did not think of me," she reflected defiantly, "I shall not think of him."

She was ashamed of that instantly. After all, Chris was doing a man's part now. She was no longer angry with him. She had written him that, over and over, in the long letters she had made a point of sending him. Only, she did not love him any more. She thought now that she never had loved him.

What about the time when he came back? What would she do then? She shivered.

BUT Chris, after all, was not to come back. He would never come back again. The cable was there when she reached her apartment—a cold statement, irrefutable, final.

She had put the flowers on the table and had raised her hands to unpin her hat when she saw it. She read it with a glance first then slowly, painfully, her heart contracted as if a hand had squeezed it. She stood very still, not so much stricken as horrified, and her first conscious thought was of remorse, terrible, gasping remorse. All that afternoon, while she had been hating Natalie and nursing her love for Clay, Chris had been lying dead somewhere.

Chris was dead.

She felt very tired, but not faint. It seemed dreadful, indeed, that she could be standing there, full of life, while Chris was dead. Such grief as she felt was for him, not for herself. He had loved life so, even when he cheapened it. He had wanted to live and now he was dead. She, who did not care greatly to live, lived on, and he was gone.

All at once she felt terribly alone. She wanted some one with her. She wanted to talk it all out to some one who understood. She wanted Clay. She said to herself that she did not want him because she loved him. All love was dead in her now. She wanted him because he was strong and understanding. She made this very clear to herself, because she had a morbid fancy that Chris might be watching her. There were people who believed that sort of thing. To her excited fancy it seemed as tho Chris's cynical smile might flash out from any dusky corner.

She knew she was not being quite rational. Which was strange, because she felt so strong, and because the voice with which she called Clayton's number was so steady. She knew, too, that she was no longer in love with Clay, because his steady voice over the telephone had left her quite calm and unmoved.

"I want you to come up, Clay," she said. "If you can, easily."

"I can come at once. Is anything wrong?"

"Chris has been killed," she replied, and hung up the receiver. Then she sat down to wait, and to watch for Chris's cynical smile to flash in some dusky corner.

Clayton found her there, collapsed in her chair, a slim, gray-faced girl with the rouge giving a grotesque vitality to her bloodless cheeks. She got up very calmly and gave him the cablegram. Then she fainted in a crumpled heap at his feet.

THE new munition plant was nearing completion. Situated on the outskirts of the city, it spread over a vast area of what had once been waste land. Of the three long buildings, two were already in operation and the third was well under way.

To Clayton Spencer it was the realization of a dream. He never entered the great high-walled enclosure without a certain surprize at the ease with which it had all been accomplished, and a thrill of pride at the achievement. He found the work itself endlessly interesting. The casts, made of his own steel, lying in huge rusty heaps in the yard; the little cars which carried them into the plant; the various operations by which the great lathes turned them out, smooth and shining, only to lose their polish when, heated again, they were ready for the ponderous hammer to close their gaping jaws. The delicacy of the work appealed to him, the machining to a thousandth of an inch, the fastidious making of the fuses, tiny things almost microscopic, and requiring the delicate touch of girls, most of whom had been watchmakers and jewelry-workers.

And, with each car-load of the finished shells that left the plant he felt a fine glow of satisfaction. The output was creeping up. Soon they would be making ten thousand shells a day. And every shell was one more chance for victory against the Hun. It became an obsession with him to make more, ever more.

As the work advanced, he found an unexpected enthusiasm in Graham. Here was something to be done, a new thing. The steel mill had been long established. Its days went on monotonously. The boy found it noisy, dirty, without appeal to his imagination. But the shell plant was different. There were new problems to face, of labor, of supplies, of shipping and output.

He was, however, reluctantly coming to the conclusion that the break with Germany was the final step that the Government intended to take. That it would not declare war.

However, the break had done something. It had provided him with men from the local National Guard to police the plant, and he found the Government taking a new interest, an official interest in his safety. Agents from the Military Intelligence and the Department of Justice scanned his employment lists and sent agents into the plant. In the building where men and women were hired, each applicant passed a desk where they were quietly surveyed by two unobtrusive gentlemen in different business suits who eyed them carefully. Around the fuse department, where all day girls and women handled guncotton and high-explosive powder, a special guard was posted, day and night.

Early in March Clayton put Graham in charge of the first of the long buildings to be running full, and was rewarded by a new look in the boy's face. He was almost startled at the way he took it.

"I'll do my very best, sir," he said, rather huskily. "If I can't fight, I can help put the swine out of business, anyhow."

He was quite sure that Natalie had extracted a promise of some sort from the boy. On the rare occasions when Graham was at home he was quiet and suppressed.

He was almost always at Marion Hayden's in the evenings, and from things he let fall, Clayton gathered that the irresponsible group which centered about Marion was, in the boy's own vernacular, rather "shot to pieces." Tommy Hale had gone to England to join the Royal Flying Corps. One or two of them were in Canada, trying to enlist there, and one evening Graham brought home to dinner an inordinately tall and thin youngster in the kilts of a Scotch regiment, with an astounding length of thin leg below his skirts, who had been one of Marion's most reckless satellites.

"LOOK like a fool, I know, sir," said the tall individual sheepishly. "Just had to get in it somehow. No camouflage about these skirts, is there?"

And Clayton had noticed, with a thrill of sympathy, how wistfully Graham eyed the debonnair young Scot by adoption, and how Buckham had hovered over him, filling his plate and his glass. Even Graham noticed Buckham.

"Old boy looks as tho he'd like to kiss you, Sid," he said. "It's the petticoats. Probably thinks you're a woman."

"I look better with my legs under the table," said the tall boy, modestly.

Clayton was still determined that Graham should fight the thing out for himself. He wished, sometimes, that he knew Marion Hayden's attitude. Was she like Natalie? Would she, if the time came, use her undeniable influence for or against? And there again he resented the influence of women in the boy's life. Why couldn't he make his own decisions? Why couldn't they let him make his own decisions?

He remembered his father, and how his mother, in '61, had put a Bible into one pocket and a housewife into another, and had sent him off to war. Had the fiber of our women weakened since then? But he knew it had not. All day, in the new plant, women were working with high-explosives, quite calmly. And there were Audrey, and the Haverford women, strong enough, in all conscience.

Every mental path, those days, somehow led to Audrey eventually. She was the lighted window at the end of the long trail.

Graham was, as a matter of fact, trying to work out his own salvation. He blundered, as youth always blunders, and after a violent scene with Marion Hayden he made an attempt to break off his growing intimacy with Anna Klein—to find, as many a man had before him, that the sheer brutality of casting off a loving woman was beyond him.

The scene with Marion came on Sunday in the Spencer house, with Natalie asleep up-stairs after luncheon, and Clayton walking off a sense of irritation in the park. He did not like the Hayden girl. H could not fathom Natalie's change of front with regard to Graham and the girl. He had gone out, leaving them together, and Marion has launched her attack fiercely.

"Now!" she cried.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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A well made, *properly fitting* brassiere will beautify the lines of your figure, the fit of your gowns—your entire appearance—while contributing unspeakably to your comfort and health. Only—select your brassieres for their *fit and effect on your figure* rather than for their showy appearance in the store's showcase. "The *fit's* the thing!"

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My 10 years with a Corn

By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.,* Chicago, New York, Toronto

(980)

DANGEROUS DAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"I couldn't come last night. That's all, Marion."

"It is certainly not all? Why couldn't you come?"

"I worked late."

"Where?"

"At the plant."

"That's a lie, Graham. I called the plant. I'll tell you where you were. You were out with a girl. You were seen, if you want to know it."

"Oh, if you are going to believe everything you hear about me—"

"Don't act like a child. Who was the girl?"

"It isn't like you to be jealous, Marion, I let you run around all the time with other fellows, but the minute I take a girl out for a little spin, you're jealous."

"JEALOUS!" She laughed nastily. But she knew she was losing her temper, and brought herself up short. Let him think she was jealous. What really ailed her was deadly fear lest her careful plan go astray. She was terrified. That was all. And she meant to learn who the girl was.

"I know who it was," she hazarded.

"I think you are bluffing."

"It was Delight Haverford."

"Delight!"

She knew then that she was wrong, but it was her chance to assail Delight and she took it.

"That—child!" she continued contemptuously. "Don't you suppose I've seen how she looks at you? I'm not afraid of her. You are too much a man of the world to let her put anything over on you. At least, I thought you were. Of course, if you like milk and water——"

"It was not Delight," he said doggedly. "And I don't think we need to bring her into this at all. She's not in love with me. She wouldn't wipe her feet on me."

Which was unfortunate. Marion smiled slowly.

"Oh! But you are good enough for me to be engaged to! I wonder!"

He went to the window and stood for a moment, looking out. Then he went slowly back to her.

"I'm not good enough for you to be engaged to, Marion," he said. "I—don't you want to call it a day?"

She was really terrified then. She went white and again, miserably, he mistook her agitation for something deeper.

"You want to break the engagement?"

"Not if you still want me. I only mean—I'm a pretty poor sort. You ought to have the best, and God help this country if I'm the best."

"Graham, you're in some sort of trouble?"

He drew himself up, in boyish bravado. He could not tell her the truth. It opened up too hideous a vista. Even his consciousness of the fact that the affair with Anna was still innocent did not dull his full knowledge of whither it was trending. He was cold and wretched.

"It's nothing," he muttered.

"You can tell me. You can tell me anything. I know a lot, you see. I'm no silly kitten. If you're in a fix, I'll help you. I don't care what it is, I'll help you. I—I'm crazy about you, Graham."

Anna's words, too!

"Look here, Marion," he said, roughly, "you've got to do one of two things. Either marry me or let me go."

"Let you go! I like that. If that is how you feel——"

"Oh—don't." He threw up his arm. "I want you. You know that. Marry me—to-morrow."

"I will not. Do you think I'm going to come into this family, and have you cut off? Don't you suppose I know that Clayton Spencer hates the very chair I sit on? He'll come and beg me to marry you, some day."

"You won't do it?"

"To-morrow? Certainly not."

And again he felt desperately his powerlessness to loosen the coils that were closing round him, fetters forged of his own red blood, his own youth, the woman-urge.

She was watching him with her calculating glance.

"You *must* be in trouble," she said.

"If I am, it's you and Mother who have driven me there."

HE WAS alarmed then, and lapsed into dogged silence. His anxiety had forced into speech thoughts that had never before been articulate. He was astounded to hear himself uttering them, altho with the very speaking he realized now that they were true.

"Sorry, Marion," he muttered. "I didn't mean all that. I'm excited. That's all."

When he sat down beside her again and tried to take her hand, she drew it away.

"You've been very cruel, Graham," she said. "I've been selfish. Every girl who is terribly in love is selfish. I am going to give you your ring, and leave you free to do whatever you want."

Her generosity overcame him. He was instantly ashamed, humbled.

"Don't!" he begged. "Don't let me go.

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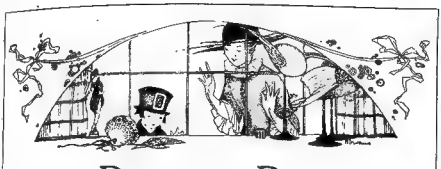

Dangerous Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

I'll just go to the dogs. If you really care—"

"Care!" she said softly. And as he buried his head in her lap she stroked his hair softly. Her eyes, triumphant, surveyed the long room, with its satin-paneled walls, its French furniture, its long narrow gilt-framed mirrors softening the angles of the four corners.

Some day all this would be hers. For this she would exchange the untidy and imitation elegance of her present setting.

She stroked the boy's head absently.

GRAHAM made an attempt to free himself the next day. He was about to move his office to the new plant, and he made a determination not to take Anna with him.

He broke it to her as gently as he could.

"Mr. Weaver is taking my place here," he said avoiding her eyes.

"Yes, Graham."

"He'll—there ought to be some one here who knows the ropes."

"Do you mean me?"

"Well, you know them, don't you?" He had tried to smile at her.

"Do you mean that you are going to have another secretary at the plant?"

"Look here, Anna," he said impulsively, "You know things can't go on indefinitely, the way we are now. You know it, don't you?"

She looked down and nodded. "Well, don't you think I'd better go you here?"

She fumbled nervously with her wristwatch.

"I won't stay here, if you go," she said finally. "I hate Mr. Weaver. I'm afraid of him. I—oh, don't leave me, Graham. Don't! I haven't anybody but you. I haven't any home—not a real home. You ought to see him these days." She always referred to her father as "him." "He's dreadful. I'm only happy when I'm here, with you."

He was angry, out of sheer despair.

"I've told you," he said. "Things can't go on as they are. You know well enough what I mean. I'm older than you are, Anna. God knows I don't want any harm to come to you through me. But, if we continue to be together—"

"I'm not blaming you." She looked at him honestly. "I'd just rather have you care about me than marry anybody else."

He kissed her, with a curious mingling of exultation and despair. He left her there when he went away that afternoon, a rather downcast young figure, piling up records and card-indexes, and following him to the door with worshiping, anxious eyes. Later on in the afternoon Joey, wandering in from Clayton's office on one of his self-constituted observation tours, found her crying softly while she wiped her typewriter, preparatory to covering it for the night.

"Somebody's been treatin' you rough?" he asked, more sympathetic than curious.

"What are you doing here, anyhow?" she demanded, angrily. "You're always hanging around, spying on me."

"Somebody's got to keep an eye on you." "Well, you don't."

"Look here," he said, his young-old face twitching with anxiety. "You get out from under, kid. You take my advice, and get out from under. Something's going to fall."

"Just mind your own business, and stop worrying about me. That's all."

He turned and started out.

"Oh, very well," he said smartly. "But you might take a word of warning, anyhow. That cousin of yours has got an eye on you, all right. And we don't want any scandal about the place."

"We? Who are 'we'?"

"Me and Mr. Clayton Spencer," said Joey, smartly, and went out.

ANNA climbed the hill that night, wearily, but with a sense of relief that Rudolph had not been waiting for her at the yard gate. She was in no mood to thrust and parry with him. She wondered, rather dully, what mischief Rudolph was up to. He was gaining a tremendous ascendency over her father, she knew. Herman was spending more and more of his evenings away from home, creaking up the stairs late at night, shoes in hand, to undress in the cold darkness across the hall.

"Out?" she asked Katie, sitting by the fire with the evening paper. Conversation in the cottage was almost always laconic.

"Ate early," Katie returned. "Rudolph was here, too. I'm going to quit if I've got to cook for that sneak any longer. You'd think he had a meal ticket here. Your supper's on the stove."

"I'm not hungry." She ate her supper, however, and undressed by the fire. Then she went up-stairs and sat by her window in the gathering night. She was suffering acutely. Graham was tired of her. He wanted to get rid of her. Probably he had a girl somewhere else, a lady. Her idea of the life of such a girl had been gathered from novels.

"The sort that has her breakfast in bed," she muttered, "and has her clothes put on her by somebody. Her underclothes, too!"

The immodesty of the idea made her face burn with anger.

Late that night Herman came back.

Herman had been a difficult proposition for Rudolph to handle. His innate caution, his respect for law and, under his bullying exterior, a certain physical cowardice, made him slow to move in the direction Rudolph was urging. He was conventional. He liked to argue over the beer and schnitzel Rudolph bought. And Rudolph was growing impatient.

Rudolph himself was all eagerness and zeal. It was his very zeal that was his danger, although it brought him slavish followers. He was contemptuous, ill-tempered, and impatient, but, of limited intelligence himself, he understood for that very reason the mental processes of those he would lead. There was a certain simplicity even in his cunning. With Herman he was a ferret driving out of their hiding-places every evil instinct that lay dormant. Under his goading, Herman was becoming savage, sullen, and potentially violent.

He was confused that night, heavy with fatigue and with Rudolph's steady talk in his ear. He was tired of pondering great questions, tired of hearing about the Spencers and the money they were making.

Anna's clothing was scattered about the room, and he frowned at it. She spent too much money on her clothes.

HE STOOPED down to gather up his shoes, and his ear thus brought close to the table was conscious in the silence of a faint rhythmical sound. He stood up and looked about. Then he moved the newspaper on the table. Underneath it, forgotten in her anxiety and trouble, lay the little gold watch.

He picked it up, still following his train of thought. It fitted into the evening's inflammable proceedings. So, with such trinkets as this, capital would silence the cry of labor for its just share in the products of its skill and strength. Build bribe, and cheaply. Ten dollars, perhaps, that ticking insult. For ten dollars—

He held it close to his spectacles. Ah, but it was not so cheap. It came from the best shop in the city. He weighed it carefully in his hand, and in so doing saw the monogram. A doubt crept into his mind, a cold and chilling fear. Since when had the Spencer plant taken to giving watches for Christmas? The hill girls who worked as stenographers in the plant; they came in often enough and he did not remember any watches, or any mention of watches. His mind, working slowly, recalled that never before had he seen the watch near at hand. And he went into a slow and painful calculation. Fifty dollars at least it had cost. A hundred stenographers—that would be five thousand dollars for watches.

Suddenly he knew that Anna had lied to him. One of two things, then: either she had spent money for it, unknown to him, or some one had given it to her. There was, in his mind, not much difference in degree between the two alternatives. Both were crimes of the first magnitude.

He picked the watch up between his broad thumb and forefinger, and then, his face a cold and dreadful mask, he mounted the stairs.

The third instalment of "Dangerous Days" will appear in the May Pictorial Review.

DANGEROUS DAYS began in March and will end in June. Like all PICTORIAL REVIEW serials, it is published in four instalments—no long-drawn-out stories that take a year to finish. If you don't like to read serials even in such long instalments, you can save the four magazines and read the story all at once. Remember Pictorial Review publishes, by this method, four or five complete novels a year, which, issued in book form, would cost you several times the price of a year's subscription.

The crime of foolish parents who ruin children's feet

PARENTS who've read the government bulletin on "Child Care" know that most deformed feet become deformed in childhood. The cause is wrong-shaped shoes. Usually you don't discover it until the child is grown. Then the harm is done.

To be sure that your children's feet are safely shod, take care to fit them in Selz Liberty Bell Shoes. They are made for boys and girls from their toddling age to their teens. And they're orthopedically correct. They give your children the final result of 48 years' study. These shoes keep the foot bones straight—so Nature can grow them strong. And price for price, no shoes can be made more durable.

Like all Selz shoes, the Liberty Bell is built of all-leather. The soles are over-weight. The heels are low and wide, as the government bulletin says they should be.

Dangers We Avoid

Shoes too short cause enlargement of the joints. Shoes too loose make blisters and callouses. Shoes too tight give rise to corns. Pointed shoes distort the bones. And instep construction is especially vital—for without correct support the arch falls, the ankle weakens and life-time trouble ensues.

Liberty Bell shoes avoid these dangers because they are built to protect every part of the foot. Their shape is the natural shape of the foot. All that is left for you to do, is to insist on having your children fitted in Liberty Bell Shoes when you go to the stores.

Price, $3 to $6, according to size and style. Values are all exceptional because we are making shoes for millions, and quantity output saves in many ways. If we made fewer of these shoes the prices would have to be higher. Write us for dealers' names.

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(10)

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(Infants, Girls, and Misses) button or lace, heel or spring heel, orthopedically correct: sizes 5 to 8, $3.00; 8½ to 11, $3.50; 11½ to 2, $4.00, 2½ to 6, $5.00.

SELZ CHICAGO and PITTSBURGH

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Notions for April Bridal Showers

By LAURA V. HAMNER

I WISH one of my friends would marry soon, for I have dreamed out the loveliest shower and I want to try it out while I am brim-full of enthusiasm over it.

I should send out invitations to a "Hit-or-Miss" Shower, telling my guests to send in their gifts early so that I might arrange them according to a certain scheme. I should place the mahogany clock in the kitchen cabinet, the boudoir-cap in the furnace-room, the percolator on the victrola, and the bronze book-racks in the bathtub. Of course they would be duly disguised so that no one should see them until the bride herself should enjoy them and should read the little messages which would probably accompany them.

I have planned to have a seat of honor for the bride. A little maiden all in holiday attire should enter pulling a small wheelbarrow painted white, with a pretty, fluffy bow on it. In the barrow would be a ball of cord of the color of the decorations and this would be rolled to the feet of the bride enthroned on her chair of state. She would then re-wind the ball, finding at intervals a card or slip of paper. This would be my adaptation of the "wonder-ball" idea. Each card would tell her where she could find a gift and I feel sure she would sally forth after each discovery to return, bearing a new trophy. I feel sure I could make a charming afternoon party out of this plan because of the elements of originality, mystery, and informality.

IF I should decide that the preceding would be insufficient to make a program for a party I should use the "Wishing Well" I would make a well of rocks around a deep vessel filled with punch and a tiny windlass and bucket would complete the preparations. Then I should tell my guests that this was one of those mystic wells where, if one drank, believing in the efficacy of the waters, all their wishes would come true. I would then demand, in Peter Pan style, that they give evidence of their faith by drinking and wishing the bride well. I believe that much amusement would result from the wishes expressed.

MAY had a kitchen shower for Alma the other day and the manner of presentation was especially pleasing to the guests.

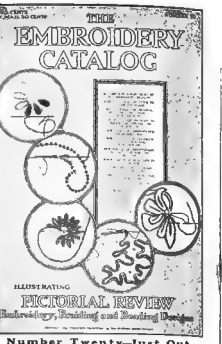
We are not used to negroes in this section; many of us remember them as a part of our childhood, and so it was a real treat to see a fat colored woman come strolling into the reception-room, pulling a child's wagon, loaded with bundles of kitchen utensils. So cleverly was she disguised that it was not easy to believe that "Dinah" was our neighbor, supposed to be too ill to be present. The bride offered Dinah a permanent position as cook and the conditions of service were discussed, to the amusement of all the guests.

AT A shower which I attended last Summer, the gifts were all wrapped, numbered, and placed on a long table. With numbered cards and pencils in hand the guests went about attempting to divine the contents of the parcels by feeling them. When the bride was allowed to investigate, the guesses were checked off by the holders of the cards, and a prize was given the most successful.

MRS. DAVIS invited a few of Elizabeth's most intimate friends to come at three, bringing a gift and an unhemmed tea-towel. Beas had promised to come down at three-thirty to help with some committee work and so was not expecting to find the merry crowd which awaited her.

She was met at the front door by the daughter of the house who gave her a card telling her to look on the library table for further directions. She found a bundle which was discovered to be some lovely table-linen and in the folds was a note telling her to look in the middle drawer of the dresser in "Mother's" room. And so she went from place to place, finding new treasures until the last one told her to go back to the reception-room and "talk it all over." As she reveled in her pretty things and discussed them with the friends who had followed her on her quest, they hemmed towels for her linen-closet.

THE spinster of one party, who had long since changed the name of her "hope-box" to "confounded-housewife-chest," announced that she had abandoned all hope of matrimony. In view of the fact that she had helped cheerfully to deck sweet girl graduates and countless brides and had bought rings and things for many a first baby, and that she had no possible claim upon the generosity and affection of her friends, she demanded a Consolation Shower. She wanted some of the handiwork of her friends to adorn her bachelor quarters. And that seems to me to be a pretty good plan.



Number Twenty—Just Out

There are 4 pages of embroidered and beaded bags—
13 pages devoted to children's needs—
12 pages of beading, braiding, and embroidery designs—
6 pages of designs in underwear, aprons, and dress wear—
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16 pages of monograms, initials and wreath designs—
4 pages of scallops in actual size—
4 pages of cushions—
5 pages of towels—
30 pages illustrating household linens and
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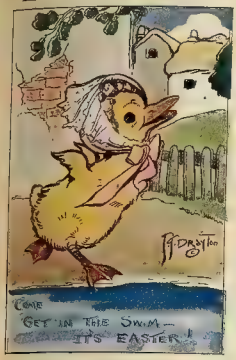
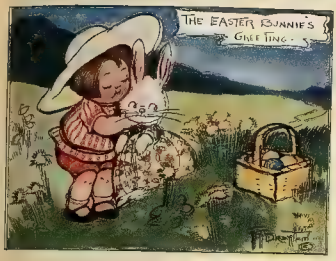
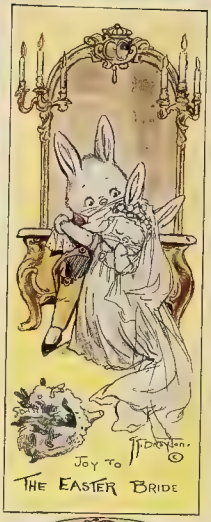
DOLLY DINGLE'S CUT-OUT EASTER CARDS

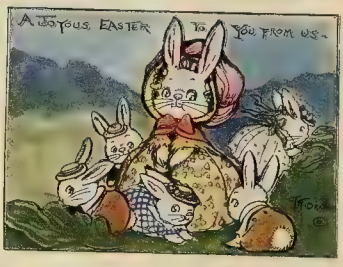
By Grace G. Drayton

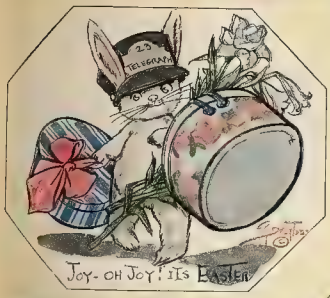
HERE are some adorable ideas for Easter cards, which can be made by cutting the pictures out carefully and mounting them on different-colored cardboard. If folders are desired they can be made by choosing a piece of cardboard that is sufficiently large; mount the picture in the center. Watch next month's Pictorial Review for the beginning of a new series of Dolly Dingle cut-outs.

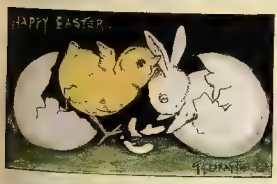


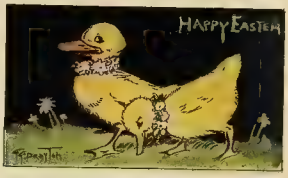


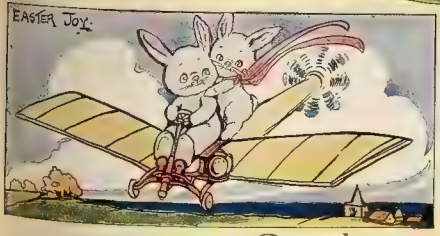


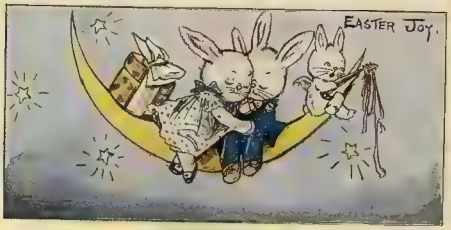












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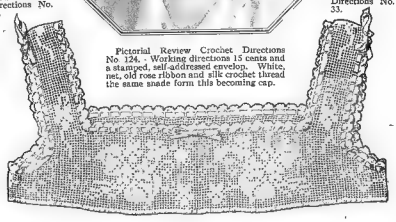
Dainty Uses for Crochet

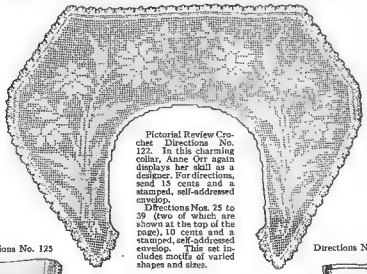
Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 25.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 33.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 124. Working directions 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. White, net, old rose ribbon and silk crochet thread the same shade form this becoming cap.



Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 81, 10 cents, and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. This pretty yoke with its cluster of violets was designed by Anne Orr. It is appropriate to be used either for a camisole or for a nightgown.

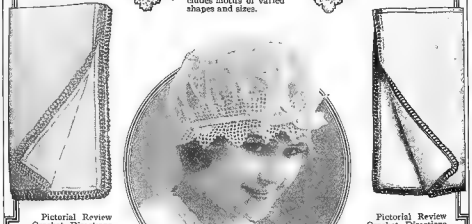


Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 122. In this charming collar, Anne Orr again displays her skill as a designer. For directions, send 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

Directions Nos. 25 to 39 (two of which are shown at the top of the page), 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. This set includes motifs of varied shapes and sizes.

Directions No. 125

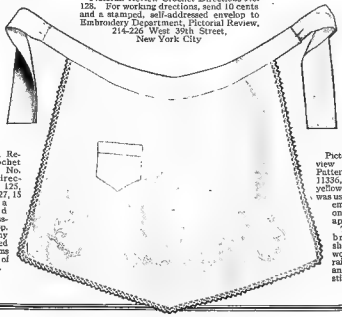
Directions No. 126



Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 125. Very fine hairpin crochet edges this little handkerchief with narrow hemstitched hem.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 126 A colored thread was used for the filet edging which is worked into the narrow hem.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 128. For working directions, send 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop to Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York City



Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 127. Directions No. 125, 126, and 127, 15 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelop. A row of tiny four-petaled flowers forms the edging of this apron.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11336, blue or yellow, 15 cents, was used for the embroidery on this little apron. The embroidery should be worked in raised satin and eyelet stitches.

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The Co-operative Buying Club

By KATHERINE GLOVER

A GROUP of women in an Eastern community who learned how to do things together during the war food emergency, have divided themselves into committees to heckle the congressman of their district on the subject of high food prices and profiteering. They have a Monday group who write on Monday of each week asking Mr Congressman what he is going to do to help make the necessities of life cheaper; they have a Tuesday group who write on Tuesday to the same effect, and so on through all the days of the week.

If they stopped there, they probably would only raise a little dust of disturbance in the mind of the congressman, but, while they heckle, these women likewise act to strike at the roots of profiteering and the soaring cost of living.

They have combined into a co-operative buying club and set up a small store. They started last year, when butter and eggs began to mount in price. They bought directly from the wholesaler and resold within their own group and to any of their neighbors who wished to buy. They secured the right to a vacant store and, in one half, sold butter and eggs, while in the other the local home demonstration agent of the community gave demonstrations on thrift dishes once or twice a week.

The inevitable happened. Local retail merchants soon found that trade was diverting from them and they entered a protest, bringing pressure to bear upon the owner of the store to turn out his tenants. That was the first economic snag. It was unfair competition, because the co-operators were selling with no overhead charges to be added to their selling price.

But the group was not easily to be discouraged. They rented a tiny store which had formerly been a news-stand, fitted it up and added to the selling price of their goods just enough to cover the bare rent, eight dollars a month, and cost of equipment. And they increased their stock to include, besides butter and eggs, tea, coffee, canned soups, raisins, sugar, pancake flour, dried beans, and condensed, dried, and evaporated milk. The store is open three days a week from nine to five and on Saturdays from nine to one, and members of the group of nine, who are the staunchest backers, act as volunteer salespersons at regular times, while two do the buying. These nine families are now forming a company, each putting in five dollars so as to establish a little capital in order to buy more advantageously. The group will gradually be enlarged.

The experiment is small, but it holds the germs of success and permanency.

Bucking the Burden of Living

WITH the increased burden of living knocking at the door of almost every American family, co-operation in one form or another seems the only remedy. The odds are too great for the individual to buck.

Co-operative buying may be anything from the sporadic purchasing of a barrel of apples or potatoes direct from the farmer by two or three families in a neighborhood, to a large society which not only does its own buying but actually manufactures and produces much of what it sells.

The successful co-operative buying club, even the small, is one that embodies a conscious, steady effort to reduce the living of a definite number of families through co-operative purchasing, and starts soundly and surely with that end in view and the willingness to sacrifice something to attain that end.

Such a club might well begin by buying a few staples in large quantities directly from the wholesaler and selling within their own group, volunteer members serving as purchasing agents and salesmen. Some central place should be found for the distributing place, it might be in the home of a member, and the sales could be made at certain specified hours, in the evenings, perhaps, if that suits the convenience of the members best.

In this small way, experience is gained and the timber of the members is tried out. The start toward a co-operative buying club is more effective if the original group is composed of members closely associated with one another, a club, a closely-knit community or neighborhood group, or the members of a church society or those who are working together. That gives cohesion to the group, which is particularly essential during the days when the club is getting a start and weathering the gales of inexperience.

Each member of a co-operative buying club should subscribe something in dues or stock, to begin with, if it is only a dollar, or more, if the members see fit, so as to inaugurate a working capital. Otherwise, the club has to start out by borrowing or buying on credit, which is a bad beginning, since the first principle of co-operative buying is to pay as you go. Twenty members of a club paying five dollars for one share of stock gives a nucleus of a hundred dollars, which permits of economical and advantageous buying. If the cheapest market is to be sought, carfare is frequently involved, and that is an expense at the very start, unless some member is able to furnish it as a contribution to the club.

The first thing to do in any kind of co-operative buying club is to be sure of the membership so as to be able to count on the extent of steady purchases. This is a risk which the merchant takes and for which the consumer must partly pay A co-operative club can not afford to take such a risk. It must be sure of members who are willing to stand by the experiment and wait for cumulative results rather than expect quick, temporary benefits.

Sell at Lowest Market Prices

SOME fundamental agreement or constitution should be formulated in the beginning to bind the members together. The co-operative club, even tho it starts with a few members on a small scale, buying two or three barrels of flour, potatoes, or apples, should be willing from the outset to sell at the lowest market price, rather than at cost, and should be willing to let the profits, instead of returning to the individuals, be used as a basis for capital until the club has laid by a surplus to insure its continuing

This system of returning the surplus savings to members of co-operative societies at regular intervals, monthly or quarterly, has been found much more successful than selling at cost. Where the competition with private stores is direct, undersel.ng the market usually brings calamity as it did with the group mentioned above. The concerted wrath and opposition of the retailers may be strong enough to snuff out a budding experiment.

The club members should decide among themselves what goods they wish to purchase. If they live close to a farming section, fresh produce could be bought directly from the farmers, but unless the sales are quick, a high percentage of waste in perishable products must be taken into account. Eggs, butter, and apples are good products for co-operative buying. Coffee and tea offer a wide margin of profit, but the varying tastes of different households make them somewhat uncertain commodities. Standard goods such as soap, matches, canned goods, flour, sugar, and cereals offer less saving, but they are safe to make a beginning with.

A co-operative club should not venture on a store until it is sure of a large enough membership and sufficient capital to maintain it. At least fifty members who can be counted on to buy five dollars' worth of goods weekly is necessary to assure the success of a co-operative store. The money in the treasury of the buying club may be used as the beginning of a reserve fund for the store and each member should pay in at least five dollars of capital stock.

Experience seems to show that in a village, a club needs at least fifty members and $1,000 in capital to start a store; and in a larger town where expenses are heavier, a hundred members and a capital of $1,500 to $2,000.

There should be one vote and one only to a person, no matter how much capital stock he puts in. This keeps the spirit of the society democratic and sound

Membership, it must be remembered, is the very touchstone of success. Only those families should be enlisted who are likely to remain permanently in the neighborhood so as not to break up the club by constant withdrawals.

The initial patience, persistence, and forebearance which any co-operative undertaking calls for is well justified by results. The benefits in savings or profits are by no means the sole advantages to be gained. It is the doing things together which brings enlarged vision and experience.

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Here are four recipes that you will want to use; dozens more in our new Cook Book.

Corn Gems

1 pint corn meal, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup Kingsford's Cornstarch, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint buttermilk, 1½ tablespoons Karo, 2 eggs, butter size of an egg. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the Karo and beaten egg to the buttermilk and mix quickly with the dry ingredients. Put in the melted butter last.

Waffles

¾ cup flour, ¾ cup Argo Cornstarch, 1 tablespoonful Mazola, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful Karo, 2 eggs separated, whites beaten stiff, ½ cup milk. Sift flour, Argo Cornstarch, baking powder and salt in a bowl, add Mazola, Karo, yolks of eggs and milk, mix till smooth, then add the whites beaten stiff, mix lightly together. Bake on a hot waffle iron, greased with Mazola, 3 minutes on each side, till nice and brown. Serve at once with Karo or Karo Maple Flavor.

Divinity

½ cup Karo, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup hot water, 2 eggs (whites only), 2 ounces chopped nuts, 2 ounces chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Boil sugar, Karo and water together till it forms a hard mass in cold water. Beat whites of eggs very stiff, and beat in the nuts and raisins. Pour on the hot syrup, beating all the time. When mixture will stand alone, drop from teaspoon onto buttered plates.

Baked Sweet Potatoes

Parboil the potatoes, peel and cut in half lengthwise. Put in baking dish and cover generously with butter. Pour over all one good half cup Karo (Crystal White) and sprinkle thickly with brown sugar. Baste every little while and bake to a nice brown.

Don't forget to ask your grocer for the New Corn Products Cook Book—or write us direct. It is free on request.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. P P. O. Box 161 New York City

That Shank

By LILLIAN E. ANDREWS

MANY women think of a shank only in connection with soup-making, but I have come to look upon it as the most desirable cut in the butcher's shop. I always buy the largest shank I can afford, trying, if possible, to get the upper cut of the fore leg. This is round and thick-meated, and the bone is filled with marrow, making very little waste.

I put it into cold water and gradually allow it to come to a boil, the long, slow cooking rendering it as soft and tender as the higher-priced cuts. When it is done I take out most of the meat and part of the stock which is set aside in a bowl separately from the meat.

Soup

TO MAKE the soup, add to the stock in the kettle, ground or dried sage and Summer savory (the sage may be omitted if the flavor is not liked), a small red pepper, chopped fine, or a very little cayenne pepper, salt to taste, one or two carrots and a turnip (a round turnip is better than the ordinary French turnip), and as many potatoes as the family can use in one or two meals.

If onions are liked, slice in one large or two small ones. Thicken with rice or rice-flour. If the ordinary Summer savory is not at hand, use a teaspoonful of poultry-seasoning. Any seasoned stock left from the soup should be saved.

Beef Fricassee

WHEN the soup is gone, cut slices from the cold meat and put in a small saucepan, covering with about a cup and a half of water. Fry a few slices of an onion and add to the meat. Season with salt and pepper and, just before serving, thicken with a teaspoonful of corn-starch, dissolved in a little cold water. Serve with a double portion of boiled potatoes.

Meat Balls

THE meat portion of another meal is made by chopping or grinding some of the shank until fine, and mixing with one or two well-beaten eggs. Season with a little poultry-seasoning and mold with the hands into tiny balls. Turn in a well-greased frying-pan until heated through thoroughly, and serve with a sprig of parsley on each ball. These little meat balls have been enthusiastically praised by visitors who had no idea they were eating fifteen-cents-a-pound shank.

Meat Pie

CUT some of the meat fine or in slices as desired, and put in a kettle with the unseasoned stock. Thin with hot water and add a sliced onion and sliced potatoes, either raw or leftovers from some other meal. As soon as thoroughly heated, or as soon as the potatoes are soft, pour into a deep pan. Add a handful of oatmeal or a teaspoonful of flour or corn-starch, cover with well-shortened pie-crust, and bake in a hot oven until brown.

IF ANY of the meat remains at the end of the week, it goes into mince meat for pies or turnovers. The bone is burned until white and brittle, when I pound it up and my chickens greedily devour it.

Literally there is nothing left of the shank but satisfaction at the memory of so many good and inexpensive meals. Let any woman who has hitherto looked askance at the ungainly, awkward cut of meat, known as shank, try using it for something besides soup and become convinced of its adaptability.

LEARNING HOW

MOST people who have succeeded in any direction of activity can trace the measure of their success to the habit of deciding things for themselves. One of the greatest temptations we have is to confide in others. By yielding to it we not only become a nuisance to our friends but keep on lowering our own powers of resistance. It is worse than useless to ask the advice of others, because they are rarely so much interested in our troubles as we think they are, or would like them to be. If they were, they would have to know as much about our troubles as we do, to pass judgment, and this we can not tell them even if we would.

Some times indeed we may know too much about our own troubles, or in such a way that the continuous thought of them puts them in the wrong perspective; but this situation is only made worse by adding the confusion of another's mind to ours.

By deciding everything for yourself you may make mistakes; but every mistake is a valuable future asset. It is the only way you can learn how. Learning how is very necessary. Unless you are willing to do this and stand upon your own ground, your permanent success will be doubly difficult.

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Tonics in the Spring Vegetables

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN and RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY

WITH the oncoming of Spring the body feels the need of a slight change in the diet. Nature herself causes the craving for the tonic Spring vegetable, and in her all-wide providence furnishes them as needed with their bulk, their minerals, and their marvelous protectiveness.

Cream of Onion or Leek Soup

1 Pt. Diced Onion or Leek
1 Qt. Cold Water
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Pt. Thick White Sauce
1 Tablespoonful Minced Parsley

WASH, peel, and dice enough leek or onion to make a pint. Cover with the cold water, add the salt and simmer till very tender, nearly two hours, replenishing the water as necessary to keep it about three cupfuls. Then add the white sauce and parsley, boil up once and serve. If a plain cream soup is desired, the vegetable should be passed through a coarse sieve before the white sauce is combined with it.

Onions Baked in Milk

REMOVE the skins and outer layers of 6 good-sized onions and parboil them in salted water for an hour. (Reserve this water and together with the skins and outer layers use it as a basis for a vegetable soup.) Drain the onions, place them in a buttered baking-dish, dust them with flour or fine dry bread-crums, cover with milk, add a sprinkling of salt and pepper, dot with butter, cover and bake gently for an hour longer. If desired, grated cheese, mixed with an equal quantity of bread-crums may be spread over the top fifteen minutes before the time they are to be finished.

Beer and Cottage Cheese Salad

6 Medium-sized, Plain Cooked or Whole Pickled Beets
½ Cupful Cottage Cheese
1 Tablespoonful Minced Olives
French Dressing Made with Pickle Vinegar and Lemon Juice
Watercress

SEASON the cottage cheese to taste with salt and paprika and add the olives. Hollow out the beets to form shells, chop the removed pulp and add it to the cheese. Refill the beets with this, let them stand half an hour in the French dressing, arrange the individual services with a garnish of watercress and the beet tops, cooked, boiled, chopped, seasoned, and mixed with the remaining cheese mixture. Sour cream salad dressing may be passed.

Dandelions Creamed with Ham

SELECT two quarts of young dandelions not old enough to blossom, cleanse throughly, drain them till dry, shred coarsely and place them in a saucepan. In the meantime, dice a cupful of raw ham, fry it till lightly browned and add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Beat an egg, add a half cupful of light cream or top milk, add this to the ham mixture together with a teaspoonful of onion-juice, stir into the dandelions and cook gently, stirring constantly till the latter are wilted. Then add salt and pepper to taste.

Baked Creamed Spinach

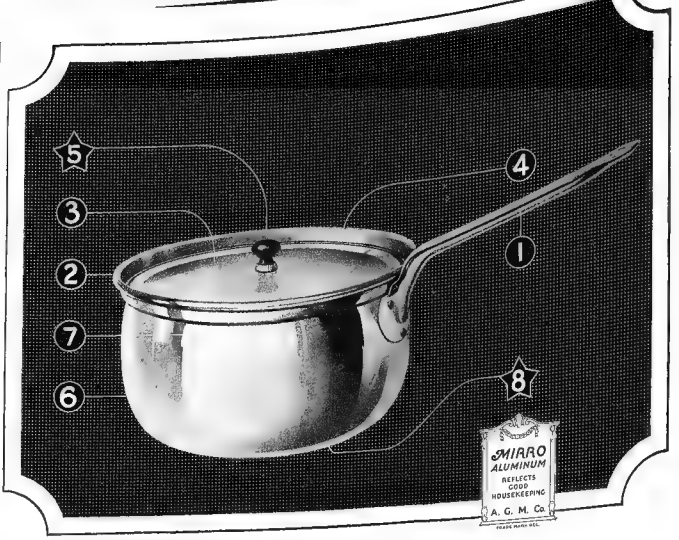
1 Peck Spinach
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg
Few Grains Nutmeg
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
½ Cupful Fine Dry Bread-crums
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt

CLEANSE the spinach thoroughly, drain it and cook gently for twenty-five minutes in its own juices, adding the salt after the beginning of the cookery. Then chop it fine, add the butter and milk, and when hot, the pepper, nutmeg, cheese, and the egg well beaten. In the meantime, butter a quart mold, rather heavily, and dust it thickly with the bread-crums. Pour in the spinach mixture, dust with equal parts of grated cheese and bread-crums, surround with hot water, and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Escalloped Young Turnips

1½ Dozen Young Turnips
2½ Cupfuls White Sauce
½ Cupful Grated Cheese, Optional
1 Cupful Dry Bread-crums
3 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter

WASH and peel the turnips, chopping the tops closely. Boil all together in water to cover, or better still, steam, in either case adding a teaspoonful of salt. Drain the vegetable. Then butter a baking-dish, put in alternate layers of the turnips, sliced, the turnip tops and the white sauce. Cover with the bread-crums mixed with the melted butter and the cheese if it is used, and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. If the turnips are large, a dozen will be sufficient.



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(4) The bead of cover is upturned, and thus protected against steam and liquid. ☆(5) The rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob — an exclusive Mirro feature. (6) Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is being drained.

(7) Famous Mirro finish, and ☆(8), the Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece, an identifying mark of Mirro quality throughout.

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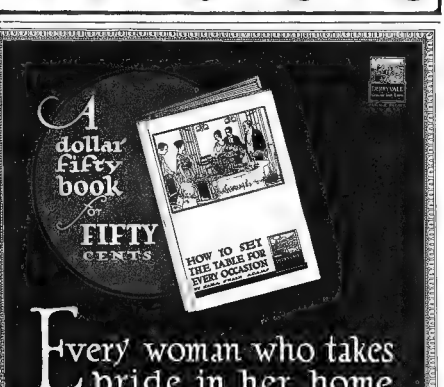

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What's What in Linens of To-day

By HANNA TACHAU

THE question of linens is ever of supreme interest to women—a sort of time-honored tradition that has been handed down from generations of thrifty housewives—and now that the war is over, many of us are wondering if there will be a return to the halcyon days when we could afford the luxury of filling our shelves with beautiful linens that were moderate in price.

Unfortunately, the prospect is not very encouraging for the next few years, at least, for the great centers of the flax industry—Belgium, Ireland, Holland, and Russia—have been crippled by the war. We are indeed very dependent upon Belgium, for this harassed country has, in the past, produced the very best quality of flax grown. The next lower grade comes from Holland, and the coarser quality which must often be mixed with some finer kind of flax is sent to us from Russia. Ireland too, has given us some of our finest linens, but on account of labor troubles, weather conditions, and the loss of men, she too, has fallen off in her productive powers, and the making of linens for household purposes for the present is at low ebb.

SOON after war was declared, the British Government took over all the linens and reserve flax there was on hand, using them for military equipment in the making of tent duck, aeroplane cloth, hospital supplies, linings for uniforms, and last, but not least, linen thread for tents, boots, and uniforms. So the price of flax has risen enormously and the linens we are able to buy to-day are still those which the linen-buyers had the foresight to purchase years ago and store away as a reserve

There is still a good supply of linens in the market, but their cost is high. There is no longer such a thing as medium-priced linens. Cotton-woven damasks have come to take their places and these are quite remarkable in their way. The best of these are imported from England and Ireland, woven on the regular linen looms, the wearing capacity of many of them is splendid, and by improved methods they leave no lint. Others are of domestic make and will soon be as efficiently produced and as satisfactory as those that come from abroad. Their designs are as infinite as are those of linen, and the weave as close, and unless one is something of an expert, it is quite difficult to tell, after they are laundered, to tell the difference between linen and cotton. For this reason, it is safer to deal with a reputable firm whose materials are frankly marked, "linen, cotton, or 'union'," the latter a mixture of cotton and linen which wears splendidly.

But no substitute can ever take the place of real linen. There is a richness, a durability, a fine feeling and texture in linen that is not obtainable in any other material. However, until this industry is built up again the woman of moderate means will have to content herself with cotton tablecloths, napkins, and towels. A very good quality cotton damask table-cloth now costs what one of medium good linen cost before the war, but just now it is better value to buy a good cotton cloth than one of very cheap linen.

A FEW years ago hand-work was lavished liberally upon linen and bed-linens. Linen sheets and pillow-cases were hand-scalloped or hemstitched and marked with a large initial or monogram. These are still being shown extensively in the shops, but they are part of the reserve stock. The durability of a cotton percale sheet of standard make would warrant the expenditure of hand-work upon it, but during the past year unessential labor has been curtailed as much as possible so that workers could be released for war demands. The housewife herself gave up the daintier hand-work to devote all her spare time to knitting and sewing for the soldiers and sailors. But, now that the future looks bright again, there will be a renewed interest in all things pertaining to the beauty and decoration of the home, and linens will once more come into their own.

A cotton sheet makes a better appearance when it is hemstitched, and can be bought with hemstitched edges done by machine. Often this edge wears thin and is apt to tear easily, but this is generally due to careless laundering. The finer linens, such as are used for centerpieces, doilies, napkins, bureau-scarfs, etc., were imported from Spain, Switzerland, and the Philippines regardless of war conditions, and consignments of heavy linen, bedspreads, roughly woven linens for plate-doilies and table-runners, and craftsman's linens for curtains have come to us from Canada.

Japan is pushing her linens to the fore, but they lack the richness and beautiful luster of the heavier European qualities. Many of these are embellished with drawn-work and embroidery of rather an impressionistic type and are better fitted for informal rather than for formal use, for they are made into doilies and centerpieces that are utilized for breakfast or luncheon sets. Those made from cotton crepe with colored stenciled designs of flowers, birds, or grasses are quite decorative and may be used with distinctive effect in the informal breakfast-room of a country house or for every-day use in a simple home.

THE woman who can afford it will go on replenishing her linen-closet despite the advance in price. As a prospective buyer she should carefully examine the linen for two things before purchasing—faults in the weaving and the weak spots caused by bleaching. When the weaving is the cause of imperfections, the weakness in the table-cloth or sheet can be traced all along the thread, but if it is done by careless bleaching, the damage will be centered around these spots. To discover imperfections in weaving, hold the cloth up to the light and find the thread that is broken and has been joined will show a darker line, and this indication will point where the piece will wear thin first. The fine and best-wearing linens are sun-bleached, for chemical bleaches impair their durability.

Double-damask linen woven from hard twisted fiber has been proved to be the strongest as well as handsomest for table use. It requires more linen threads in the weaving, thus producing greater durability and body to the cloth and, for this reason, it is more expensive, but its wearing quality far excells those of other grades, besides being finer and richer looking. A fine, plain, damask cloth or one with a satin stripe that follows the contours of a round or square table, enriched with a handsome monogram, makes the most beautiful background for china and table-silver. When the woven design is too ornate, it is rather disturbing, just as a florid, flowered wall-paper is unfitted as a surface upon which to hang pictures.

The time has come when we must learn to husband our fine linens like rare possessions, reserving them for gala occasions. The use of doilies and a centerpiece upon a well-polished table is of infinite assistance in preserving them and this fashion is happily growing in popularity. A good cloth that has grown thin in spots may still be made to do duty by cutting it into oblong doilies large enough to hold an individual plate, glass, or piece of silver. They can be finished with a simple crocheted edge or tatting. A discarded cloth may also be fashioned into small tea-napkins that can be finished with scalloped edges.

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A KITCHEN HEROINE

How a Mother Solved the "I Don't Like" Problem

By EDITH M. BARBER

THERE'S a world full of heroines at present. The crop of heroines for this year is almost as large as the crop of heroes. The writer of fiction can keep the top on the bottle of his imagination and just match up a couple of live people of opposite sexes, surround them with real incidents, and behold!—a true story of love and adventure. Each month in every magazine we find such a story, and yet they all have not been written. In fact, there is such an over-supply of Red Cross Nurses, of reconstruction workers, of ambulance drivers of munition workers around which to weave fascinating tales, that it seems more than likely that unless a fairy godmother comes along, the Kitchen Heroine, the Cinderella of the beautiful sisters, will stay unnoticed among her ashes. So I am going to play Fairy Godmother myself and put on paper the daily tale of a little woman who doesn't know she is brave, who has no medals to show for her service of the past year, but who nevertheless, in my estimation, deserves the honorable title of "Kitchen Heroine."

When I married, after a year of strenuous war work, to the middle-sized town of my birth and bringing-up, I found the place actively organized into units for all types of war work. I found practically all of my old friends serving in some capacity, but one was missing and I wondered. "Where is Mary Page, the one of all others whom I should have expected to head committees?"

I picked up the telephone, that friend or enemy of the impulsive, and was soon in the midst of one of our old-time gossips, which ended in an invitation to lunch with her the next day. "Come early, because the children have to get back in time for school," she said as she hung up the receiver.

The children! The prospect began to lose its charms. I had lunched with Mary's children before when I happened to drop in unheralded, and it had not been an enjoyable experience. In spite of the fact that their table looked like a miniature cafeteria with apple sauce for Jack and prunes for Elizabeth, sliced oranges for Helen and apricots for young Henry, there never seemed to be a satisfied child. "Oh, Mother, why did you have omelet, you know I don't like it." "We never have poached eggs any more." Such was the accompanying chorus to every meal-taken in their company.

When I, from the experience of my spinsterhood, in answer to Mary's murmured apology, ventured to suggest that children's appetites might be trained, I was met with the unanswerable statement that I had never had any children.

The Children Ate Everything

ON MY way out to Mary's attractive house which stood at the end of a street where town met country, I was wondering to myself how conservation and war cookery had complicated the already difficult housekeeping problem of that household, but in a moment thought was smothered by the tumultuous welcome of three of the young Pages on their way home from school. "We came to meet you. Elizabeth couldn't. It's her turn to help. How long are you going to stay? Will you come some day when it is my turn? I can make corn-muffins as good as Mother's. Father said so when he was home." These were a few coherent sentences of the chorus which greeted me.

There was evidently something novel doing in the Page household, and luncheon soon revealed what that something was. First of all, came a delicious cream soup served by Henry, and when I had expressed my opinion as to its seasoning I was informed by Elizabeth that she had made it. With the next course were muffins which Jack toasted for us on the electric grill, but which, Helen announced, she had made the day before. Instead of the usual array of fruits for dessert, we were all served with baked apples. Not a complaint nor a criticism did I hear. Each child helped himself to everything, and at the end of each course produced a clean plate. The climax came when Mary asked me whether I would have sugar in my tea—it was in the midst of the sugar shortage—and I started to explain that I never had cared for sugar in tea. I got as far as "I don't like"—when in chorus from the quartet came, "A fine—a penny for the pig. You said, 'I don't like.'" I pretended to argue that I should be commended, not fined, for not liking sugar, but I was judged guilty by the just but not generous children's court, which rendered its decision as it adjourned for school.

"Well," said Mary, as she poured me another cup of tea, "out with it, my feelings will not be at all hurt if you compliment me on the improvement in my children's table manners."

"But how did you do it?" I gasped. "It's a miracle—"

"How did I do it? There's quite a story to that. You know, I think my kiddies are pretty fine on the whole. But there was one thing in which, while I wouldn't admit it to you, I had begun to realize that I had failed outrageously, and as you well know that thing was in training their food habits.

Training the Family's Tastes

DO you remember my childhood days when the old aunt, who was the only substitute for a Mother that I ever knew, made me eat everything on my plate, whether I liked it or not, to train my palate? That is a good theory, but it didn't work in my case, and ever since I can remember, I have sworn to myself that if I ever had any children they should never be forced to eat what they didn't like. Even up to last year there were many items of food which I thought I didn't like.

"There were just as many, usually different things, which Henry Senior, who was brought up on the opposite platform and allowed to pick and choose, thought he couldn't eat. The natural result was a family of children handicapped with such parents, was a vocabulary full of dislikes.

"And then came war and, as you know, the upheaval in our household. Henry and I finally decided it was his place to go, as financially we could get along without him. I looked around to see what the family at home could do for its share. We learned to knit and to roll bandages. We made a war garden and we canned vegetables out of it, and much to my surprise, Elizabeth, who just hated canned carrots, found the ones she canned out of her garden, when they came to the table, perfectly delicious; her mother, who had never thought much more of them, had to taste and enjoy with her. Spinach of their own raising conquered Helen and Jack.

"This gave me an inspiration when Food Conservation in earnest came upon us, with the strenuous program for wheat-saving. Just then my cook served notice, and after thinking things over I called a family conference.

"Then I told them my plan not to fill Ellen's place, but to plan and cook the meals with their help. I proposed that they should all enlist as kitchen soldiers, each in turn should choose and help prepare the particular foods he or she liked the best, provided they came under the rules of Food Conservation, and that when the meal came on to the table each should try to eat what was put on the plate like a hungry soldier at his mess—and I proposed that we'd banish 'Don't like' from the diction of the war. It was Jack's idea to take his "pig" bank for fines and it has helped make a game of what was a task to some of us.

"Well you see how the plan worked. The children rallied around the flag with Mother as arch-dictator and while we didn't accomplish miracles at once, results soon began to show. Each one, boys as well as girls, took their turn with me in the kitchen and before long developed a pride in making good things, and, best of all, an insistence upon the whole family's showing its appreciation of what each one had made, by helping to empty the dish. It became a matter of honor to show a clean plate. Children are great little bargainers and one could often be persuaded to taste a thirteen-second food for luncheon by the fact that all the others had eaten his muffins for breakfast.

"It took some scheming, much tact, and a good deal of time, and of course it meant that I had to give up a good deal of my outside work, but I am not sure that, as far as quantity of finished work is concerned, I haven't accomplished more than when I went to the Red Cross workrooms. It has surely been worth the sacrifice, if it was one; we are no longer food slackers, the children are healthier and happier, and altogether I am sure we shall be a nicer family to welcome home our particular soldier and sailor, when he comes back. Don't you think so?"

What do I think? I think that it takes all kinds of heroes and heroines to win a war, but I'd like to pin my vote upon the kitchen heroine.

Mrs. Knox Says-
"You can make 'home preserves', fruit, berries or vegetables, go four times as far, with the delight of greater variety, if you will combine them with KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE."
Experts call Knox the "4 to 1" gelatine, because one package makes four pints of dessert or salad. Of course, you need not use the whole package at once—a tablespoonful makes an ample dessert for a family of five.
Below is an example of what you can do with home-preserved cherries and one tablespoonful of
KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
It is only one of many easily and quickly made recipes to be found in Mrs. Knox's Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Both are entirely free if you send your grocer's name and address.
Including pure lemon flavor for quick use
KNOX ACIDULATED No 3 GELATINE
"Whenever a recipe calls for 'Gelatine'—it means Knox"
KNOX GELATINE
Mrs. Charles B. Knox
135 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
Plain, for general use easily prepared
Cherry Sponge
1 tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cupful of cold water
4 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
2 egg whites
1½ cupfuls of preserved or canned cherries
1 cupful of cherry juice
½ cupful of sugar, if necessary
Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add sugar (if necessary) and lemon juice, add stoned and halved cherries. When mixture begins to set, add stiffly beaten egg whites and whip up. Pour into wet mold and chill. Decorate with whole cherries, and if desired, whipped cream. Preserved peaches, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, pineapple or any "put up" fruit may also be used.*
*This recipe makes one-half mold or five individual servings and uses only one-quarter of a box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

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Decorations by M. T. and T. M. Bowen

The Scale of Good Health

How to Keep Your Family Well by the Right Food in the Right Combinations

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

A MUSICAL genius, be he violinist, pianist, or singer, is one who has a wonderful understanding of the proper combinations of notes in the scale of music. He is held in great reverence because he has developed this power far beyond that of the average person, and can serve food for the soul in such numerous and delicate ways.

To reach this exalted plane he has worked, worked, often for years or even a life-time. He thinks nothing of putting weeks, or even months, into developing a single tone or chord; but when at last it is perfected and swells forth on his instrument, it carries a thrill that electrifies the world—and another genius is born.

The genius of the home is the housewife. Without her to keep the body in tune, the scale of good health becomes but a gigantic discord, "blue notes" appear at every turn, the concerto of life becomes the wheezy hurdy-gurdy of unhappiness, and our timid friend Harmony is lost in the maze of human ills. So constituted is the human organism that many and many a day's work and pleasures may be suspended by nothing more than the tiny thread of a stomach-ache.

Never before in the world's history has this genius been accorded such universal recognition. She was justly typified in the slogan "The greatest mother in the world," and as "The guardian of the home trenches." With tears streaming down her face, but with a smile in her eyes she sent her boys away, sturdy, unbeatable champions of the costliest ideal in the memory of man. And now that they are coming back, what a great opportunity to continue even in a bigger, better way, the work in our homes, creating instead of "cannon fodder" the leaders and workers of an ideal civilization.

Many a mother has been astonished and puzzled to find that her son in the service has gained in weight and vigor. In most cases she has attributed it to the fresh air, or the exercise, and in part this is true, but the food that Uncle Sam supplies his boys is largely responsible. Many mothers have been inconsolable over the short sugar ration, or that pie and cake were tabu, never realizing that "good feeding" is largely dependent on "proper combining, and that as a combiner, Uncle Sam is a past master.

Combining the notes of the scale of good health toward the production of Harmony in the home is a work to which every homemaker in the land should bend her utmost energies. She need not be discouraged by the burned potato nor by the inharmony of a doughy pie-crust, nor yet by the "barber-shop chord" of the bride's first biscuits — these are but stepping-stones on which she may rise to the very heights.

And what are those heights? The keen satisfaction and happiness which comes with the knowledge that by means of good cookery and proper food combinations, she has instilled into the family good health of mind, body, and soul. The joy which comes to the mother as she listens to the music of her gurgling, healthy babe, or to the overflowing, exuberant shouts of her older, growing boys and girls, or, probably best of all, the joy of meeting her smiling husband at the door, who comes in full of "pep" and life and to whom the phrase "as hungry as a bear" is the most expressive in our language.

RECENTLY, while on a lecture tour, I talked in the auditorium of one of our great prisons. After the lecture one of the inmates, a boy of seeming gentle character, asked the privilege of telling me his story that I might "pass it along." He told me that his father was a well-to-do lawyer, too busy to give him any attention. His mother was a progressive woman, so occupied with her clubs and church work that she had no time to plan the meals; the cook did it. The food was not well combined, and like every child who is not adequately nourished, he was always hungry. So he "filled up" at the candy-store. Every penny he could get went for sweets.

Presently he could not get nearly enough pennies. He ran up an account, and when the grocer threatened to collect from his father, the boy was frightened, and stole the money to pay the bill. It was the easiest way he had ever secured money. From that day on his downward path was clearly marked. At fifteen he ran away and became a professional thief. At twenty-one, while robbing a house, he was seen, shot at the owner and killed him. Now, he is "in for life."

Who belongs there, the boy or the *progressive* mother?

"Further, Mrs. Allen," the matron later said to me, "*Fully half of our inmates suffered from malnutrition in childhood, and many of these came from homes where there was no lack of money.*"

In a city in New York State some months ago, I visited the so-called "best" grocery-store. On its shelves were lined up the most lurid array of coal-tar-dyed canned fruits, and the most appalling lot of drug-preserved vegetables that I have ever seen. They sold at exorbitant prices and were "imported."

"Why do I carry them?" the grocer asked. "Because my customers, *the best people in the city, demand them.*" The women of these households knew so little about the food for their families that they didn't inquire what they were being fed.

In a town in southern Ohio my audience of twelve hundred women was strangely unresponsive, They nudged and whispered, or openly talked. I assumed that I must be talking to pro-Germans, and dealt with the situation in that way. I learned afterward that the audience, which was made up largely of well - to - do people, *thought that the study of home economics belonged only to the poor.*

Later, in Pennsylvania, I told the story of Mary and Martha, and suggested that all of Mary's prayers and all of Mary's tears would have been useless if Martha had not been there to get the dinner (for the Christ was hungry). I said further, that it is time our churches took up the teaching of home economy and proper feeding; for the greatest spiritual development is impossible without adequate bodily nourishment. Each remark was audibly combated by the wife of one of the ministers, who finally registered her disapproval by flouncing out of the auditorium.

From college-bred heights, and from the pinnacle of our social scale many are apt to pity the "poor" woman who spends her money with economy; who does her own wholesome cooking; whose whole life is bound up in the desire to translate vegetables, meats; fruits—all foods—into living, vital health.

But what can be more unintelligent than the mother who neglects her child for her club and "charities;" than the housekeeper who delegates her buying to ignorant servants; than the well-to-do woman of to-day who does not know the meaning of the term "home economics;" or than the church-woman whose religion is so narrow that it can not include the care of the body?

GREAT physicians have said that fifty per cent. of our ills come as a result of poor food and incorrect feeding, and as Dr. Eliacu said to me to-day, "No one can tell how many more sicknesses develop as a direct result of poorly-cooked, tainted, or otherwise bad food" When Pandora opened the box and let loose all those ills, she did no more than many a housewife is doing three times a day.

On what does intelligent selection depend? It depends upon the knowledge of the type of foods needed by the various component parts that make up the body. It depends upon the knowledge of the type of food fitted to replace the body waste in various occupations. It depends upon a knowledge of each different food and its mission in the body.

All this sounds difficult? It is nothing in the world that can not be mastered by any housekeeper. Its basis is but the physiology given in your child's school-book. Its application needs only common sense, and *love for your family to make you persevere.*

Here I might stop to talk about the balanced ration I might explain that this means merely the combination of the right foods into meals so that the scale of supply and demand may be balanced in the body. I might go on to talk about calories, and trouble you with a bit of arithmetic, but why stop to do this? Adequate

Photographs by G. W. Harting

The Well-nourished Children of To-day will be the Strong Men and Women of To-morrow

food combinations do not absolutely depend upon a knowledge of calories.

Whenever I talk about calories, I am always reminded of a woman in West Virginia who was much disappointed because I did not shroud a lecture in chemical terms. I invited her to stay, promising all the chemistry that she might desire. But after the briefest discussion, her only question was, "Mrs. Allen, will you please tell me how long I should boil my tea?" After all are not many of us like the child who cries because he can not have the moon! So we are leaving calories out, knowing that if a well-rounded diet is chosen the calories will take care of themselves.

Just as eight notes comprise the scale of music, eight factors must be considered in the scale of foods. And just as the notes of music may be combined to produce harmony, or discord, just so may also the notes of food be combined to promote harmony or discord in the body. If a composer wishes to write an appealing composition he does not attempt to limit himself to but one or two notes. If he did this, monotony would kill his composition.

In a like manner, if meals are planned around but one or two of the eight factors, the diet is not only monotonous, but slow starvation must result. Just as certain notes in music are used more than others, certain food factors are used more frequently than others in making up the combinations for the perfect menu.

And what are these food factors, and in what proportion should they appear in the meal? This may best be explained by a simple table.

I

Foods that primarily build muscle—the Proteins—Choose ONE for each meal.

Eggs, fish, dried peas, dried beans, lentils, milk, skimmed milk, peanut butter, nuts, dairy and cottage cheese, game, beef, lean pork, mutton, lamb, poultry, veal, and all dishes made only of any one or more of these foods in predominance. Examples, milk soups, cocoa made with milk, Welsh rabbit, hash, nut loaf, and so on.

II

Foods that primarily supply fuel—the Starches—Choose TWO for each meal.

White and sweet potatoes, all cereals, all breads, whether quick or made with yeast, crackers, macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, all starchy vegetables—as the dasheen, the beet, carrots, and so on, bananas, all puddings, with a basis of bread-crumbs, corn-starch, tapioca, cereals, and so on.

III

Foods that primarily supply condensed energy—the Sweets—Choose ONE for each meal

Plain sugar as served in coffee and with cereals, frostings, candies, preserves and jellies, honey, maple-sirup, molasses, sorghum, corn-sirups, cookies, cakes, sweet puddings, ices, ice-creams, and other sweet foods. Also very sweet stewed fruit.

IV

Foods that primarily supply reserve force—the Fats—Choose TWO for each meal.

Butter, margarin, peanut butter, cream, olive-oil, and all other salad-oils, very fat ham or pork, very fat fish, salt pork, bacon, sausages, all cream sauces containing cream, full cream cheese, ripe olives, all salad dressings made with oil, rich gravies, rich pastry, most nuts, sweet chocolate, hot chocolate, ice-cream, mousses, parfaits, and Bavarian creams made with cream, all puddings and cakes, containing an appreciable amount of fat, as suet pudding, pound cake and so on, and all foods cooked in fat, whether it be lard or a vegetable-oil.

V

Foods that primarily supply minerals and acids—the Tonics—Choose at least ONE for each meal.

All fresh or dehydrated green vegetables, as cabbage, cucumbers, celery, eggplant, all greens and all salad plants, rhubarb, and all fresh and dried fruits, except bananas. All fruit drinks, fruit gelatins, fruit ices, and canned fruits, and all undesatured cereals.

VI

Foods that primarily supply bulk—the Cleansers—Choose ONE or more for each meal.

All the above Tonic foods, all the coarse

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

A wholesome vegetable cooking fat for fastidious people

TO CALL Crisco "fat" is a misnomer—the word suggests so many things that Crisco *is not*. The limitations of the English language compel us to use it for the moment, however, so that women who are not already cooking with Crisco may know that it is intended for the same purposes as lard and butter.

Crisco is a pure, solidified, white cream of edible vegetable oils. It performs perfectly every ordinary cooking duty formerly entrusted to animal fats. Crisco, however, is more economical and more delicate than either lard or cooking butter and has none of their objectionable features.

Crisco is *not greasy*—here, perhaps, is the real secret of Crisco's lasting popularity with the millions of women who have used it for years.

Crisco is *tasteless*. It imposes no flavor of its own upon anything that is cooked with it. Users of Crisco get the full food flavors that Nature intended they should have. Yet here is a remarkable fact—add salt to Crisco, use it in cake, and you have the real butter taste at only half of butter cost.

Crisco is *odorless*. It cannot offend the most fastidious.

Crisco is *economical*—on account of its low cost, because so little is required, and because it keeps sweet indefinitely. Never a particle of Crisco has to be wasted.

We only urge you to try Crisco ONCE—you'll buy it ever after of your own accord.

Crisco comes in this air-tight sanitary package:

Get it at your grocer's. One pound or more, net weight.

A Book That Helps Housewives—Over a hundred recipes for economical and appetizing foods made without lard or butter are contained in Janet McKenzie Hill's book, "The Whys of Cooking." Through this work the editor of American Cookery and founder of the Boston Cooking School is of everyday assistance to every woman for she handles the many little problems of successful housekeeping and good cooking in a way any one can understand. Get this book. It is illustrated in color. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department N-4, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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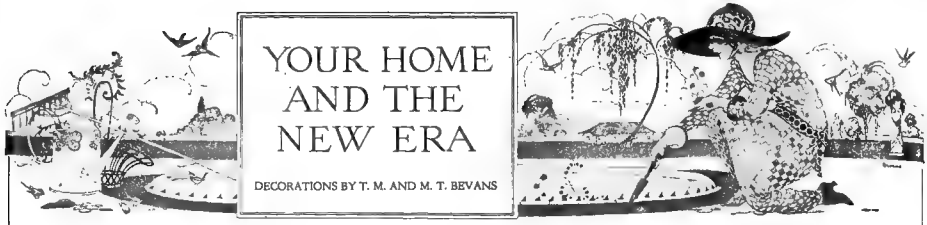

DECORATIONS BY T. M. AND M. T. BEVANS

I HAVE A GARDEN

What It Gives Me in Wealth, Health and Happiness all the Year Round

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

WHEN the war garden fervor first developed in the Spring of 1916, one of my city acquaintances approached me at a Club meeting and said with enthusiasm,

"And of course you, being in the country, are raising a bigger garden this year and raising more."

"No," I retorted, coolly. "I am not."

"But why not?" she demanded. "You ought to."

Because we always have raised all we could eat," I replied, "war or no war."

And we did and we do, and why any one needs a war to induce her to garden is a mystery to me. I have gardened now for some seventeen years and I still regard it as one of the most fascinating sports a human being ever entered into. Mind you, I mean just that. I go into it just as I would into a game, for it *is* a game and a game that takes hard playing. Wind and weather and bugs and drought and some times the sun himself are against you and your own intelligence and industry are all you have to beat the combination with. Always I win out—in the main. But I haven't got strawberries growing to suit me yet and I have that fight to begin again this Spring and I intend to beat them this time—the despicable things (for growing, of course, not for eating).

That paragraph gives you just the idea of my garden. It is my inspiration, my recreation, and my joy. I can see some seasoned countrywoman smile as she reads this and visualizes a garden about the size of a dining-room table. Madam, you are mistaken. My garden is about one-fourth of an acre and as nearly all the work is done by hand and at least half of it by me, I know what muscular effort means. I happen to like it. The other half is done by my husband, who says he does not like it. But, as I told him when I was planning this article, I do not believe him. For altho he grumbles a good deal at times when the work urges, still the fact remains that only yesterday he began planning an alteration that meant, oh, such a lot of labor, just to have the garden look better, and I leave it to any one why a man who does not like gardening would, voluntarily, propose a thing like that?

As a matter of fact my husband likes gardening better every year as he understands it better, which is the history of most gardeners. I began some five years ahead of him and am farther along.

We have a big garden, but I want no one to think that I despise the dining-room table size. My own first garden was about like that, but I had almost forgotten about it this year when my sister for the first time in her life had space enough for a garden. As an expert I was written to for a consultation and I planned forthwith a diagram of a nice little garden with a good succession of crops, sent on a beginner's garden book and thought no more of the garden. In the Fall when I visited my sister they were just finishing up late beets and tomatoes. My sister, her daughter, and particularly her husband, all took occasion to speak with pride about the success of this, their first garden. After a time I was moved to inspect the garden. And when I looked at it, a tiny corner of a yard between two garages, I stood there and laughed.

The Dining-Room-Table Size

"IS THIS what you are so proud of?" I asked, "this tiny thing?"

"Why I told you how big it was when you planned it," retorted my sister. "And I can just tell you we have had lots and lots of stuff from it and we think it's great."

I apologized promptly. I should have known better. For gardening is gardening, be it on a lot the size of my sister's, which is some sixteen by eighteen feet, or on a plot the size of my own. The love of working in the soil, the joy of watching the miracle of growth, these are just as possible in the small garden as in the big one.

Never yet have I been able to get any one owning a garden to admit that it did not pay, except the people who "garden" from the front porch and pay the hired man for doing the work. Any one who works her own garden believes it pays, believes this firmly and heartily and you might just as well give up trying to prove anything else. In actual fact, most gardens do pay and pay well in three-fold measure, the "three" of the fold being a quite extraordinary payment. My garden, like most, pays a big actual profit. Every year I spend so much for seed, fertilizer, and preliminary ploughing and harrowing. My returns are, I should think, ten times that amount. But that, of course, allows nothing for our labor. We can not count that and come out ahead, as we are high-priced persons to do gardening. But I, at least, do not want to count my labor. There isn't anything which I know of to which I can put my time that repays me as well in health, in spirits, and in satisfaction. So I figure that I "make" the difference between the selling-price of my crops and the cost of seed, fertilizer, and hired labor. This "making" is considerable and this is the "making" that most home gardeners will count. I live on my garden all the year round.

I begin in the Spring with lettuce and radishes and peas and spinach, run on with beans and young carrots and beets and cabbage and corn and Lima beans as the season grows, supplementing for sake of variety from the two hundred odd jars I always can and in Winter from stored root crops such as beets, carrots, and salsify—celery, too. There is mighty little buying of vegetables in our house and we have had as many as sixteen varieties on hand at once, so that we do not suffer from monotony of diet.

It Pays a Big Profit

I FIGURE, then, that my garden produces actual financial returns worth consideration by any one who has some spare time and who wants to keep her muscles young. How little this financial return is generally recognized is evidenced, or was evidenced before the war, by the number of suburban houses and even country houses without gardens.

The children—that brings up a garden question. The war has interested children in gardens more than ever before and some training in the understanding of agriculture is becoming more and more a part of our school system. The old prejudice against gardening, which my husband solemnly assures me still clings to him from the days of the hateful weeding of his boyhood, ought to vanish because intelligent gardening is a very different thing from "weeding."

Of course, if you tell John, Jr., to go out and weed a row of onions when he is set upon going fishing or ball-playing he will not like it, but neither will he like anything you tell him to do. If John, through instruction at school or at home, comes to understand as every intelligent gardener comes to understand the need of onions to be weeded at particular time, he will weed the onions. This being the peskiest job of all, I have no notion that John will rush to it with shouts of joy, but you and he can get out and vanquish that host of weeds with the light of battle in your eyes while the fishing waits. If you do not believe me, skeptical mother, I give you my word that I have known boys who would do this, but I must admit that they were boys who had been carefully trained to understand gardening. They understood how things grow; they had planted beans and peas in sawdust and dug them up and replanted them daily to see what was going on underground.

They knew all the friendly worms and bugs and the bugs that were thieves and robbers; they knew "good" birds from "bad" birds and they revered toads as the receptacles of whole battalions of pesky insects. I have known boys to forage an entire neighborhood for toads, to collect them in bags and to tenderly deposit the bewildered animals in their gardens, certain that they had gotten ahead of the bugs by this method.

If you are going to have your children love to garden you will have to know such things and be full of them as you work with the children.

For one reason John, Jr., will not like to garden is because it is a lonesome job. If you work with him it makes a difference not to be supressed, particularly if you run races in the weeding game with marked rest spots at certain points. Your back will ache, probably—yes. I wonder how many women have told me of that backache. Every time I listen to the oft-repeated tale, I wonder at the indiscretion of the talebearers. For a backache is an admission of old age.

Did your back ache if you danced the night through—when you were young? Did your joints ache or our backs (or rather your joints *and* your back, for I am not going to admit that mine ever ache and honestly they hardly ever do) ache ten or fifteen or twenty years ago? What if your back does ache? It is not a killing matter.

Any One Who Works
Her Own Garden Believes It Pays

GARDENING is one of the few sports in which you are unlikely to overdo. You will get tired and stop long before you are utterly worn out, unless you are a very unusual person. And if your back does ache and your knee joints creak like hinges on doors that need oiling, you need not be alarmed except on one point. That is that you have had unused muscles so long that you need reminding of their existence. When you are thoroughly broken in you will be astounded to find that you can "stand" things you had never dreamed you could "stand."

If you begin work early, in the Spring the sun will get hot without your noticing much, you will get over Spring fever, catch your second wind, thaw out in Summer heat and find you can bend and stoop, do actual hard physical labor and handle dirt, without repugnance. You will be astonished to find your stiffened muscles, rigid long before their time, growing flexible, your joints becoming supple, until you can sit crosslegged on the floor and rise with as much ease as your young daughter.

If you do not find that a garden "pays" in this particular way; if you do not find that control of one's body and the strength to use it without fatigue, for you will come to the time when you do not get tired, is "pay," then stop gardening.

Vegetables as Sweet as Candy

THERE are no vegetables as delicious as home-grown vegetables. This is not a sentimental fallacy, it is a scientific fact. A fresh vegetable is the only good vegetable and no one who has not eaten corn picked and cooked immediately has any notion of how good corn can be. No one knows peas and beans and Lima beans unless she has eaten them the day of picking. A tomato ripened on the vine is superior in flavor and texture to one picked green. This fact accounts in large measure for the popularity of little gardens. No matter how small, they have managed to produce enough to give to their caretakers the reward of this wonderful delicious freshness which has hitherto been unknown to them. Seasonings and sauces have to be used by city folk who have to buy sweated vegetables on the stands, but who wants even butter on freshly picked young peas? Why, we eat them raw while picking, and they taste like candy, and we never have indigestion—while we garden!

I have shown the three-fold return, have I not? A garden means more money to spend, more delicious and appetizing meals and the "three" of the fold, an immense improvement in your physical well-being. There is another accompaniment of gardening difficult to put into words. I might try to state baldly that there is a spiritual return in the raising of peas, beans, and corn, I think you might smile. So I dare not. What I want to urge upon you, particularly upon those of you who have not gardened with your own hands until your muscles have ceased from aching, is to just try it and see. Often after I have dragged myself down row upon row setting cabbages, I stand up and look at the result and I understand exactly what the thirty-first verse of the first Chapter of Genesis means. For the rows upon rows that have come into life at your touch seem really a part of your own creation, a real addition to the world, and not even the baking of a supreme pumpkin pie can make you feel like that. For then you but do over materials some one else produced. But in gardening you have helped in the original making!

This article has a moral. I think that you must have found it by this time. I have carefully refrained from saying anything about the food needs of the world this year of 1919. You know about that. You know that every ounce of food you can supply to yourself through the medium of a garden means that much more on the market for some one who needs it to buy. You know that with a world peace and every one working hard it will take more than one year to replace what the war of four years has taken from us. I might have written an entire article on this. But I did not want to. Still, if the matter I have discussed means nothing to you; if you are not convinced that you will be richer in purse and body and mind because you get to work and make things grow, then consider the food need of the world. Have a garden because of this. Next year I shall not need to convince you of the other things, you will have seen the beginnings of them for yourself. But have a garden.

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For Easter Breakfast—

This ham of finest flavor

On Easter morning how briskly everyone comes down to breakfast, with eager appetite!

And how perfect, then, is a savory breakfast of Swift's Premium Ham! For the texture of this ham is delicately tender, and its especially long, slow cure has given it an unusual sweetness of flavor.

When you see the Swift's Premium wrapper and brand you are sure of getting this delicious, skillfully-cured ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

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FLORENCE

OIL COOK STOVES

Watching the Goodies

DINNER'S 'most ready: The still small voice of hunger brings the little housewife to the base of supplies. Mother is resting while dinner is cooking. But the Florence Oil Cook Stove is on the job. Its powerful burners are furnishing the right degree of heat, just where it is needed, close under the cooking. No fear that the oil supply is running short; you only have to glance at the bull's eye in the tank. The glass door in the oven shows that the pudding is browning just right.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove is built for kitchen service. It has powerful burners which can be easily regulated to any degree of heat. No guess work as to how much heat you are getting, just turn the lever to the degree indicated on the dial. No smoky wicks to clean, for the asbestos kindlers make them unnecessary. Easy to run and easy to keep clean. Complete directions accompany each stove and any woman can easily fix any part of her Florence Automatic Stove and keep it always ready for use.

The Florence Portable oven has the baker's arch which insures good, even baking. The Florence Tank Water Heater, burning oil, will supply you with hot water for kitchen and bathroom.

Send for the Home Canning and Drying edition of the Household Helper, which tells you how to can by the cold packed method and how to dry fruits and vegetables using a Florence Oil Stove equipment. It is gladly mailed free upon request.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 194 School St., Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Ontario

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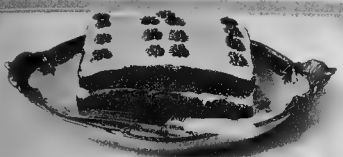
DISHES MEN LIKE

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

IF "The way to a man's heart" is not "through his stomach," this course is certainly the right one to his good humor. When planning the special dish that will please his highness, choose something substantial and serve it in generous portions. He will be sure to like any one of these recipes.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CAKE



CREAM one-half cupful of butter-substitute with one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of corn-syrup, add the yolks of five eggs well beaten, three squares of unsweetened chocolate melted in five tablespoonfuls of hot strong coffee, one and three-fourths cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one-half cupful of cold water and whites of three of the eggs stiffly beaten. Bake in two square layers.

NOODLES AND TOMATO SAUCE

COOK two cupfuls of dried noodles in plenty of boiling salted water rapidly for thirty minutes, then drain and put into a greased fire-proof dish with two tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute, one and one-half cupful of tomato sauce, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Sprinkle with cheese and bake.

ORANGE, DATE, AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

LINE a salad-bowl with crisp lettuce-leaves. Fill the bowl with shredded pineapple, orange sections, and stoned dates or preserved cherries. Chill and serve with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard and to which one-half cupful of whipped cream has been added.

SWEET POTATO PIE

BOIL one pound of sweet potatoes until soft, then peel them and force them through a potato-ricer; add one-half cupful of butter-substitute, three-fourths cupful of sugar or honey, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, three eggs beaten separately, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, and one-half cupful of milk. Bake in a pastry-lined pie-plate. Serve cold with whipped cream.

"Mother said I could"

The little ones think Hydrox Chocolate Biscuits a food right out of fairyland. The older ones enjoy them with scarcely less repressed enthusiasm. A box of

Hydrox

Chocolate Biscuits

fills many a need for light refreshment, or dainty and wholesome dessert. They add to the daintiness of the service and the enjoyment of the course.

Sunshine Biscuits

Look for this Display Rack

Hydrox Chocolate Biscuits are two delicious chocolate flavored wafers enclosing a generous center of vanilla cream.

There are ample varieties of Sunshine Biscuits to harmonize with any menu and with any course. Make your selection from the Sunshine Rack at your grocer's.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Branches in over 100 cities

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MOTHER AND BABY

DECORATIONS BY T. M. AND M. T. BEVANS

Pictorial Review Mother Club

Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

AT THREE months, the average healthy baby begins to repay his mother for the suffering and anxiety of child-bearing. The mother should have regained her strength and normal capacity for enjoyment, and the child should be so well established in health and habits that he is a source of joy rather than of worry.

During the first two months the inexperienced mother, in particular, watches nervously every slight change in her baby. An attack of vomiting, unusual pallor or listlessness, even a sudden contraction of the features as he sleeps will fill her with alarm. Her baby seems so fragile a bit of humanity! The family physician makes so light of "symptoms" which terrorize her! She does so wish that Baby could tell where it hurts or how he feels!

But during the third month he begins to fill out in muscle and flesh, to attain a certain physical firmness which banishes vague fears, and to behave generally as if he intended to remain on this sphere which at first he regarded with considerable suspicion and disapproval.

So start the third month of your baby's life with the determination to enjoy him and to follow his development with keen pleasure. For let me whisper a little secret to the inexperienced mother. Do not put off until another period in his life the joy which you should find in him today. He will never be sweeter or more satisfying to your mother-heart.

From the moment he wakes, he will seem to take sudden, quick little steps away from Mother. Then come school-days, adolescence, the many interests of the modern child and youth, and you will look back crying, "Oh, why didn't I enjoy every minute of the first year or two when he was mine, all mine?"

Orators can talk unctuously about the magnificent service which mothers render their country and civilization in rearing fine children, but to you and to every other young mother, the great reward of motherhood is the contentment, the joy which comes in your daily life while the baby lies in your arms. So rather than the pose of motherhood while you may, while your baby cuddles against your breast, while his fingers twine clingingly around yours, while his sweetest smiles are for you, while you come first in his life.

During this third month, your baby will do many things for the first time. He will follow a light, even a sunbeam peeping through curtains, with his bright eyes. He will turn his head to follow new sounds. He will purse up his lips in adorable expression. His fingers will cling to yours, and as the end of the month rolls around, if he is feeling quite well and strong, he will smile when properly approached with cooing words or when chucked under the chin.

This charming development invites attention, but here your firmness is vitally important. In his third month, there is a time for him to be handled and a time for him to be let severely alone. The latter fills the greater part of the day.

When to Rest and When to Play

HE MUST not be played with after being fed. Your hard and fast rule is to lay him down to sleep immediately after he nurses. If he is fed regularly on the three-hour schedule, he may waken ten or even fifteen minutes before feeding-time, to be changed and made comfortable. Having changed him, you can cuddle and talk to him a few minutes before feeding him. The bathing-hour is another good time for cuddling and cooing, and as I have often said before in this department, from six weeks on a baby should have a regular play-hour. This does not mean being tossed about, tickled, or handled by many persons, but a play-period suited to his age and endurance. In a room with a temperature of not less than 75 degrees Fahrenheit, he should be allowed to play on a bed, wearing only his binder and shirt. The bed may be protected by a pad of rubber sheet, covered with a soft blanket or comfort which has been warmed. At first, he will lie without moving, studying his surroundings. Then he will discover that, without diapers and skirts, he can move his legs more easily and he will kick vigorously. Then he brings arms into motion, and during this play-hour he is very apt to discover his fists—and bite them!

At first, allow four or five minutes for this exercise, finishing it by gently rubbing the back and buttocks before dressing him for the night. If constipated, rub the abdomen also, using olive-oil. Gradually you can increase the play-hour until at seven or eight months he exercises fifteen minutes. We found that PICTORIAL REVIEW "Junior," my little grandson, slept much better at night after we had established the play-period. This might have been due to the exercise which tired him, or to the rubbing which soothed him.

Never play with your baby in the night, no matter how enticing he may be. Night is the time for sleep, and the more quickly this idea is impressed on a baby's mind, the more sure is his family of a good night's rest.

Another delightful feature of baby's life during the third month is the privilege of dressing him in some of the dainty garments which you prepared with such pains. Until he is eight weeks old, he needs little beside diaper, band, shirt, flannel Gertrude, and wrapper of outing-flannel, nightgown, or very plain slip. Now you can bring out the pretty slips, the tiny kimonos all scalloped and embroidered, the padded bibs, the cunning socks to wear under the bootees. And, as he will now have a daily outing, he will need the bonnet, cloak, mittens, and carriage-robe which you have been so impatient to use.

The Truth about the Flannel Binder

SPEAKING of clothes, this is the time when your mind should discard the flannel binder which you have been sewing or pinning around the abdomen for the knitted binder with shoulder-straps which is worn under the shirt. Many mothers have asked for my opinion concerning the idea recently advanced that the binder is unnecessary. I do not like to question modern methods of baby-care, but the theory held by many successful baby-specialists is that—Sudden chilling of the intestines will cause various serious ailments. Wool absorbs moisture and prevents sudden chilling. Therefore, a binder of flannel cloth or knitted material next to the abdomen is a safeguard

The chief objection to the binder is the tendency of some nurses and mothers to adjust it so snugly that it makes the baby uncomfortable and actually interferes with the digestion. If you will realize that the true function of the binder is to protect the entire digestive tract from sudden chill and not to press the navel into position, this important garment will not hurt your baby nor make him uncomfortable. In our changeable climate, I would certainly advise a mother to keep a knitted band with shoulder-straps on her baby until after his second Summer. Over this can be worn a very light gauze belt, but—protect the abdomen from chill.

Another question frequently asked by mothers is, "How should I dress my baby for his outing?"

The answer depends upon climate and weather. Just as an adult is dressed to meet changing temperature, so should a baby be protected sanely and differently. In severely cold weather, a baby of any age should wear a well-padded cloak, bonnet, and thumbless mittens, and a light, but warm robe should be tucked around his little body. Unless the day is intensely cold, the face may be exposed to the air, but shielded from wind that would chill it.

Pictorial Review "Junior" Is Quite a Boy

When the baby has a tender skin, it is best to rub the face with cold-cream before taking him outdoors. This is particularly true if the baby takes long naps on a porch or in a sheltered corner of the yard.

Speaking of caps, a crocheted or knitted bonnet done in an open pattern should be lined with soft silk. Unlined, it is no better for the baby than a cap of lawn or any other thin material.

Except in very warm weather, a baby's clothing should not be shortened at three months.

The shorter dresses and skirts leave his legs exposed before he is old enough to withstand the changes of temperature found in different rooms of the average American house.

To test whether your baby is properly dressed, watch for perspiration. If he is in a constant state of perspiration, the clothing is too heavy. His flesh should be moist, but it should not be dripping with perspiration.

An item of clothing which requires particular attention at this time is diapers. Young babies are chronically wet, and sometimes the mother in her effort to protect the bedding, his coach, her own clothing, and even the baby himself from chill, turns to water-proof diapers. These are intended for use upon occasions. They are especially good to put on over the other cotton diapers when baby goes visiting or is shown off when company comes. They were never intended to be worn at all times. Every sane mother wants to keep her baby cool and comfortable.

Let Baby Fall Asleep without Rocking

MANY mothers successfully use the three-cornered garments made of a material resembling Turkish toweling which will absorb considerable water before allowing it to reach the other clothing.

A danger-point in this stage of development is the habit so easily acquired of pushing him in his buggy until he goes to sleep. Walking through city parks, I often see young nurse girls shoving the buggy back and forth, or shaking it gently, while they read or carry on an interesting conversation. This system of soothing a baby to sleep outdoors makes trouble at home, for he soon refuses to doze off in his crib, and demands the rocking of his carriage in the house.

As baby now seems quite a little stronger and safer to handle, you may entrust his changing, feeding, or outing to other members of the family. Warn them earnestly to support his head and back. He should not sit up even with support for at least another month. When changing the position from knee or bed to shoulder be sure to support his tiny back and neck, with a firm hand.

This is the month when your baby should be especially safeguarded against Spring colds. The cold-germ may reach him through a member of the family, or by floating and thriving on impure air. Allow no one with a cold to handle your baby, let alone kiss him. If you have a cold and must still minister to his needs, wear a mask over your nose and mouth. This mask can be purchased at any drug-store or you can make it of sterile gauze and a light layer of absorbent cotton.

Further protect your precious baby by giving him pure air to breathe. No matter how inclement the weather outdoors, keep his nursery supplied with fresh air by dropping the window from the top and raising it from the bottom to insure perfect circulation. A screen placed round the baby's crib will protect him from drafts and should be a feature of every nursery.

THE most important and reliable indication of your baby's growth and development is his weight. If he weighed 7½ lbs. at birth and has gained properly, he should weigh between 9 and 9½ lbs. when three months old. If he has fallen very much below this standard, have a doctor look him over and decide why he is not gaining as a healthy baby should. And remember that you can not decide this question of weight unless you weigh him in exactly the same scales and in the same condition each time. Once a week, line your scales with the same warm woolen cloth or shawl, then strip the baby and weigh him in a room of 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Do not have one cloth or shawl in the scale one week and another the next week. Neither weigh him one time without a shirt or diaper and leave on this garment for the next weighing. Be accurate, because if you call a doctor for any cause, his first request will be for the baby's weight-chart.

By the way, have you a PICTORIAL REVIEW weight-chart? If not, sign the registration coupon on this page and receive a chart without charge

Last month we talked about colic as the most common ailment of Baby's second month. Doctors agree that the most frequent trouble of the third month is constipation. Thousands of babies come into the world with digestions in fine condition, and for a month or more the bowel-movements are normal and regular. Then "something happens." Mother discovers that Baby is constipated and decides that he needs medical attention. The "something" is usually a slight change in food, and attention to diet, not medicine, is needed.

Send for this Helpful Little Leaflet

FOR nursing-babies suffering with constipation, we have prepared a special leaflet, which will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelop. Ask for the leaflet on "Treatment of Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months of Age."

Until she receives this leaflet, I would urge the nursing-mother to avoid laxatives for either herself or for baby. If the mother is constipated, she should drink more water between meals, at least two quarts in twenty-four hours, taken slowly, not gulped down.

If Mother's constipation is accompanied by indigestion and heartburn, she should start the day by drinking a cup of very hot water, to which she may add a little baking-soda.

Her diet should include much fruit, fresh and stewed, which may be eaten with each meal and as often between meals as convenience and purse will permit. The more vegetables eaten the better, provided they agree with both mother and child. Malted milk should be substituted for plain cow's milk. Boiled milk must be avoided, also soups made from milk and thickened with flour.

Do not give small babies cathartics except under the orders of a doctor. The re-action from castor-oil is increased constipation. This drug is ordered by physicians only when illness makes it necessary to cleanse the digestive tract quickly. Given once a week or every few days it will simply increase the constipation and cause the baby much suffering. The same objection holds with proprietary cathartics. They will not correct the condition of digestion which causes constipation, and they weaken the power of the bowels to move of their own accord. During the period when you are trying to correct constipation through diet, the safest laxative for a young baby is milk of magnesia, one teaspoonful in breast-milk, pumped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB

REGISTRATION BLANK

Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

April, '19

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fresh
THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL COMPANY
For all cooking
SNOWDRIFT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Pure vegetable shortening
GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME AND FREE FROM ADULTERATION

SNOWDRIFT

Do *you* know how much better shortening *is* when it is really *fresh?*

vegetable shortening

Snowdrift is pure, rich, vegetable fat—white and sweet and fresh.

Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say "sweet" cream. Snowdrift is fresh—as you use the word to describe new-laid eggs. You know how much nicer eggs and butter and cream are when they are fresh. Did you ever stop to think that *all* shortening is fat, and is just as much better when *it* is fresh, too?

In its new air-tight package Snowdrift is sweet and fresh when you open it in your own kitchen.

After it is opened Snowdrift "keeps" just as well and as long as any other shortening. Its advantage is that it is fresh when you start to use it. Its air-tight package protects its purity and freshness, as no other package could, while it is on its way to your grocer and from your grocer's store to you.

This freshness makes a great difference. Try Snowdrift and see if you don't agree.

Your grocer has it or can quickly get it for you.

As you open the package you see why it was named Snowdrift. This whiteness is a symbol of its purity. Snowdrift *is* as pure and clean as it looks.

Snowdrift is rich, vegetable fat and nothing else. If you have never cooked with vegetable shortening before, the Food Administration has done you a service in suggesting that you try it.

As you use Snowdrift you will be pleased with its creaminess. It doesn't get too hard in winter or too soft in summer. We are proud of Snowdrift's "texture," as we call it. You will find it a delicate shortening—as you speak of "delicate" cake.

Perhaps Snowdrift won't really make you a better cook, but the family are likely to think so because Snowdrift makes everything taste a little better and cost a little less.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
120 Broadway, New York

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Baby's Start in Life

BABY'S start in life depends on how the prospective mother guards her sacred charge.

At this time the proper corset is of vital importance. No ordinary corset will answer, and many corsets sold as Maternity garments are far from scientifically designed.

The Ferris Maternity Corset is the result of forty years' experience in corset manufacture—it gives just the proper support to mother and child, hygienic comfort and graceful, concealing lines.

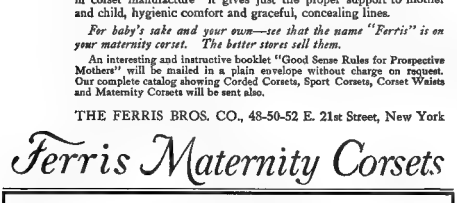
For baby's sake and your own—see that the name "Ferris" is on your maternity corset. The better stores sell them.

An interesting and instructive booklet "Good Sense Rules for Prospective Mothers" will be mailed in a plain envelope without charge on request. Our complete catalog showing Corded Corsets, Sport Corsets, Corset Waists and Maternity Corsets will be sent also.

THE FERRIS BROS. CO., 48-50-52 E. 21st Street, New York

Ferris Maternity Corsets

Which Bottle Will Your Baby Nurse?



This one which was the cause of the child nearly dying?

Look for the name "Hygeia" on package, breast and food-cell

Or this one—invented by a Physician for his own baby?

The Old-Fashioned Nursing Bottle has a choked neck.	*The Hygeia Nursing Bottle has no neck at all.*
The choked neck of this bottle collects germs and seriously interferes with getting bottle clean—and safe.	*The Hygeia Nursing Bottle is as easily cleaned as a glass tumbler. It is safe for baby.*
If a brush on a wire be used to swab out the inside of a small neck—what keeps the brush clean?	*Hygeia needs no brush to clean inside—but you can get your fingers and a cloth in if you want to.*
Even mother's care in washing these bottles fails too often to prevent baby's illness. Nobody recommends this bottle. Ignorance, carelessness or a false economy alone accounts for it selling at all.	*The average servant can be trusted to keep a Hygeia clean. Physicians, nurses, druggists, thinking mothers recommend the Hygeia Nursing Bottle. Always ask your druggist for the Hygeia by name.*

Many physicians believe that the sole cause of summer complaint is the dirty nursing bottle.

Milk is one of the quickest known germ breeders. Millions of disease germs can develop in an hour in the tiniest milk-fleck. This pin-point of infection will instantly poison a bottle of the purest, cleanest, and highest grade milk.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE

Pictorial Review Mother Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

into a warm cup and given before the first feeding in the morning.

Be wary of enemas and suppositories. The baby who becomes dependent upon these for a daily bowel-movement will have weak muscles of the bowels in future years. Soap and glycerin suppositories irritate the colon, and if you must use suppositories while correcting the faulty diet of mother or child, ask your druggist for a reliable brand of gluten suppositories. If he has none in stock, we will be glad to recommend a brand prescribed quite generally by baby-specialists, and which you can order by mail. These soften gradually and do not irritate as much as suppositories which act more quickly.

So much for normal babies!

NOW, by urgent request of less fortunate mothers, we are presenting a few letters contributed by those whose babies started life under a heavy handicap. These experiences are offered in the hope that they may encourage mothers of exceptional babies; also because they show what remarkable things PICTORIAL REVIEW mothers can accomplish when the occasion arises.

Just read what this resourceful Californía member did!

"My baby came at six months two weeks, and as we were too far from any city to take him to an incubator, he was taken care of at home. I had lost two before he came, and so nearly lost him that I wish I might help some mother who has had my trouble.

"Every one said my baby would not live, but I said he would, and the doctor and I pulled him through. I had a nurse for two weeks only. I wrapped him in cotton and gave him oil baths twice a day for six weeks. He was too weak to nurse so I pumped my milk and fed it to him with a medicine-dropper. At first he took ½ oz. every hour. Then gradually he took a little more, until I would feed him every two hours during the day and every three hours during the night.

"When he was about six weeks old, he began taking milk from the bottle, but he would never take the breast, so my milk dried up at two months. After trying prepared foods that did not agree with him, we began giving him modified cow's milk and he did better right away. At three months he dropped his bottle at night and now sleeps all night without waking. He has never had colic and is as healthy and happy as can be. He weighs 9½ lbs. at birth, at ten weeks he had doubled his weight and now at eight months he weighs 13 lbs., which the doctor says is remarkable for the start he had.

"This is his daily schedule:

6.00 A. M.—Bottle—6 oz. milk.
7.00 A. M.—Bowel-movement and bath.
7.30 to 9.00 A. M.—Nap.
9.00 A. M.—Bottle.
10.00 A. M.—Orange-juice—2 teaspoonfuls.
10.00 to 12.00 Noon—Usually sleeps.
12 Noon—Bottle.
1.30 P. M.—Takes water in bottle.
2.00 to 2.30 P. M.—Play-time with mother.
3.00 P. M.—Bottle.
5.00 P. M.—Bottle and goes to bed.
8.30 P. M.—Part of a bottle, then sleeps all night.

"You see this is not exactly up to schedule yet, but he is still not quite a normal baby for his age, so I have to use my own judgment.

"MRS. F. P. A——, Geyserville, Cal."

IF YOU came out of the shadowy valley in which little children are born to find that your baby weighed only four pounds, how would you face the future?

Read how one of our members in Wisconsin solved her problem.

"Having always been delicate, I found it difficult to carry my baby through the prescribed time, and at the end of seven months I went down into the valley of death and came up triumphant, a mother! From the start, my baby was a weakling, a little 'blue baby,' weighing four pounds and measuring seventeen inches. She was so seriously injured at birth that it took a baby-specialist from another city six weeks to cure her.

"Despite all my efforts, I was unable to nurse her, and she was extremely nervous and weak, two facts which did not lighten my worries. But I passionately adored my baby, and pitting my love against all obstacles and wise (?) neighbors who declared I would never raise her, I set up a system by which I hoped to change the poor little mite into a real baby. After trying different foods which finally threw her into convulsions and very nearly blew out the little life even then only hanging by a thread, we put her on certified milk.

"And here PICTORIAL REVIEW came in with its good work, for altho our little one never took her food the same strength as 'Junior's,' still the articles were the most re-assuring and comforting I had read.

"Somewhere in this world I knew there were other mothers waging battles similar to mine, and if there were victory for them, surely there would be victory for me. Slowly our little one began to gain. People remarked 'My, what a change!' And now at twelve months, she is a lovely baby, weighs eighteen pounds, measures twenty-four inches in height, walks about holding our hands, says 'Mama,' has six teeth and is cutting two more.

"From the first, I kept her extremely quiet, would not permit her to be handled nor played with, and this method has won. So I say 'God bless PICTORIAL REVIEW'S Baby Department, which with love and common sense will win.'

"MRS. H. P——, Kenosha, Wis."

BECAUSE each year emphasizes the great truth that the child's rights start with proper pre-natal care, we want you to read this story of a mother who determined to give her second child a better start than she had given the first.

"My little boy is just two years old and my baby girl only 10 months, and how different they are in temperament! The older child is fretful, nervous, impatient, and always in trouble. Even when only two and three months, I always had to rock him to sleep and often, as he grew older, I had to stay by him for hours amusing him. I knew that he was in perfect health, for my doctor had told me he had never seen a more healthy child.

"I know now that I, alone, was responsible for his nervous tendency and had I guarded my own nerves better before his birth, all this would have been averted. During my first pregnancy I did not understand the necessity of keeping myself normal in mind or controlling my nerves. My husband is also of a highly nervous temperament, and things went wrong for me and the baby. During my next pregnancy, we both worked together to eliminate disagreeable things. I became more earnest and read books devoted to the care of babies. I watched myself, and my motto was, 'Think no bad thought; speak no harsh word.' I prayed daily for strength and patience, and we succeeded.

"My baby girl is not nervous and has a sweet, lovable disposition. She is active and healthy, but I never have to rock her to sleep. She hardly ever cries, in fact you would scarcely know that there was a baby in the house. She plays alone for hours contentedly. We feel repaid a thousand times. Both babies are healthy, robust children, so you see it was only a matter of pre-natal self-control.

"Knowing the reason and the remedy, we are glad to pass them on, hoping that some expectant mother may take courage to keep cheerful and sweet for the sake of the dear little life that is to come.

"MRS. O. A. B——, So. Dak."

MOTHER AND BABY PROBLEMS SOLVED

PREVENTION, plus a little common sense often solves problems in baby-raising.

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers *you* this invaluable help free, in the following pamphlets, compiled by the editor of our Mother and Baby Department, Anna Steese Richardson.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Two Months to Four Years.
Diet for Listless Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

Decide which pamphlet will meet *your* needs, and send a stamped and self-addressed envelop to the Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review Building, 214-216 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Royal Jelly Roll

1 cup sugar
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
4 tablespoons hot water
¼ teaspoon salt

How to make it

Mix and sift dry ingredients; stir in well-beaten eggs, add hot water, beat until smooth, pour into large well greased pan. Batter should be spread very thin and not more than ¼ inch thick when baked. Bake in slow oven. Turn out on sheet of brown paper, beat jelly with fork and spread on cake. With sharp knife trim off all crusty edges and roll up while still warm by lifting one side of the paper. To keep the roll perfectly round, roll up in cloth until cool. Sprinkle with very fine powdered or confectioners' sugar

Royal Jelly Roll
and
Royal Crumb Muffins

Here are Royal recipes for two popular baked foods you will like exceedingly. Their unusual appetite appeal and wholesomeness are due to the supreme quality of

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes

The Royal booklet—"55 Ways to Save Eggs"—is really a text book on economical baking. If you have not received a copy, advise us at once and receive it free.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 129 William Street, New York

Royal Crumb Muffins

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 cups stale bread crumbs
1½ cups milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon shortening
½ teaspoon salt

How to make them

Soak bread crumbs in cold milk 10 minutes, add sifted flour, baking powder, salt, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening; mix well. Heat muffin tins, grease and put one tablespoon of batter into each. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in hot oven.

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Golden brown
-fresh from your own oven

Good, homemade bread is different, somehow, isn't it?

Different flavor, fine, full, rich, satisfying. Different crust; you know how eagerly the children await the heel of the first loaf to cool on bake day.

Homemade bread is better because of the care and pride with which it is made as good as possible for the family. Its very fragrance increases the keenness of the appetite. Haven't you noticed the enthusiasm with which the entire family relish their meals when good, homemade bread is served?

Enjoy it regularly. It's easily made with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast.

Begin today to reduce your food expense by baking your bread at home. It's true kitchen thrift these days. Its lasting freshness is economy in itself.

Send for Booklet
"The Art of Baking Bread"

Magic Yeast-Yeast Foam, Just the same except in name

Northwestern Yeast Company Chicago

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THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

Keeps Careful Watch on Weights and Measures

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

ALL of us are interested nowadays in practical plans whereby we can effect a real economy, and we are no longer scornful of small things.

The war has made the penny popular—so popular that 3,000,000 new pennies are made every day to meet the demand—and one of our mints has been directed to turn out nothing but pennies. So if we only save one here and one there, or several on a morning's marketing, the aggregate will total a surprising sum in the course of a year.

All these points may not apply to *you*, but if *one* of them does, you will be well repaid for your time of reading, clipping this article, and pasting or pinning it where it will serve as a frequent reminder.

Have a reliable pair of scales in your own kitchen. Weigh or measure groceries which are delivered to you, and if there are any shortages, immediately notify the firm which is at fault. Compare weights and measures, with the grocery slips and see that these and the prices are right. Mistakes are bound to occur. See that the pointer stands at Zero when the weighing process is begun and that it has come to an unaided rest when the weight is taken.

When you buy anything by the dozen, see that the count is correct—oranges, eggs, cookies, or bananas. See that the number is correct and the quality reasonably uniform.

When you buy of an unknown butcher or peddler, observe his license number so that, if you have been short-weighted, you can notify the Bureau of Weights and Measures and prevent other housewives from being taken advantage of similarly.

To buy from a merchant with dented measures is to lose part of what you pay for. Inform yourself as to the law which obtains in your State concerning the selling of liquid-measure and dry-measure commodities, also whether the law requires that the capacity of the measure be plainly marked upon it.

Don't chat with the merchant or clerk while he is weighing or measuring your purchases, as this is likely to cause him to make an error. Scrutinize carefully the quality of articles advertised at unusually cheap prices. There may be a perfectly good reason why the merchant can sell good goods and good measure for a low price, but be sure that the *bargain* is real and not merely seeming.

It is poor business to ask for ten cents' worth or twenty-five cents' worth of any supply, or to accept unquestioningly a package, glass, jar, or basket. Know exactly what you are buying according to standard weight or measure, so that you can compare the price per pound in the glass or jar with the price per pound bought in other ways.

When you buy butter, lard, or anything commonly put into wooden containers, see that the purchase is weighed with paper under it only. Wooden dishes weigh from one to three ounces, and should not be paid for at creamery butter prices.

Do your marketing or shopping in ample time so that you can make your selections wisely and not be forced into buying high-priced articles lacking nourishment, because there is not time to prepare the ones which require slow cooking.

Insist that all trimmings of meat *for which you pay* are sent home to you. These can be used in the soup-kettle or tried out if fat, or used as food for the family dog.

If you are buying a piece of meat, such as a leg of mutton, part of which projects beyond the pan of the spring-scale, the butcher should not hold on with his hand to the projecting part, as pressure adds weight.

IF YOUR Bureau of Weights and Measures has any printed literature for your guidance, obtain and study it so that you may know what your rights are.

An awkwardly placed scale-pan is liable to bring the pointer to the "short runner" if it is a hanging spring-scale. See that the pan is properly placed.

Learn to read both spring- and computing-scales.

It is impossible many times for a butcher to cut exactly two or three pounds. Require that you shall know the weight as well as the price.

Learn to read your own gas and electric meters and accompany the representative of the Company when he comes to read them. Sometimes inefficient help is employed.

Watch bills carefully upon which there is an extra percentage charged after a certain date, or upon which there is a discount or rebate previous to a set date so that full advantage may be taken of such savings.

Learn to gage the family wants accurately so as not to overbuy. Most American families are exceedingly liberal providers. There is a real art in having enough, but not too much.

Catching Some Kitchen Leaks

By FLORENCE SPRING

THE water in which vegetables are boiled should always be saved. Cook with as little water as possible, but save that little. Keep in a cool place, combining those whose flavors do not conflict, and when you have enough, boil it away a little and add it to a highly seasoned cream-sauce foundation for a cream soup, or make a delicious vegetable soup by adding to it, clear, two or three fresh vegetables, put through the meat-chopper. In the latter case, add enough water, that there may be plenty of liquid after the vegetables are cooked. A bit of stewed tomato is a great addition to the latter soup or even a spoonful of left-over spaghetti or macaroni cooked in tomato sauce.

If onions accompany the Sunday roast, save the last water (always change once to reduce the strong flavor) in which they are cooked to use instead of boiling water in the made gravy. It is a most savory and delectable addition, and left-over gravy made in this way is much more appetizing for its later use in "warming over" and otherwise reconstructing the roasts in its through-the-week appearances.

And before leaving the subject of vegetable-water saving, let me say that the liquor in which horticultural or other brown beans are cooked makes a delicious bean soup. Add to it a minced onion, a tiny bit of mace, half a cupful to a cupful of stewed tomato and half a bay-leaf. Simmer about an hour, rub through a colander, thicken with a tablespoonful each of melted butter-substitute and flour mixed together, and serve with a slice of lemon in each plate, and tiny egg-balls or a teaspoonful of minced hard-boiled egg.

Rice water should always be saved. Many people steam rice, having the amount of water exactly proportioned with regard to such cookery, but thus is a process requiring more attention than it is sometimes convenient to give. If the water is saved and afterward used, conservation is accomplished. Drain out the rice at the proper moment and save the liquid to add to any soup made with stock or water requiring slight thickening.

Everybody is presumed to be educated as to fats after the strenuous courses of home economics and other lectures of the past two or three years, but I should like to add one suggestion which I have before advocated. When "trying out" bits of nice beef-fat, remnants of waste, and the like, save the "crackling," not for use as "shortening" as is sometimes advocated, but to use as a "meat-flavor" and fat addition to potato or mixed vegetable hash. Enriched in this way, and moistened with stock, the absence from this time-honored breakfast dish of the ordinary meat element will hardly be detected.

WHEN fish is boiled for creaming or other made dishes, use just as little water as will cover, and always save this liquor to add to a rather thick cream sauce, to make a delicious fish soup. It of course will have little food value, but will furnish a very savory flavor, and used with the cream sauce addition, will afford a very "hearty" and nourishing soup. Add to contents of the kettle at first a thin slice of onion, several thin slices of carrot, a sprig of parsley, and half a bay-leaf, forming a simple bouillon. The combined flavor will both improve the fish and greatly enrich the soup.

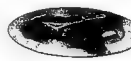
Not one scrap of a bunch of celery should be wasted. Prepare it carefully for use, reserving the choice inner portions for the table and saving the coarser stalks and green parts for soup or creamed celery. The leaves may also be used in the soup, but if not required for this purpose, wash them carefully, and dry to store away in glass jars for later use in seasoning sauces, stews, soups, etc. They may be dried in the hot closet or a cool oven or on the shelves of the stove, but I have found that my best way is to lay them on a paper placed on the top of a radiator. They dry very quickly and retain their color and flavor perfectly

62 Dishes For 32 Cents

The Wonders of Quaker Oats

The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats serves 62 average dishes. So the cost is one-half cent per dish.

It contains as much food value, measured by calories, as six times its weight in perch, in young chicken or potatoes.



Costs 11 Times Quaker Oats Per 1000 Calories

And as much as $3.50 buys in meats, eggs and fish, on the average.

That 32-Cent Package Contains As Many Calories As

53 Cans Tomatoes	Or 80 Bananas
Or 21 Cans of Peas	Or 750 Oysters
Or 50 Large Potatoes	Or 89 Eggs
Or 9 lbs. Veal Cutlets	Or 7 Loaves Bread
Or 43 lbs. Lobster	Or 22 lbs. Perch

Yet Quaker Oats is the best food that any price can buy.

Costs 12 Times Quaker Oats Per 1000 Calories

Analysis proves it almost the ideal food. And Nature has made it uniquely delightful.

Note how other foods, at this writing, compare with Quaker Oats in cost.

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5c	Canned Peas	54c
Round Steak	41c	Young Chicken	$1.10
Veal Cutlets	57c	Hen's Eggs	70c
Average Fish	60c	Dried Beef	70c

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Every large package served in place of meats saves you about $8.

Quaker Oats

With That World-Famed Flavor

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the big, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It has won first place in a hundred countries because of its exquisite flavor. Yet it costs no extra price.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

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Wheatena Wheatena Wheatena Wheatena

Tastes Good

That fascinating nut-like flavor! No other breakfast food like it! None tastes so good, none satisfies so deeply and deliciously! You keep on eating *Wheatena* day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—and it always tastes intensely good. And the beauty about this tempting dish is that it is extra nutritious and you LIKE it. Most things that are good for us, we don't like to eat.

Wheatena contains the soul of the wheat—the kernel of the grain, the very life and heart of its nutritive, wholesome goodness.

Good hot or cold. Fine for gems, muffins, desserts with fruits, or for breading meats and fish.

Try *Wheatena* to-day.
Your grocer sells it.

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville,
Rahway, New Jersey.

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Quality has made SAUER'S the Largest Selling Brand in the United States and, won for it seventeen highest awards for

PURITY, STRENGTH AND FINE FLAVOR

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET "TABLE TREATS"—IT'S FREE

The C. F. Sauer Company, Richmond, Va.

Balancing the Spring Menu

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

WHAT could form a more delightful luncheon or supper menu than escalloped fish, entire wheat bread, baked rhubarb with strawberry whip and coconut cookies, with the addition of butter, lettuce with Russian dressing, and a cup of tea? And yet, what could be more easily prepared? At the same time, it would follow the combination ideas suggested in "The Scale of Good Health," under the Housewives' Forum.

Primarily Protein

Escalloped Finnan-haddie with Eggs

SOAK one pound and a half of finnan-haddie for an hour in hot water. Then pick the fish into bits, and combine with one pint of thin white sauce, one minced pimiento, one coarsely-chopped hard-boiled egg, a few grains of cayenne, one tablespoonful of minced parsley or chives, and half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Transfer to an oiled casserole or baking-dish, cover with half a cupful of ground dry bread-crums, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter-substitute. Bake thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees Fahrenheit. For serving, garnish with another hard-boiled egg quartered or cut in sixths, and bits of parsley.

Primarily Starch

Entire Wheat Bread

SCALD two cupfuls of milk, and cool until tepid. Add two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one compressed yeast-cake, that has been dissolved in one-third of a cupful of tepid water. Then beat in two cupfuls of white flour and enough entire wheat flour to knead (about six cupfuls). If a bread-mixer is used, five cupfuls of flour will be ample. Set to rise in a well-oiled bowl, or in a bread-mixer, wiping over the top with a little milk to prevent the formation of a crust. When doubled in bulk, shape in two loaves, put in well-oiled pans, cover, and set to rise. When almost double, bake fifty minutes in a moderate oven, starting at 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and lowering the heat the last ten minutes. When done, brush over with a little butter, or butter-substitute. If genuine entire wheat flour is used, it may replace the white flour and the bread will have a distinct mineral value.

Primarily Fat

Russian Dressing

TO THREE tablespoonfuls of undiluted evaporated milk add three-quarters of a tablespoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika, one-quarter teaspoonful of mustard. Beat into this mixture two-thirds of a cupful of salad-oil, with an egg-beater, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon-juice. Then add two tablespoonfuls of minced chives, one-third of a cupful of chilli sauce, and, if desired, also one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and one chopped hard-boiled egg. Serve this with quartered lettuce hearts or lettuce leaves. The salad puts this in the mineral and bulky class as well as in the fat group.

Primarily Mineral

Lettuce

THE lettuce contributes the chief mineral in the menu and is one of the group of leafy vegetables which we are being urged to eat to further our powers of resistance against disease.

Lettuce leaves not sufficiently attractive in appearance to use for salad may be utilized as greens. Remove any discolored parts, shred the leaves coarsely and cook till tender in fast-boiling salted water, about thirty minutes. Then drain, reheat in a cupful of thick white sauce to 2½ cupfuls of cooked lettuce and serve with or without a garnish of chopped, hard-cooked eggs.

Primarily Sweet

Strawberry Whip

THIS may be made with canned strawberries or with the fresh fruit when it is available in the markets. Combine one cupful of crushed strawberries with one-third cupful of powdered sugar, or a little more if needed to make them quite sweet. Beat the whites of three large eggs until stiff, stir into them another one-third cupful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and beat again. Combine the two mixtures. This acts as a protein and mineral food as well as a sweet.

Entire Wheat Bread

A MENU FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

ESCALLOPED FISH
LETTUCE WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING
ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD AND BUTTER
BAKED RHUBARB WITH STRAWBERRY WHIP
COCONUT COOKIES TEA

Escalloped Fish

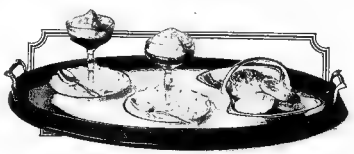
Drop Coconut Cookies

CREAM a third of a cupful of margarin, and add to it the yolks of two eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Add the grated rind of half a lemon and stir in a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Sift together once and a half cupful of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and add to the other ingredients. Form into balls the size of a large walnut. Place on well-oiled pans, keeping them two inches apart, and sprinkle thickly with shredded coconut. Bake about twelve minutes, in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit.

Baked Rhubarb

WASH, but do not skin, one and one-half pound of rhubarb. Then cut it into half-inch pieces. Combine in a casserole with one and a half cupful of boiling water, one and a quarter cupful of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of prunes or raisins, which have been cut up. Bake until rhubarb is soft and pink. Serve in sherbet glasses garnished with the strawberry whip.

THE tea, which may be served during or at the close of the meal, provides the liquid which is needed to act as a dissolving agent in this menu.



Baked Rhubarb Served with Fresh Strawberry Whip and Drop Coconut Cookies

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Armour
MEAT ALTERNATIVES

Richest in food values

The Lesson of "Meatless Days"

EXTRA food demands overseas made our Nation more thrifty and resourceful. "Meatless Days" taught the American housewife the unsuspected food values of Meat Alternatives, which Armour supplies in abundant variety. Where meat is not plentiful or accessible any one of the alternatives pictured here assures to the menu those proteins so needful to perfect health.

And during these Lenten Days many are the delightful dishes that can be quickly prepared.

We do not specialize in meat foods only; we select from world-wide resources the best of *all foods* that Nature offers. Under the Oval Label we provide practically everything required for daily table and cooking needs, as well as to meet any food emergency.

Ask Your Dealer for Armour's Oval Label Package Foods

The Oval Label is our promise to *you*. It identifies first quality foods in such variety as to please every individual taste.

Write us for our free book, "The Business of Being a Housewife." It shows many dainty ways to serve Oval Label Foods. It tells how to make an appreciable saving without sacrifice of quality. For your copy address Armour and Company, Department of Food Economics, Division 14, Chicago.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

Go gle

Let ALADDIN'S MAGIC Transform your Home

A cake of Aladdin, a bowl of warm water—transforms your shabby curtains into smart freshness. And those faded hangings, those washed-out pillow covers—if they can be washed, Aladdin will dye them some new lovely color.

The magic of Aladdin will transform your home at Spring cleaning time without one minute of extra effort. You wash and dye at the same time, without danger of staining your hands and making them red and coarse. Aladdin is fine in quality as the best toilet soap.

Aladdin gives you the newest, smartest shades for blouses and wash frocks. It keeps your lingerie as fresh and new as the day you bought it, dyes ribbon, corsets, stockings, gloves, etc., the exact shade you want them.

It doesn't crumble, but does its work until worn to the thinnest wafer, while Aladdin colors last through from three to six washings.

Aladdin Dye Soap comes in 15 fashionable colors—flesh, peach pink, salmon pink, old rose, red, khaki, orchid lavender, light blue, dark blue, tan, gray, orange, yellow, green.

Aladdin Dye (in soap form)—black, brown, navy blue; will dye cotton, silk and wool successfully.

ALADDIN PRODUCTS COMPANY,
318 MAY STREET, CHICAGO

A postal request will bring you a little book entitled "Making Magic With Aladdin," in which every woman will delight.

If you cannot secure Aladdin at the store you patronize, send his name and 10c. sterling color.

Look for ALADDIN on the box

Paragraph of Directions

To dye curtains or hangings use enough water to fully cover. Dissolve one cake of Aladdin to each half gallon of water—wash and rinse as usual. Hang up evenly—*do not hang in sun.* Aladdin Khaki gives a beautiful ecru and is especially adaptable for cotton goods dyeing.

(1)

Gone—and a Pyrene would have saved it

A hundred miles from home; 5 miles to the nearest garage. The carburetor choked, then gasped and bang—a backfire. A flash; and in an instant tongues of fire leaped through the bonnet vents. In ten minutes the car was ruined.

You never fear fire with a Pyrene handy. Put one on your car today.

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KILLS FIRE
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SAVES 15% ON AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

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"I Don't Want to Go Back!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

The fact is, the good home-maker is one by nature. Put her down in the rudest shack on the farthest prairie and there will be a flower in her window, a rug beside her door, a bright ribbon on her child's hair. There are women in business who neglect home and children and there are women leading a "domestic" life whose homes are untidy, whose children are not properly fed or clothed or trained.

I SEE now that marriage changed my real nature no more than it did my husband's. He loves his business and is filled with responsibility, the touch with the big world, the feeling of self-confidence that comes with a position of authority. Well, so do I!

So far as my own feelings are concerned I am much happier and healthier in business than I was when I had what Miles calls a "sheltered life." *Dear* Miles, he means well! But if he could *stay* home and try to do the housework just one week he would not talk so glibly about being able to work just when I feel like it. Any woman knows how that works out, with an eight-room house and two children, but no man can understand it.

I don't say that every woman ought to be in business. I do say that every man and woman should choose the work they can do best, and that the married woman whose home and children are well taken care of, through her own effort, is doing "her own job" efficiently.

But I hate seeing Miles look the littlest bit unhappy. Last night when Mr. Johnson came past us in the train and said "Still going to business, Mrs. Oliver?" I could have cried at the embarrassed look on Miles's face. And yet Walter Johnson's wife is the most overworked woman I know. Why, her last illness, which kept her in the hospital a month, was directly due to heavy lifting. The doctor said so. Is that nothing for a husband to look embarrassed about?

I'm only one woman out of thousands. There are women from poor homes who have been working in factories, leaving their babies in clean, sunny day-nurseries in the care of trained nurses. They don't want to go back to the old way. There are society women who know now what it is to do real, constructive work. There are the dependent unmarried sisters, cousins, aunts, who have had their first taste of independence. What are all these women going to do, now that the war is over?

I'm going to stand by my convictions. In the end, I am sure Miles will be thankful I did.

"Where Do I Come In?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

In the three years that I've known him he's always been just that five dollars behind. If I wasn't afraid of insulting him I'd give him five to catch him up so I could slip away for a week without having it on my conscience that his family was starving.

And lately he says, "It's a shame to be always borrowing from you, but you know there is only one bread-winner in the other families around here!"

How are we going to arrange for a vacation? She says her firm will give her the same time I have—but does a man want to feel that some one must give his consent to his taking his wife away for a two weeks' trip? And some emergency might arise in her office to keep her there just when I could go.

But what I object to most is the change it makes in our mutual status—Barbara's and mine. If a man's family is not dependent on him, what is a husband and a father for?

She had the president of her company out to the house Saturday afternoon. I admired her nerve. It seems she had promised him some home-made pumpkin pie—made by her own hands from pumpkins grown in her own garden. Believe me, she delivered the goods and got a re-order. Then he inspected everything from the vines in the garden to the thermometer on the oven door. "Olivia," he said when we were back in the living-room, "this war has changed everything."

"And not for the better," I said.

He got me and came right back. "Young man," he answered, "don't you make the mistake of thinking that we've got to go back to our pre-war status. The biggest thing this war has taught me is the real status of woman."

I didn't warm up to that, but he went on. "We have on Mrs. Oliver when you enlisted, both because we needed help and because we wanted to help the families of the men who made the big sacrifice. But the big reason why we should take her on we mufted entirely until later on."

"And that was——?" I asked.

"The real reason was that with the new incentive and her more mature judgment she was not only better than she was ten years ago, but better than most of our men. For instance, when we were discussing the extension of our foreign trade and she made that suggestion which has been of such great value to us——"

I suppose I looked blank for he turned to Barbara and said, "You haven't told your husband about that?"

SHE flushed and said she thought that matter was confidential. Seems to me things have come to a queer pass when a wife feels she must keep business secrets from her husband. She says I never tell her my firm's confidential business, but that's very different.

Well, the amount of it is she had made a suggestion that was worth thousands a year to them. And they want to keep her. They are depending upon her as my firm is upon me. We're in the same class in business—but where do I come in, as a husband?

Somehow I've got to persuade her to come back to her real job. In the end, I know she will be thankful she did.

Jot It Down in a Memory-Book

By CLAIRE WALLIS

MAYBE, Mrs. Practical Person, you turn up your nose at the idea of a memory-book, having in mind one of those bulky affairs dripping with dance-pencils and tally-cards that you used to keep during school-days before the more serious business of insuring the household's happiness claimed you.

Your new memory-book may be one of those ruled copy-books, but it is better if it is alphabetically lettered or indexed. In it you will record all those disturbing details that seemingly have no place in the roster of the kitchen. You will want, for instance, to note under "stuffed dates" that one-and-a-half pound of dates plus one-quarter pound of almonds makes about ninety stuffed dates. This information will be of value the next time you are planning to serve dates at your card-party.

The number of glasses of cider in a jug, ices in a quart, small mixed cakes in a pound, doughnuts in a "batch," servings from a can of French peas, etc., etc., will all find their places in the book and will be invaluable in planning meals in these days when quantities can not afford to be guessed at.

The favorite dishes of family and guests can be recorded in the memory-book's leaves. It is a subtle compliment to a guest to serve up her favorite apple jelly flavored with geranium instead of the grape jam she loathes, or those delicious walnut croquettes she always congratulates you upon. Lists of invalid dishes that have been successful when a member of the family was sick can be kept for future reference, too.

Every good cook has, or ought to have, several "pet" menus upon which she has experimented to the point of perfection. They are probably of varying degrees of inhospitableness. Under "menus" in this memory-book it is a simple matter to record these with the approximate length of time it takes to get the meal ready, the number and quantity of items necessary for it, the dishes that can be prepared early in the day.

IF THIS memory-book idea appeals, you may want to extend it to include price-lists of various articles bought for the home from time to time, such as linen, china, etc., so that when it comes time to replace them you will have an idea of the money required. It is a simple matter to record each item if the book hangs handy on its kitchen nail, and the time saved is just one more further along the road to simplified housekeeping.

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Dreams Come True

Dorothy, whose birthday is to-morrow, dreams that the fairies bring a big Jell-O dessert for her party, and wakes to find it true.

At any rate, the dessert is there when dinner time comes.

During the long months when other popular dainties were given up because they required too much sugar or something else that the soldiers needed, simple Jell-O desserts and salads, made of Jell-O alone, or Jell-O and fruit, or Jell-O and vegetables, came to be more than ever before regarded as essentials in most American homes.

The different fruit flavors are so good and the variety of delightful dishes that can be made from them is so great that women who made and served pies or puddings nearly every day of their lives are wondering why they ever did it.

It is hardly necessary to say that any woman, even if she cannot cook, can make up Jell-O into as fine desserts and salads as any cook can make.

JELL-O

The new Jell-O Book tells how to make many new desserts and salads in the easy Jell-O way, which cuts out work and worry and most of the expense. A copy of the book will be mailed free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and sold **2** for **25** cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Borden's Evaporated Milk

No Other Milk Is Needed

Always ready—always pure—Borden's Evaporated Milk is the all-purpose milk—a household necessity. Reduced to the thickness of rich cream, it is the year-round, every-day, reliable milk—sealed in sterilized cans.

An exceptional cook book will be sent to you for the asking.

"The milk that cuts the cost of cooking"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Borden Building Established 1857 New York

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Dreams Come True

Dorothy, whose birthday is to-morrow, dreams that the fairies bring a big Jell-O dessert for her party, and wakes to find it true.

At any rate, the dessert is there when dinner time comes.

During the long months when other popular dainties were given up because they required too much sugar or something else that the soldiers needed, simple Jell-O desserts and salads, made of Jell-O alone, or Jell-O and fruit, or Jell-O and vegetables, came to be more than ever before regarded as essentials in most American homes.

The different fruit flavors are so good and the variety of delightful dishes that can be made from them is so great that women who made and served pies or puddings nearly every day of their lives are wondering why they ever did it.

It is hardly necessary to say that any woman, even if she cannot cook, can make up Jell-O into as fine desserts and salads as any cook can make.

JELL-O

The new Jell-O Book tells how to make many new desserts and salads in the easy Jell-O way, which cuts out work and worry and most of the expense. A copy of the book will be mailed free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and sold **2** for **25** cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Borden's Evaporated Milk

No Other Milk Is Needed

Always ready—always pure—Borden's Evaporated Milk is the all-purpose milk—a household necessity. Reduced to the thickness of rich cream, it is the year-round, every-day, reliable milk—sealed in sterilized cans.

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Uncle Sam Wants to Help You Keep House

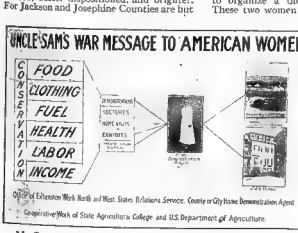
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

organized canning clubs and has held canning demonstrations. Thanks to the proficency we American housekeepers have acquired through her, we shall soon have an international reputation in our canning. For a former home demonstration agent, Mrs. Clyde Davis, who was sent abroad to do reconstruction work, found in devastated France that the art of canning was practically unknown. In a rather limited personal investigation, Mrs. Davis found five jars of jellies and one of canned fruit, in fifteen homes. Further inquiry showed her that canned vegetables were hardly known in France; canned fruits fairly rare. Through her efforts the matter went to the French Department of Agriculture, with the result that America has been, or is to be, asked for a demonstration of canned goods to be sent to the French Ministry, and from there to travel as fast as French demonstrators can be secured, from village to village, teaching the French girls how to can, American fashion and to prevent in the future the possibility of another food shortage in France.

Perhaps in no one subject has the Home Demonstration Agent reached the women of America so universally as in this one of canning. No one has yet attempted to estimate the total amount of fruits and vegetables canned during the year of 1918, but in 1917 records of the work done by the Home Demonstration Agents in the South alone (15 States) resulted in 300,000,000 jars of fruits and vegetables, a saving to the country and to the people of some millions of dollars plus a secure supply of food stored in the homes of the country.

The community canning kitchens established in hundreds of cities and towns proved their usefulness in preventing food waste. At Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, the men of many families worked in the kitchen with the women, so that the beans, which were threatening to dry up with the heat, might be saved. In many instances, the kitchen which began as a canning kitchen was continued as a community kitchen to serve any other purpose the community wanted of it. In Birmingham, Alabama, a community kitchen was made a training-school for volunteer workers along the lines of food conservation and general dietetics. Three hundred women were trained by the Home Demonstration Agents in that one kitchen and in addition, eighty-six negroes, who have since established a negro kitchen for their own race.

STEPPING lightly and hastily from Birmingham, Alabama, across the continent, we find in Jackson and Josephine Counties, Oregon, three hundred women studying "Food for the Family," under their Home Demonstration Agent. These three hundred women are going to prepare better and more nutritious meals because of the course they are taking and in addition the children of these counties are going to be better fed, better dispositioned, and brighter. For Jackson and Josephine Counties are but


UNCLE SAM'S WAR MESSAGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN
CONSERVATION
FOOD
CLOTHING
FUEL
HEALTH
LABOR
INCOME
Office of Extension Work North and West, States Relations Service, County or City Home Demonstration Agent
Cooperative Work of State Agricultural College and U.S. Department of Agriculture.

No One Is Better Fitted than the Home Demonstration Agent to Help the Housekeepers Do Their Part

two of the thousands of counties where school children stay for lunch. All over the country the trained Home Demonstration Agents, secure in their facts on the subject, have been urging the installation of hot lunches in the schools.

But even stepping lightly as we have, we are not going to begin to cover the work of food begun by the Home Demonstration Agents. We can but mention that second method of food preservation, the drying, by which, in the Southern States alone, over five million gallons of fruits and vegetables were saved last year; the salting and brining that added nearly two million gallons more, the Winter gardens encouraged by the Home Demonstration Agents in the South, and almost unknown in many districts before their arrival, that are flourishing and are adding a new food supply to the county; the poultry-and-egg clubs that have risen and flourished and are adding to our meat supply; brought into being because the Home Demonstration Agents knew how to make Winter gardens and to raise poultry. But I do want to stop long enough to remind you that in all this food-work not one class nor one color nor one race was reached, but every resident of America within reach of the Home Demonstration Agent. I have mentioned one phase of the work with negroes; with the Indians in the West, with the Mexicans in New Mexico and Texas, who still speak only their own language, with the great body of foreigners in all the States where industries have demanded their labor, the Home Demonstration Agents have been carrying the gospel of Americanization through that well-recognized avenue to the heart of man: the stomach. Forced, just like the rest of us, to turn to and learn how to eat in war time, the foreign woman has come to the Home Demonstration Agent just as we have come, and has learned what neither she nor the rest of us will ever forget. Especially in Massachusetts and in New Mexico, has this work of making Americans been carried on.

THERE might seem at first glance no relation between the Home Demonstration Agent and that other terrible force, more devastating than war, that swept the country from coast to coast last Winter, the Influenza epidemic. I want to present to you dispassionately what occurred in those fortunate districts where Home Demonstration Agents lived.

They first thought of the immediate need, that of nursing, but immediately from their headquarters came the instructions to open diet kitchens, get all the volunteer help possible, and feed the sick. I have many detailed reports of the work of these kitchens, and I quote from North Carolina.

"In Wilmington, where the epidemic was perhaps worse than at any other point, Mrs. Mary Clifford Bennett, City Home Demonstration Agent, with the assistance of Mrs. Grant, the County Agent, opened a soup kitchen which ran day and night. From the very start, two or three hundreds of gallons of soup were dispensed daily, and with five volunteer helpers this kitchen became the center for relief work in the city.

"So well indeed was this kitchen managed that Colonel Stiles of the United States Public Health Service commandeered our Agent in charge and carried her around to assist in the organizing of other stricken communities.

"Mrs. J. H. Henly, Western District Home Demonstration Agent, assisted Mrs. Hanarnon, the Agent for Buncombe County, to organize a diet kitchen in Asheville. These two women rose at seven and went down to the soup kitchen which has been established at the Masonic Temple, and remained there daily until seventhirty at night. For the very sick they sent chicken or beef broth, buttermilk, and eggs. For the convalescent, heavier soups, baked potatoes, baked apples, custard, Spanish cream, jelly, and good bread. The orders received from the sick were packed in baskets, and a long line of volunteer autos delivered them.

This kitchen fed an average of over three hundred daily for four weeks.

I shall quote no more. But in the State of North Carolina alone fifty-five Home Demonstration Agents established and ran, or supervised, seventy-nine such diet kitchens and thirteen soup distributing centers, and there is no reason to believe that noble as her work has been, North Carolina was not matched by any State in the Union where Home Demonstration Agents held their quarters. And for the first time, in this terrible emergency, it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

An Epoch-Making Dinner

To Introduce This New-Type Pork and Beans

Some years ago the Van Camp scientific cooks gave an epoch-making dinner. It was given in the Van Camp laboratories—to experts and laymen—to introduce the ideal Pork and Beans.

Since then that dish has brought to millions an entirely new idea of baked beans.

They Studied the Dish for Years

These culinary experts, college trained, studied this dish for years.

They found that beans differ vastly. So now they analyze the beans.

They found that hard water made the skins tough. So they now free the water from minerals.

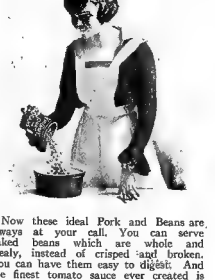
They found that ordinary ovens left beans underbaked. Digestion was difficult. Yet the beans were crisped and broken by the heat.

So they bake Van Camp's in steam ovens—bake them for hours at 245 degrees. Digestion is made easy, yet the beans are not crisped, not broken.

And they created a sauce to bake with them—a sauce of wondrous zest. In perfecting this sauce they tested 856 recipes.

Direct Our Chefs

Now these scientific cooks direct every step of the process. And they constantly watch the results. So all the delights which they developed are found in every dish of Van Camp's.



Now these ideal Pork and Beans are always at your call. You can serve baked beans which are whole and mealy, instead of crisped and broken. You can have them easy to digest. And the finest tomato sauce ever created is baked into every atom.

Compare them with the old-style.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, Etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

Based on famous Parisian recipes, but perfected here through countless tests by scientific cooks.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe, perfected in the same way by these culinary experts.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts, with every skin and every germ removed. A new-grade peanut butter.

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Which is Yours

The care every skin should have is indicated by its condition—oily—dry—or normal.

Your skin should look its best—this is possible.

But first you must learn *your* complexion needs. If *your* skin is oily there are Franco-American Hygienic requisites that will correct this condition—if *your* skin is dry there are those that will make it soft and velvety—and for the normal skin there are requisites that will preserve its firm texture.

Franco-American Hygienic requisites are correctly made from finest ingredients—they have been manufactured and sold for more than thirty years to thinking women who place the proper value on the scientific care of their skin.

There Is a Woman In Your Town

You may know her—you should—she is the specially trained retailer for Franco-American Hygienic Requisites. If you do not know her, write us and we will send you her name.

The booklet **"How to Look YOUR Best"** tells you how to determine whether your skin is oily, dry or normal and gives the preparations recommended for its care. It is sent free, postpaid. Write.

FRANCO-AMERICAN HYGIENIC CO.
101 Franco-American Bldg., CHICAGO

The Franco-American Hygienic Co. asks capable, intelligent, energetic women to retail its preparations. Special training given. It is pleasant, profitable work and offers opportunity for advancement and a permanent business connection.

IT gives ideas for improving every window. There are dozens of pictures—with descriptions of materials and rods, and complete color suggestions for any room.

Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods won't sag. The flat shape means *sagless* strength—stiffens the headings and holds them gracefully erect.

Kirsch Flat Rods are permanent fixtures. No fussy knobs to gather dust or get lost. The ends curve gracefully to small brackets, invisible in use. Made in white, velvet brass and oxidized copper. Stay like new for years and never need replacing.

Ask Your Dealer to show you Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods. They are sold in extension style adjustable to fit all windows—or cut to fit your windows. Both styles can be had single, double or triple.

Kirsch-Kraft Novelty Curtains are ready-to-hang curtains of excellent quality—cut by the thread and painstakingly made. Look for the Kirsch label.

WRITE for Kirsch Style Book. Get this valuable window book, no matter if you aren't ready for new rods or curtains. It's full of information you should have and ideas you'd want to keep.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING CO., 120 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Mich.

Kirsch FLAT CURTAIN RODS

UNCLE SAM WANTS TO HELP YOU KEEP HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

was evidenced what a woman, trained in Home Economics—which includes the preparation of food for the sick as well as the knowledge of sick-room dietetics—could do in relieving the sufferers and in actually helping them back to health.

The past year has been such a strenuous one, with its call to save food, its new recipes and lack of house-help, that any assistance in enabling one to get through was welcomed avidly. So when the Home Demonstration Agents came with not only knowledge of labor-savers, but of their making in the home at little expense, women seized upon that knowledge and put it into practise. Just how many fireless cookers, wheel-trays, iceless refrigerators, and kitchen dumbwaiters came into existence through the Home Demonstration Agents during the past year, will never be known.

Second only in importance to food conservation has been the work of the Home Demonstration Agents in the conservation of clothing, and perhaps in no field of work did the women of America need more help. Most of us could manage to cook, somehow, with the aid of the new recipes. But many of us had not before come up against the problem of making every yard of cloth do its utmost. What can be done as demonstrated by the Home Demonstration Agents, is something in the nature of a revelation. From discarded flour- and sugar-sacks I have seen children's underwaists, bloomers, drawers, rompers, and dresses made, and altho the material does not sound attractive, I can assure you that these tiny garments were well made, well finished, and altogether charming.

In Colorado, one Home Demonstration Agent taught the making of muffs and collars from home-raised and home-tanned rabbit skins. In Unitah County, Utah, alone, two thousand five hundred dollars were saved by the women of the county who brought garments to the Clothing Conservation Meetings, received advice upon remodeling them, and finished the work at home. And previous to these meetings many of the women did not know enough about remodeling to use a commercial pattern!

EVEN in this most trying of all years for budget-makers, the Home Demonstration Agent has had the courage to tackle the problem of family expenditure. This is but another branch of her regular work. In one county in Oregon two hundred and thirty-three women enrolled in classes and clubs organized by the Home Demonstration Agent agreed to use account books sent out by the Oregon College of Agriculture, and to report on their results, for the benefit of all other women in the country.

Perhaps you have thought as I did when I attended the convention at Washington, and listened to the reports of the State leaders of the Home Demonstration Agents, that it is incredible that any one *woman* could know enough to do what a Home Demonstration Agent is expected to do. And it is quite true that, while the standard for Home Demonstration Agents is high, all the seventeen hundred young women who have been working during the past year do not know all things about home betterment.

But, after all, the Home Demonstration Agent has not come to us on her own merits, she has come to us as an interpreter. Back of her is her State College of Agriculture with its laboratories and its scientific investigations. Back of the State College is the Federal Office of Home Economics and the Federal Department of Agriculture. In both State Colleges and Federal Bureaus are trained specialists in every phase of the work to whom she can continually apply for help and information, and where she is inadequate, one of these specialists will come out from the College or the Federal Bureau to supplement her knowledge. She is not merely a person, but an institution. And if, as in the case of my own Home Demonstration Agent, she has the good sense and the tact to utilize everything she can learn from the expert housekeepers of the community, she has another source of wealth upon which to draw. It is because of this double co-operation, that of the State Colleges, the Federal Department and the housekeepers of the nation, that her results, as credited to her, are so remarkable.

It is she who, in this year of 1919, is best able to help us housekeepers in the part we will be called upon to take in the work of reconstruction. It is she who stands ready to help us to establish a new standard for the homes of the nation. For during the war America has raised, not lowered, home standards, and this better standard, based on higher wages and greater production, is going to remain. It is she, who, remaining with us when the temporary war organizations have gone out of existence, will help us all to co-operate, to our mutual benefit. She is our direct connection with that branch of our government with which we are most immediately, as housekeepers, concerned. Let us use her to our utmost. Do you know your Home Demonstration Agent?

Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And what is best, it relieves *without discomfort or blister.*

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestion and pains both go away.

Peculiarly enough, Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it.

Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars. $2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Real Rest

COMFY SLIPPERS rest the feet. And resting the feet rests the whole body.

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
108 East 13th St., New York

COMFY SLIPPERS

Daniel Green Comfy Felt Slippers

BE AN EXPERT DRESS DESIGNER

Learn Designing and Making, easily by mail, at your home. Designers earn $25 week up. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C183, Rochester, N. Y.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Liquids and Pastes for black, white, tan and ox-blood (dark brown) shoes.

Keep Your Shoes Neat

SAVE THE LEATHER

The RADIALLY CORPORATIONS
BUFFALO, N. Y.
HAMILTON, CAN.

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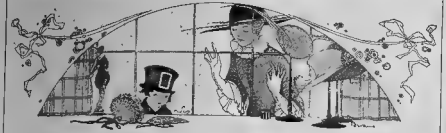

DISHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Myra. She had a large, well-modeled face with bloomy cheeks, golden brown eyes, fringed thick as dasses, and crisply undulating waves of dark hair. She disposed of their greetings in short order, retired to her old room to change into serviceable work things, and issued her ultimatum.

"Now don't go to any fuss, Myry. John and me ain't company. Treat us like the family. You've changed the roaster, ain't you, Myry? This ain't near so good a place for it. I've brought you one of my hens, Mother—all dressed and ready. We'll have it for dinner. Now Myry, don't you go to getting out a white table-cloth. Get one of them red-checkered ones. I s'pose those are your weddin' dishes—well, leave 'em be, now you got them down. But we won't use 'em common—the old white ones is plenty good enough. Folks that use their best every day has got no best. You might get the potatoes on now, Myry."

"LET me finish settin' the table, Myry," pleaded old Mrs. Bray. A moment later there was a crash. "Oh, Nellie! Oh, Myry! I didn't go to do it! My arm brushed it."

"Marvin's souvenir pitcher his Aunt Mat give him one Fair time! It must a' be'n fifteen year old!"

"I didn't go to do it!" quavered old Mrs. Bray.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? Of course you didn't do no such crazy thing! But that don't save its being broke. Here—let me sweep it up."

"Don't you sweep them pieces up!" shrilled her mother.

This voice of high command on the part of her little old subservient mother, gave Nell pause. She stood, dust-pan in hand, looking down upon that stiffly stooping figure gathering into her gathered apron a little heap of splintered china.

"Mother must be getting childish," Nell said to Myra, when old Mrs. Bray had trotted stiffly away with her spoils.

Myra did not reply. She hoped Nell would not discover that ravished shelf of prized old china.

"Well Nell got ye in hand?" inquired Nell's cousin, John Peebles, at dinner. The good natured wink which accompanied the words, the hearty voice and friendly manner, robbed the words of offense. They seemed rather a humorous gibe directed against Nell. These two got along exceedingly well. There was about John Peebles an affect of tender strength, re-assuring and at the same time illuminating—responsive to weakness, but adamant to imposition. Even the managerial Nell had not succeeded in piercing that armored side of him his 'thist far and no further'.

"Aw—you!" said Nell, adoringly

"I bet Nell's met her boss!" grinned Marvin. "He don t go so fur as to beat ye, does he, Nell?"

"Smarty!" returned Nell. Her eyes trinkled up at the corners. She had met her match, and she knew it and gloried in it. But she didn't want any sass from the family

She had none. They submitted without demur. The dish-pan sunned in the old place. The towels dried along a line of her own stretching. "John and me don't mean to make you any work," she assured them. They made no work. It seemed there had never been so much leisure.

"Myry," inquired Nell, "where's that other glass that goes with George's wife's lemonade-set?"

"Oh, it must be 'round som'ers," Myra returned vaguely.

"'Round som'ers!' Why ain't they all together?" Nell prodded in further search

"Where's my gold gilt cup and saucer Aunt Em gimme one Christmas?"

"Ain't it there?" ventured Myra, with a cowardly shrinking from confession, not so much on her own account as for old Mrs. Bray. There was the majolica pickle-dish, the gilt-bedeweered lemonade-glass, Abbie Carter's cracker-jar, certain of the fragile souvenir pin-trays stacked in a corner of the shelf

"Here's Marvin's blue one. It's funny where them things can be I always kept them here together, on this shelf."

"They're 'som'ers," Myra repeated vaguely.

OLD Mrs. Bray had sat throughout this conversation, making buttonholes in a new gray percale. Once, when Nell was back at the sink, she reached out a wavering, fat old arm, and gave Myra's apron-string a tug, as a bad child pulls a cat's tail in a sort of impish humor. Her eyes, blue and shining as a child's saucer, looked very wise. A little laugh chucked in her throat.

"Mother—you feel chilly? You want to keep out of drafts," cautioned Nellie from the sink.

"Never felt more chipper!" averred old Mrs. Bray

She had not spent an afternoon in her room since Nell's arrival. To-day, however, after dinner, she withdrew with an air of intending to remain there for some time. She took her buttonholes with her. It was likely that Nell could not contain herself until she had searched every cupboard and pantry for the missing treasure

"I declare—it is the beath'est thing! Whatever can have become of them?" she apprized Myra. "You find much time to read, Myry?"

Myra found time to read her woman's magazine from cover to cover, in the course of the month Some things she read more than once—those frankly impossible stories in which the heroines were always beautiful and always loved Myra had never known a heroine; the women of her acquaintance were neither beautiful nor adored; and were probably quite comfortably unaware of this lack.

"I'm getting notional," Myra accused herself fearfully. The Family Doctor Book, a learned and ancient tome, confirmed these suspicions. It treated of this, and related matters, with a large assurance, like a trusty confidant.

"Funny how long Mother stays in her room!" wondered Nell.

"Mebbe she's fell asleep. Old people need all the sleep they can get. It's mostly so broken."

"I'm agoing to see!" deposed Nell.

Myra had never invaded that withdrawn privacy. But Nell, with her grenadier step, went swiftly and threw open the door.

"What on earth! Mother!"

Old Mrs. Bray's voice streamed quavering out, "Oh, Nellie! Don't scold me! Myry!——"

Somehow Myra was there—past the affronted Nell in the door. In the instant silence they made a strange tableau

Old Mrs. Bray in her fine gray-and-lavender gown was seated before her little washband-stand. The floral pitcher in its floral bowl, had been set to one side on the floor. What covered the towel-protected top of the stand, was Nellie's looted treasure.

THERE were the fragments of the pink cup and saucer, the teal-green and brown majolica bits that had been the pickle-dish; the iridescent curved sides of George's wife's lemonade-glass; Aunt Em's shattered souvenir pitcher; Abbie Carter's cracker-jar with its smashed wheat-heads. Myra only looked bewilderedly; but on Nell's gaping face, apprehension succeeded stupefaction and dissolved in its turn into a great brimming tenderness

"Scold you, Mother? Oh, Mother—what must you think me! (Oh, poor Mother —poor Mother—she's gone daft!)"

"I always admired pretty broken bits of chiny," old Mrs. Bray confessed "But the pitcher was a accident— reely it was, Nellie. I never went to let that fall. My arm brushed it. But the sasser and the pickle-dish and George's wife's lemonade-glass and Abbie Carter's cracker-jar—I done them apurpose. And I can't say I regret the pitcher, nuther."

"Yes, Mother! Yes, yes! It's all right; I understand. (Myry, don't you leave her! I thought she was gettin' childish, but Oh—to think—I'll have John go for Doc Bradley right away. Let 'er amuse herself, but don't you leave her alone a minute! Poor Mother! Poor old Mother! Aplayin' with broken chiny dishes!)"

"What's Nell awhisperin' to ye?" inquired old Mrs. Bray, sharply. "There's nothin' to whisper about as I know Did ever you see anything purtier than this pink chiny piece, Myry? It broke so clean, and curved as a petal. And this here piece of George's wife's lemonade-glass—it's handsome as a brooch. See how the flower come out! Why, Myry, I've set here and fairly eat off these dishes!"

"Yes, Mother. But sha'n't we put them up now! Some one might drop in Nell been' here"

She could not bear that Marvin and John and the doctor should see this pitiful child's play.

Old Mrs. Bray assented with the utmost good nature. She drew up a box of lacquer and proceeded to lay her china service carefully and dextrously away. She set the box quite openly along the shelf beside her bonnet-box and the snug, little brown round pasteboard roll that held her little old round muff. Presently they heard steps in the sitting-room Some one had dropped in—but it was only Marvin and John and old Doc Bradley.

Marvin's face held a look of scared apprehension; John's withheld judgment; Nell was frankly red-eyed. She had been walking fiercely back and forth in the yard, unable to face again that piteous picture.

The only unclouded faces there were Doc Bradley's and old Mrs. Bray's. She gave him a shrewd look. He returned it in kind "So——" said old Mrs. Bray, noting their various scrutiny. There was even an effect of state about her as she settled herself in her special rocker. But she said, quite simply and conversationally,

"Do you want I should tell you about them dishes?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

Lady Sealpax

Athletic Underwear for Every woman

Lady Sealpax—a Better Underwear for Women. Sold in a Cleaner Way

JUST slip into *Lady Sealpax!*, It's a revelation in women's underwear; so trim and dainty, so sensible and serviceable.

Every woman may have the same luxurious comfort her brother enjoys—now that *Lady Sealpax* is here.

Made with drawer of necessary width and convenient design, athletic armhole, cooling ventilated waistband and elastic backband that permits freedom of action.

Lady Sealpax always comes in a dainty packet, fresh and clean. If your favorite shop does not sell Lady Sealpax write for descriptive booklet and send dealer's name

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.
Also makers of Men's Sealpax Athletic Underwear

Sealpax

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See! You Always Get Good Results—

Because of its perfect leavening qualities and purity, satisfaction is always assured by using

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DISHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"Well—it was thisaway. And understand—I don't blame nobudy. Folks are different. I always loved pretty dishes, but I never got to use 'em. First on account of you being little"—she eyed Nellie and Marvin with benignant allowance—"and after that, because of Nell always bein' agen' using things common. She's like her father. He was thataway. He was a good man, but he lowed good things shouldn't be used common. And then when Myry come with her purty weddin' dishes and all, I'd hoped she'd be sort o' different—more like me. But seem like she favored Nell. But I'd never thought of breakin' them if it hadn't a ben for the pink cup. That give me the idee. That very night I broke the sasser to it. I figured I'd get the use of them dishes some way."

OLD Mrs. Bray clucked pleasantly, and resumed.

"I'd always wanted to wear one o' my good dresses afternoons, too. Well—Myry made me one. And she was real good about wantin' me to wear it common. I had a good man. I've had good children. I've lived a long life. But two things I wanted, I never had—pretty dishes to use, and to be dressed up afternoons. Myry makin' me that dress, and my hand, I reckon. And the pink cup finished it."

"I take the full blame. It was me done both—broke the cup and sewed the dress"—spoke up Myry. "And it's you I favored all along, Mother. If you knew how I've honed to set the table with my weddin' dishes. And I could show you—I've got some things you've never seen—housedresses—pink—sprigged——"

"Meanin' no offense, Nellie—and Marvin—you can't help bein' like your pa. I guess I'm just a foolish old woman."

"We're all like that made," sounded the oracular accents of Mr. Peebles. "Joke's on you all right, Nell."

"I guess I'm it," she admitted cheerfully.

Doc Bradley looked sharply at Myra when she let him out. Perhaps he noted the pathos of that thin face; those speaking eyes, that seemed to confess a secret longing.

"If you should feel the call, just break a few dishes on your own account!" he advised her. "I like to see folks get what they want. If they want it bad enough, they'll get it." He thought it might be a dress, perhaps—something pretty. Women in Myry's case have odd notions.

Myry had an odd notion. She wanted to be told that she was beautiful and loved.

"You little black stringy thing!" she told herself fiercely. "He's fond of you. And good to you. He's like his pa; he won't show it common. And anyways—you beautiful!"

But every month she read, with a new and avid interest, those far-fetched, extravagant tales of beautiful and beloved women.

During the remainder of Nell's stay, old Mrs. Bray and Myra felt a certain delicacy about inaugurating the use of the white cloths, the wedding china and the pretty bits on the dressing table. But when the Peebles's visit was over, the table achieved a patterned whiteness and a general festive appearance. Mrs. Bray donned the gray-and-lavender every afternoon, and Myra bloomed out in pink print. She scarcely ever wore that now, but for all that, her world was infinitely widened. Once Marvin, dangling from two spread fingers a tiny cup, inquired doubtfully, "Do you think it's big enough to go round his neck?"

He was always urging her to have help in, and not to tire herself out. But curiously, he never noted the pink print any more than if it had been dull slate. That had not been his pa's way; and it was not his way. But he was good to her. What more could a woman ask?

After Nell came, he felt aggrieved—quite useless and in the way. The women were always displaying things—digging them out from the bottoms of trunks—clouds of soft, white things, with here and there a rift of color in tassel or tufting.

There came a night when he sat alone. In the beginning, he had tried to read—he picked up her woman's magazine, peering it curiously, that these silly, floppy sheets should hold, as they did, women's eyes. There were pictures in it—always pictures—pictured embraces, with words beneath, "How beautiful you are! I love you—I love you! How beautiful you are!" Always harping on the same thing—love and beauty. As if life were a sentimental thing, like that!

He flung it down. How could he stay his mind on such stuff, when Myry—when Myry——

Nell, important and managerial, occasionally came out and elbowed him about in some mysterious search. At such times, old Mrs. Bray, done up for the night in a highly-flowered and mantle-like garment, came creeping inquiringly in.

"Now, Nell—you know what Myry told ye—if you was to fergit now——"

"All right, Mother. I won't forget."

"You know where to find 'em——"

"Yes, I know where to find 'em."

"Now, Nell, I promised Myry——"

"What did you promise Myry?" Marvin flared in sudden jealousy. Both women eyed him, as from a great and unattainable height. Then Nell's capable back disappeared beyond Myry's door; and, his mother's little old grotesque and woolly figure was swallowed up by the black hall.

Again he took up the magazine. Again looked at the pictures. Again, scarcely seeing them, he read the words. Again he sat; and again Nell elbowed him importantly, and the mother in her small-like wrappings, came creeping in to remind Nell——

When Doc Bradley came out, at first he thought the man, sprawled loosely in the chair, must be asleep—till he lifted his eyes. They were sleepless and inflamed like a watch-dog's.

"Hold on! Wait a minute! Nell's boss now. You don't want to go in looking that way—you'd skeer 'im!"

"What'll I say?" inquired Marvin hoarsely; "Myry's a good woman—she's been a good wife to me—good——"

"Tell 'er something she don't know! Say something fond-like and foolish."

"You can come in now," granted the lofty Nell.

SOMEHOW, old Mrs. Bray had preceded him. But he never saw her. He never even saw the managerial Nell. He saw his wife's face, looking so little and white from out a ruffled lace cap. There were circles of ruffles about her thin wrists. There was a lace ruffle in the neck of her gown. For these were Myry's coronation robes; it was about this adorning that old Mrs. Bray had continuously cackled and fussed. Nell, in that smug, proprietary manner of hers, had turned back a blanket—enough to show the tiny size which he had imagined; and the neck which it encircled, and the red and wrinkly head on top of that——

Like a well-conducted catechism, words came to Marvin—words he could never have got from his pa.

"Oh, Myry—I love you! How beautiful you are!"

A strange cosmetic glowed on Myra's white cheek. Happiness is the surest beautifier. He might never say it again. It was not likely that he would. He favored his pa. But she had had her great moment—her beautiful and beloved moment. She smiled drowsily up at old Mrs. Bray, beaming beneficently above; and remembered, in an odd flash, the pink china cup. This was her cup—full and running over.

"Come on out now, and let her sleep," ordered the dictatorial Nell. "Who'd a' thought, now, Myry had her little vanities? That lace cap now, and them ruffles—for Marvin! Some folks has the strangest notions."

"Taint notions!" protested old Mrs. Bray.

"Oh, yes, it is! And all right, if you feel that way—like you and your dishes, now."

"Myry and me both is powerful set on dishes," exulted old Mrs. Bray.

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WHAT every Editor hopes for, and experiences only once or twice in a lifetime, is to open his mail some morning and find a big story by an entirely new writer.

Fortune has favored us several times, and again it is our privilege to introduce a new writer—Agnes Mary Brownell—whose first big story, "Dishes," you will find on page 30 of this issue, and whose second story, "Love's Labor," will appear in an early number. Be sure to read them. We congratulate our readers as well as ourselves on the discovery of this promising new author.

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IN BLOSSOM TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

feminine attributes to hate, may find a type disarming. Achilles, you remember, had a heel. Paul, armored against frills and folly, was grateful to his passenger for many things, not least of them her boyish-looking hat and neat, trim, boyish-looking suit. Paul could not be expected to guess that they were a feminine mother's subtly enhancing recognition of a type. Moreover, the round blue eyes of Minnie Quinn were direct and matter-of-fact and not in the least coquettish. She did not blush. There was no nonsense about her shining hair. It was brushed straight back from her forehead, braided, turned up at the back of her neck and tied with a bow, rather a perky bow that made Paul think of a rabbit with his ears cocked up. Indeed, that bow and her turned-up nose were the only things about her that Paul instinctively distrusted. And wisely—for the angle of the bow was a deliberate recognition of the kind of nose. Otherwise, there was really nothing about Minnie Quinn to dislike. Paul had never met a girl less irritating in her looks and ways. And her hating femininity he unwisely accepted her piquant boyishness as something new and dependably unfeminine. Paul, you see, had never heard of Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady.

"I'll bet," exclaimed Paul, suddenly, "that you play tennis!"

Minnie nodded, her round eyes shining. "*Love it!*"

"And swim?"

Again that quick little nod. "I won a medal last Summer for long distance swimming."

"Gee! That's going some."

"It isn't bad—for a girl."

"Am I driving too fast?"

"No-o-o. I like it."

"So do I. I always drive this way when I can let her out. My sister's *afraid!*"

"Oh, I don't see why. You're so strong and sure. And you drive so well."

Ah, Minnie, Minnie!

Paul would have resented the suggestion that Minnie Quinn and his sister Marjory were sisters under the skin. Yet in precisely eleven minutes, driving which they passed his uncle's farm at terrific speed and stopped, laughing breathlessly together, under the Quinn elms by the sitting-room door, his unfeminine fare had aroused in Paul the following strange emotional delights: a positive belief that she was different from the rest of her sex and sensibly aware of male superiority, strength, courage, and daring as embodied in an unusual degree in himself; a protective instinct; a thrilling suspicion that he had found at last sympathy and understanding; a return of self-confidence, somewhat shattered by the happenings of the day; and a delicious fusing of all of these into sheer reckless good spirits and a tinge of regret as he drove off down the lane.

THE boyishness of Minnie Quinn had begun it. Nevertheless, as Paul approached again his uncle's farm, he was thinking most of the boyish nose and the bow of ribbon on her hair. So much so, that when a rabbit, ears ludicrously cocked in wild alarm, scuttled across his path, he laughed aloud.

At that minute, slowing up in a wave of friendliness for rabbits whom he had been known to steer at and chase, Paul saw Grandma Northrop.

It was, in the first incredulous shock of the thing, like tumbling from a glorious height into a lake of ice-water in a dream. Paul, gasping, stopped the car and stared. There was no mistake. For the first time in a long period of exasperated pilgrimages to many points, Grandma Northrop had invaded Uncle Farley's. She was in the kitchen window of a farmhouse miles remote from any station, a terrible old tyrant, knitting very fast, rocking very fast, hastily cupping her inefficient ear at times with her hand, an unconscious admission of disability made only in moments of excitement—and plainly talking back. Uncle Farley, too, in a genial way, was frank.

Paul knit his brows. The new jitney bus! No wonder his father had been baffled. Ten to one while Mr. Kern was picking himself up she had stepped into the jitney at the corner, descending in the course of time, two blocks from Uncle Farley's door. He was about to march in and have it out with her when he saw the rabbit again and blushed. Then Paul did a strange thing. He went softly into gear and drove away.

It had occurred to him that if he did not hurry, his father *might* discover his escapade and storm And to-morrow would be Saturday, the one day of freedom when the car was quiet in his own. He would motor up in the morning.

At nine the following morning, unconscious of a premonition about the missing tin of macaroni, Paul motored to market for his mother by way of the Quinn farm. He approached it, on his way to Uncle Farley's, by a circuitous route from the south, developed tedious engine trouble under a maple tree near some cabbages of Mr. Quinn's, and to his intense surprise as he closed the hood, saw, coming down the road, Minnie Quinn in her hat and coat.

Paul was by nature kind—save when his soul was in torment. He drove Minnie to her aunt's and recklessly disappeared in a cloud of dust headed for the market. At the vegetable counter he remembered Uncle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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IN BLOSSOM TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Farley and stared queerly at a beet. It seemed best, all things considered, to just go up again when he was not so busy, bring the truant home and surprise them all.

At two he departed for a ball-game three blocks away and stopped, en route, under the Quinn elms by the sitting-room door.

"I was wonderin'," he said to Minnie's grandmother who answered his knock, "You see, I'm on my way to—to Uncle Farley's. I was wonderin'—Have you ever seen Eagle Rock? I mean at night when the lights are all lit in the valley and the trees—" It only takes about ten minutes from here and five minutes to see it."

The mild old lady who had known Paul intermittently since childhood very intermittently—glanced kindly at him over her specs. She thought the invitation was for her.

An alert young voice from the sitting-room cleared this up for her at once.

"Oh, Gram'ma!" said Minnie Quinn. "Gram'ma! *Could I?*"

"Some night, you know," said Paul, looking directly over the old lady's shoulder, "when I can get away—when I can get away from my—my studies."

Paul in his emergency said studies. It was temporarily a synonym for parents. This fortunately Grandma Quinn, being a simple soul, did not know. Nor could she possibly have guessed what a queerness she unleashed in Paul's head when, after an interval of hesitation, she gave her consent, adding kindly that Minnie would be there all Summer.

On that exultant queerness in Paul's head must be blamed the reprehensible events that followed. It mysteriously altered his sense of values, clouded his viewpoint and sapped his powers of resistance. He penetrated his uncle's kitchen, looking luminous and dazed, stared terribly at his grandmother, who kept right on with her knitting and grimly stared him down, and meaning to say one thing said another. It seemed all at once not to matter to him whether she went home or not. Indeed, since it would be comparatively simple for him to run up now and then to see if she were well, it might be better on the whole if she stayed at Uncle Farley's for a while.

For this singular conclusion he was unable to find any reason at all, reddened and sat down—suddenly (and very temporarily) on the cat. Agonizingly they left the chair together. After that he remembered nothing clearly save his grandmother's intention to stay where she was—and the face of Uncle Farley gazing quizzically at the cat over a corn-cob pipe and telling him he was not the only one who had been sat upon. He took with him a note which in some confusion of mind he had pledged himself to put in his mother's work-basket quite as if Grandma Northrup in leaving had put it there herself and ten dollars. And he had agreed—or offered—to drive up whenever he could get away and keep the truant posted.

Two things—in nowise connected, for they had happened at opposite ends of a subtle conversation—the able old strategist had conveyed to him upon his mind. He was not to tell where she was—and in anticipation of a birthday four months off, he was to buy himself a better ukulele. Paul remembered the ukulele and forgot the note.

And that was the beginning for Paul of an extraordinary period of aberration, happy and unhappy by turns, which lasted until Tuesday night, when again the Bartons danced. Most of this time when he was not at school, he spent in his room, apparently busy and preoccupied. He did not bother Teddy. Nor did Teddy in any sense appear to bother him. One thing only bothered Paul. And that bother was colossal. It had never been so difficult to get away.

Peace came to the breakfast hour, but as Henry Northrop said it was a peace like the sudden silence of a crowd. It claimed your full attention.

Paul, in his abstraction, was unaware of his parents' close attention. Indeed a number of things got by him, among them a competitive outburst of bonquets on the part of Colonel Crow and Mr. Whitlow, a confidential report to the police of Grandma Northrop's habits, and the selection of a new maid in which for the first time in many months we did not assist. An inferential surmise that the house had been robbed by an eccentric thief who made off with the ironing-board, the gas-iron, and a bottle of benzine failed utterly to penetrate his mental and physical seclusion. Nor did he realize, until weeks after the talk of impending arrest had subsided, that Teddy had borrowed the dog of a spinster of acidulous repute, acting later as his second in a vulgar fight during which the spinster had been bitten by the enemy.

Tuesday morning he appeared at breakfast in a state of strained affability that proved to be quite as absent-minded as his previous state of gloom. He was wrapped in thought when he left for school. His father got up from the table and looked at him through a window.

"Ever since Paul's worn long trousers," he said, "I've had a feeling that most of his nerve consciousness is centered in his legs—below the knees. He walks that way. I thought he'd get over it, but it seems to be getting worse. Ann, what *is* the matter

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Every drop awakens flavor

GOOD vinegar improves every food it touches. Poor vinegar harms every food.

That's why you should make sure of the vinegar you use. Why you should buy bottled vinegar that bears a label standing for purity and excellence.

Heinz Vinegars have an aroma and flavor that come from highest class materials, skill in making and long aging. They make foods taste better, and they more than comply with the pure food laws of the whole world.

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

Pints, quarts and half gallons, Malt, Cider and White

HEINZ Vinegars

One of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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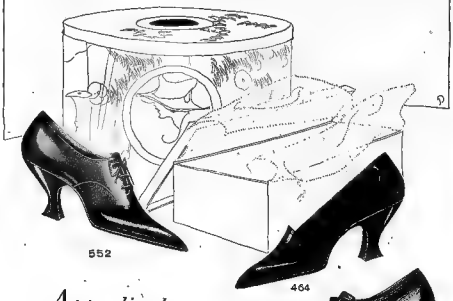


552

464

544

Appealingly smart and comfortable, too!

The season's most fashionable shoes, trim Oxfords, slim, unadorned pumps, are unusually charming in the new models of the Red Cross Shoe. The very simplicity of style brings out its fine lines, its beautiful workmanship.

And with this appealing smartness you find, too, in every Red Cross Shoe the famous "bends with your foot" comfort.

Try on one of the many charming models at the Red Cross dealer's in your town.

Write for "Footwear Style Without Extravagance"

Sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials—each model the standard of value at its price. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address: THE KROHN-FECHHEIMER CO., 612 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Model No. 552—The "Cutter," a dark brown kid Blucher Oxford. As slim and trim a shoe as heart could wish! Just the shoe for the fastidious woman! Its lines are graceful, yet reserved. Smart Louis heel, covered to match

Model No. 464—The "Lucerne." Very new and extremely good-looking is this well-tailored black patent pump. A pump that will not ride up and down, it fits so snugly at the heel. So smart yet so simple you can wear it anywhere

Model No. 544—"Parade." The very shoe in which to meet the soldier—"back from the war"; so femininely suggesting, so beautifully finished—and so comfortable to walk in. The season's smartest color, dark brown, is here used in the season's smartest shape, the Oxford—of kid, this time

Red Cross Shoe

Look for this trade-mark on the sole

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Rust, incrustations, odors and stains in the closet bowl will all disappear *without* scrubbing, *without* scouring, without *any* of the old laborious methods —if you use *Sani-Flush.*

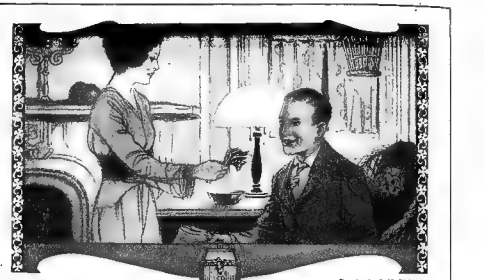
Try a can of *Sani-Flush* and see how remarkably it does the work. Sprinkle a little of the powder into the bowl, follow directions, and flush.

The results will surprise you.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
414 Walnut Ave., Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd.
Toronto

Ask your dealer at once for Sani-Flush. If he is unable to supply you immediately, send us 25c (stamps or coin) for a full size can postpaid.



Drawing by G. M. Richards

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

Take the First Step to Success

THE other day I received one of the most remarkable letters that ever came to my desk. It arrived one afternoon at the close of a busy day as a time when the little imp of discouragement was attempting to whisper his subtle message into my ear. Before I had read half-way through it, all sense of weariness and anxiety had flown and a great feeling of joyousness took possession of me. Here is the letter, which I take pleasure in sharing with you.

DEAR PEGGY:

I must tell you the good news. Last Thursday at supper I noticed my husband seemed worried and ate very little. I asked him what was the matter and I found out that he was worrying about his life insurance being due. It amounted to $45 and he had only $18 to pay it with, and he hates borrowing. I said to him, "That needn't upset you," and when he said "Why not?" I told him I could give him the $27 he needed.

My dear Peggy, I wish you could have seen his face. He was the most surprised man on earth. He asked where I got it and I told him all about you and the wonderful Treasure, and we had such a happy time. You know I have never before told my husband about all you have done for me. You can never know what you have done for us. Before I wrote to you I always thought I had no head for money-making or things like that, but now I know better. Bless you, Peggy, and all the other Daughters of The Golden Treasure.

Gratefully, E. F——, Duluth.

Only those who have suffered under the burden of debt can realize how E. F——'s husband felt when he thought he could not meet his insurance premium. Speaking about debt makes me think of another letter that came to me recently from one of my newly-joined Daughters. She wrote:

DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT:

I received your dear letter and the Club Pin you sent me. It was sweet and I just love it, but I am wondering, Peggy, dear, if it would be possible to let me have just money in future. There are certain reasons why I need the dollars and cents, so, if you can arrange it, will you do so?

R. O. Z——, Missouri.

Immediately I wrote my Daughter that of course she could have money for her earnings, and right here I wish to state most emphatically, in case there are others like R. O. Z——, that the Golden Treasure is for you according to your wishes, desires, and needs.

It is for you to tell me what you want and you do not have to tell me what you want it for. If you want money only—money is yours. If you want gifts as well as money—pins, rings, silver, or silk—gifts are yours. Just now, with so many demands on all sides for subscriptions to this, and memberships to that, and donations to the other, most of my Daughters prefer *money* only, and I don't blame them. Whatever you want, let me know, and I'll see that you get it.

The First Step

THERE is an old French proverb which says "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*" It means "It is the first step that counts." There never was a truer saying.

Just think what Bell's First attempt to use electricity for lighting means to the world.

Imagine a city without a telephone! Without Bell's "first step" we would never have had that blessing to civilization.

Thus it is with all worth-while things. It is the "first step" that counts. With every Daughter of the Golden Treasure it was the "first step" that led to independence. And so I say to all who read these lines, take the first step by writing to me to-day and tell me you would like to make some money for your very own.

Many of my Daughters, who are to-day successful money-makers, have told me that they put off writing to me for a long time.

They have confessed that at first they felt sure their inexperience would prevent them from sharing the wonders of our Treasure Chest. Others have actually told me that they felt what I wrote was too good to be true and that they put off taking the "first step" on that account. Still others have confided in me that as soon as they had made up their minds to write me all kinds of suggestions flashed into their minds to prevent them doing so. But, of course, the one great reason why many of my Daughters delayed joining our happy ranks was on account of that common human failing—procrastination.

And so I say to my readers who have not yet become members, "Write me to-day and ask me how to become the proud possessor of money and gifts of your own." You can not be too old or too young to be a Daughter. It does not matter if you are married or single, a grandmother or a school girl, at work or doing nothing—you *can* join and you *can* be successful.

The Spirit of the West

AS I turn over the sheaf of letters on my desk, I find one that I think will interest those of you who may feel a little hesitant about writing to me. Perhaps reading this may encourage you.

DEAR PEGGY:

My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I opened your letter and saw the check. It is the first Five Dollars I ever made in my life. All my life I have been a timid, frightened girl afraid to speak to a soul. Now since I have known you (only on paper, so far, I am sorry to say) I have gained both courage and self-respect. How can I thank you enough.

Dora W——, Colorado.

Courage and self-respect, the twin blessings that accompany independence. Are they worth a two-cent postal of inquiry? I think so, don't you?

Here is an extract from another Daughter in Wyoming. She is a married woman with an eighteen-months-old daughter. Her point of view may interest you.

DEAR PEGGY:

——but there is one thing I have never thanked you for and that is for helping me to know some of the best friends I have. I used to be a lonely woman, as my husband is away all day, but through you I not only have made money but I've made friends, too.

(MRS.) F. G——.

That letter tells you in a nutshell just what you gain by joining The Daughters of the Golden Treasure. You make money *and* friends. You meet the most interesting people. You live a life of independence. You give orders to yourself. You make money for yourself. You spend it yourself. On yourself, too, if you desire it. On others if you will it. The great point is that what you earn is yours to do with as you please.

Don't Say This to Yourself

NOW don't say to yourself that other girls are brighter than you and that you can't succeed. Don't imagine that you are different, less gifted, or more inexperienced. That has nothing to do with it. I have thousands—yes thousands—of money-making, successful Daughters to-day who never earned a penny in their lives before they wrote to me. I know by what they have done, exactly what you can do. I have helped them to earn an income for themselves and I can help you.

All I need is your name and address on a two-cent postal and back will come full particulars. If you are tired of having to ask your father or husband or brother for every cent you need, write to me. You can make your own spending-money.

Now don't put it off another minute, will you?

Begin now—to-day—this minute if you can. Do not delay. Do not hesitate. While one delays another seizes her opportunity and wins. This very minute others are acting. Why not you?

Success comes only to those who take the first step. Right now you may be wishing you could succeed, but feel perhaps that lack of training may keep you back. You need no special training or knowledge. All you need to open the door of our Treasure Chest is the Key I am holding in my hands for you. Sit down and just write, "Please send me the Key to the Treasure Chest." Sign your name and address and slip it in the mail to your friend,

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Columbia Grafonola

They Won't Go Home Until Morning!

Why should they, when such dashing music sets the swift and joyous dancing pace? You wouldn't either. Go home? When you've found the perfect partner and the newest dance music, perfectly played! That's the best of this big, jolly, melodious Grafonola. Always the life of the party—always ready for encores—an ever-ready source of laughter, fun and music that will make any party a success.

ANY Columbia Grafonola, big or little, brings you all the best of all the newest dance music, played as only great orchestras and famous military bands can play it. The Grafonola will sit up all night to give you music—and then play the sun up in the east, still fresh as a daisy, tireless, happy, full of dancing mirth and joy. The perfect music for the perfect partner!

Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300—Period Designs up to $2100.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York
London Office: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

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FAIRY

To wake up the Sleeping Beauty of Your Skin

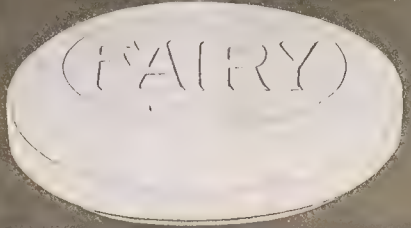
IT is never too late to wake-up the sleeping beauty of your skin. And the best tonic to awaken skins to their rightful loveliness is—the *right kind of soap.*

But—what kind of soap *is* the right kind of soap?

A soap for the care of the skin must give an abundant lather which quickly and thoroughly rinses off. It must not stick in the pores or "dry" the tender outer cuticle.

If you use Fairy Soap, you notice its abundant lather. You notice how quickly it rinses off. That is most important. For a velvety cleansing lather should not only reach *into* pores and cleanse them, but should thoroughly *rinse out* and *off.*

If you have not already made friends with Fairy Soap, we are sure there is a pleasant surprise in store for you. Use it consistently—thus giving the constant care to your skin which is so necessary if your complexion is to wake-up to its rightful beauty.



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

Make your next cake Fairy for your bath

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New Acquaintances for the Table

Try a Few of Them in Your Garden

By LEWIS and MARY THEISS

NOW that we are, perforce, more and more becoming vegetarians, housewives everywhere are asking how they shall vary the family dietary. To the stomach as well as to the mind, variety is the very spice of life; and jaded appetites are becoming tired of the unvarying round of common American vegetables. But the ambitious American housewife need not, like Alexander, sigh in vain for new worlds to conquer. If she is a gardener as well as a housewife, an entire realm of new vegetables lies ready at hand for conquest.

We have long believed the French to be the best cooks and gardeners in the world; but travelers now tell us the Chinese are entitled to that distinction. One who is familiar with Chinese cooking knows what wonderfully tasteful and delicate dishes the Oriental prepares. And one who will devote a little of his garden space and time to raising certain vegetables from the Far East will understand why Oriental cookery is so good. It could hardly be otherwise, for the vegetables themselves are extremely delicate and tasty.

In our own gardens, last Summer, we made the acquaintance of some twenty-eight strangers from the Far East, as well as of several newcomers from other parts of the earth. Among all this company of new faces there is none that will be more welcome hereafter than the Sakurajima, or the giant radish of Japan.

It is the exact antithesis of our own radishes. Commonly we think of the small radish as being the good radish. The Sakurajima weighs several pounds. We put one on the scales that weighed, top and all, exactly two and a half pounds. But they will grow to much greater size. Our own radishes, to be good, must grow quickly. But the Sakurajima, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth. Our native varieties prosper only in the Spring. This great radish grows well at any season. The one mentioned above was planted June fourth and pulled September twenty-eighth. The American radish is utterly unfit to eat after it blooms and goes to seed. The Sakurajima can be eaten any time after the root is formed. And it endures hot weather best of all.

But what could I ever do with a radish weighing two and a half pounds? you inquire. My family couldn't make an entire meal of radish, even of a Sakurajima. You would do with it exactly what you do with a pumpkin that is too big to be used at one cooking. Cut off what you want and eat the rest later. For the Sakurajima is a wonderful keeper. In texture its flesh is like that of a fine Winter apple. It has none of the "live" contained in our own varieties, but a fine, delicate flavor. Like Dickens's ivy, the Sakurajima is "a rare old plant."

THE Chinese Winter radish is another worthy immigrant. We became acquainted with this vegetable two years ago. The seed was sown at the time our cucumbers were planted—when the weather had become warm and settled.

The radishes were harvested in the Fall, along with the roots and beets, for Winter use. We examined these strangers suspiciously. The seed catalog had praised them in glowing terms. But we doubted if these great bulky roots, some of them weighing perhaps a pound, that had required probably four months to mature, could possibly be fit to eat—at least without boiling! We packed them in moist sand and stowed them in the root-cellar. And, nobody having the courage to bite into one, there they remained for many weeks untasted. What was our astonishment and delight to find, upon finally making the venture, that they were of a true radish flavor, but mild and delicate, while the flesh was as crisp and tender as a Winter Pippin. They kept indefinitely. Since then the Chinese Winter radish has been a prime favorite with us.

A very good planting scheme would be to put out in the early Spring a sufficient sowing of native radishes for early use, with some Sakurajima radishes for Summer consumption; and in early Summer to sow more Sakurajima for Fall use, together with Winter radishes for the Winter root-cellar. Thus one would have delicious radishes the year round.

But Oriental vegetables are not all radishes any more than life is all beer and skittles. Take for instance the carrots of Japan. We raised the Sapporo and the Kintoki. We tried both varieties at the same meal. And we exclaimed, in the words of Gay:

> "How happy could I be with either
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The Sapporo is a very long root, deep-orange in color. Its flavor is like our own with this difference—it lacks entirely the strong, raw taste of our native varieties, being wonderfully sweet and mild. This quality makes it very desirable for use in making carrot marmalade. The Kintoki is quite as good in quality, but is probably destined to win greater popularity on account of its color, which is a deep, rich scarlet. It is of the half-long variety. There is a suggestion of parsnips in its taste, and its flesh, too, is more delicate than that of our native carrots. Its high color makes this vegetable very ornamental and adds to the attractiveness of any dish that contains it.

But the attractiveness of these vegetables is not confined to their edible qualities. The foliage of each is highly ornamental, tho quite distinct. The Sapporo much resembles our native carrots, its foliage being finely cut and feathery in appearance. Kintoki has coarser foliage, but this latter variety has the quality of bearing seed in one year, or at least ours did. Planted June fourth, it was in full bloom by late September.

The soy-bean could be added to the American dietary with profit, for it contains a higher percentage of protein than any other bean, and protein is the element that makes meat desirable in our food. There are numerous varieties of this plant, the beans being very much alike in color, small, flattened, and sometimes almost circular in shape. They are drier than our native beans and require longer cooking. But they have a delicious, nutty flavor that makes them a desirable addition to the menu.

They are hardy and very easy to grow. In planting them, one will do well to secure some soy-bean inoculation, for the bacteria required to make them prosper differ from the bacteria utilized by the ordinary bean. It does not follow, however, that soy-beans will not grow in your soil without inoculation, for the bacteria may already be there.

HAMLET remarks that "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Yet we are very certain that thought had nothing whatever to do with the quality of the Kikuza squash that overran and threatened entirely to submerge our garden. Jack's famed beanstalk wasn't a circumstance to that squash plant. It speedily outgrew the space allotted to it, then wandered among the cabbages and climbed over the bean brush, until the garden looked like one huge squash patch—and this in spite of repeated trimmings. But after we tried the first squash we were glad we had let the plant run. Of medium size, flattened like a patty pan, and deeply corrugated round the edges, the ripe fruit is a deep dark-green in color, quite a Hubbard squash. But it is more tender than a Hubbard squash. Even when well toward maturity, the rind is so thin that the finger nail cuts it readily. The flesh is salmon-pink, firm, of wonderfully fine texture, and as tender as can be. There are few seeds. An average-sized squash weighs from five to eight pounds and is so meaty that it will make three generous pies, while the smooth, fine flesh is unsurpassed for fritter. Dipped in flour and fried, this squash has no equal—at least none that we have found. If vigor of growth, productivity, beauty of vine, and high quality of product make for desirability, then the Kikuza squash is most desirable.

The Japanese climbing cucumber will also be found a desirable addition to any garden—particularly in those gardens, where there is plenty of room for expansion vertically, but mighty little elbow-room horizontally. The Japanese climbing cucumber is grown like any other cucumber. It makes a larger growth, however, than our ordinary native varieties. Planted at the foot of a wall or fence, it will clamber up it and turn an unsightly boundary into a thing of beauty. The leaves and vines are as ornamental as ivy, and the growing fruits on the vines heighten the artistic effect. The plant is fairly prolific, and the fruit is of fair size and good quality. It is rather long and slender, dark green, with spines.

"When you have good luck in anything," says Henry VanDyke, "you ought to be glad. Indeed, if you are not, you are not really lucky." In growing Chinese cabbages we consider that we were lucky; and certainly we are glad we planted them. They will become permanent members of our garden family.

The Pe-tsai is really a lettuce-cabbage. It is hardy, germinates quickly, grows well, and is most ornamental. Picture to yourself, a magnified lettuce head, a soft yellow-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

There are, in the Northfield Line, chairs and rockers designed and covered to match every Northfield Bed Davenport.

Like Adding a Room To Your Home

There are many evenings when a home seems much too small. With mother's company in the living room and the children playing war in the dining room the only place for the rest of the family to sit is the kitchen.

Of course there are the bedrooms, but the chairs never seem comfortable and the lights are not right for reading. Possibly you have never thought of it before, but that *spare bedroom* is the one that should be the haven of refuge on such occasions. There is a new way to turn it into a cozy, extra sitting room. Take out the bed and put in a Northfield Bed Davenport.

Now the Northfield is a very unusual piece of furniture. No one would ever guess it was anything but an artistic, handsome davenport. The secret is inside. In a moment you can change your davenport into a full size bed when overnight guests do come.

A Northfield Bed Davenport, practically makes your home one room larger. And you have the choice of many beautiful designs—big, sink-in, upholstered fellows; plain oak or mission styles; even the authentic period pieces.

Quite likely there's a store in your city that sells Northfield Bed Davenports. If not write to us direct. Ask for the new booklet, *"The Davenport With a Secret."*

The Northfield Company
Makers of Good Furniture
Sheboygan . . . . . Wisconsin

Formerly The Sheboygan Couch Company

Burpee's Seeds

Quality in Seeds is the first thing to consider. You cannot succeed with your garden unless you plant "Seeds that Grow."

Burpee's Dollar Box
Sufficient seed to plant a garden 20 by 50 feet. A complete Vegetable garden for $1.00.

Burpee's Dollar Box contains the following Vegetable Seeds:

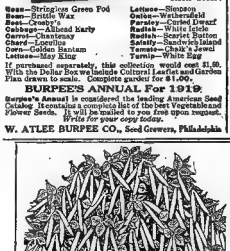
Bean—Stringless Green Pod
Bean—Brittle Wax
Beet—Crosby's
Cabbage—Allhead Early
Carrot—Chantenay
Chard—Lucullus
Corn—Golden Bantam
Lettuce—May King
Lettuce—Simpson
Onion—Wethersfield
Parsley—Curled Dwarf
Radish—White Icicle
Radish—Scarlet Turnip
Salsify—Sandy's Island
Spinach—Long Season
Turnip—White Egg

If purchased separately, this collection would cost $1.00. With the Dollar Box we include Cultural Leaflet and Garden Plan drawn to scale. Complete garden for $1.00.

BURPEE'S ANNUAL For 1919

Burpee's Annual is considered the leading American Seed Catalog. It contains a complete list of the best Vegetable and Flower Seeds. It will be mailed to you free upon request. *Write for your copy today.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia



THE 1200 TO 1 BEAN

GIANT TREE BEAN!

This is a Gigantic Bean—Plants grow strong and erect, branching freely, bearing pods up well from the ground, which literally load the plant. Beans being pure white—or the best quality. Over 300 Pods and 1500 Beans have been grown on a single plant from One Bean—hence its name, 1200 to 1—the Giant Tree Bean.

Mr. N. W. Finch, an Ontario, Canada, customer, writes: "Out of 56 good plants they averaged about 1400 and 1500 beans to each by actual count."

Other customers report great success.

You can plant after danger of frost anytime up to June 15, only 1 Bean in a hill in good soil and they will mature a crop in about 80 days. Growth and enormous yield will simply surprise you. Everybody should have it.

My stock is limited and I can only offer in sealed packets, containing over 60 Beans each, with cultural directions.

Pkt. 10c; 3 Pkts. 25c; 7 Pkts. 50c; 15 Pkts. $1.00; 30 Pkts. $2.00; 100 Pkts. $5.00, postage paid. Seed Book of choice Garden Seeds and flowers free with every order. It will interest you.

F. B. MILLS, Seed Grower, Box 68, Rose Hill, N. Y.

Safeguarding Babyhood

Thousands of homes today are safeguarding the health and well-being of American babyhood by the use of the

NORTHWESTERN Safety First High Chair

Its one-piece removable food tray, porcelained in immaculate white, insures against the possible contamination of baby's food. No cracks or corners to absorb and accumulate spilt food. A mere dash of hot water keeps tray clean and sterilized. Baby can't climb or slide out of Safety Strap. Only one buckle in safety strap. Nor can the chair be accidentally tipped, because of the wide flaring legs.

Many Splendid Styles

There's a Northwestern style to meet any requirement — period or modern design in either wood or fibre. If your dealer won't supply you, we will. Write for descriptive folder No. 40 illustrating many desirable styles.

Northwestern Mfg. Co.
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Est. 1866

① Removable Tray Arm.
② White Porcelain Food Tray.
③ Safety Strap

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A SLOGAN originated by millions of thrifty women throughout the country who have made old straw hats look just as good as new with

Colorite

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

COLORS OLD & NEW STRAW HATS

Fine for coloring your hat just the shade to match a new dress or to re-color this year's hat that has begun to look faded. There is nothing just as good as Colorite.

It is a liquid sold in a bottle with a brush for applying. It is waterproof and durable. Easily applied by anyone. Dries in thirty minutes. Also fine for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas Slippers, Basketry, Leather Hand Bags and Belts. Sold by Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a bottle of Colorite postpaid upon receipt of 30 cents. Be sure to name color you want.

16 COLORS TO SUIT YOUR TASTES:

Jet Black	Navy Blue	Cerise	Lavender
Dull Black	Cadet Blue	Burnt Straw	Old Rose
Cardinal Red	Victory Blue	Brown	Gray
Yellow	Sage Green	Violet	Natural

Directions on each box for mixing to obtain most any desired shade.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

Established 1840

Makers of the Famous Economy Products

66 Sudbury Street Boston, Mass.

Canadian Distributors: A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal

Equal Rights for Women

Every woman has the right to be as healthy, vigorous and efficient as her husband, son, brother, or friend. Nature intended woman to be unhampered and unhandicapped by any sex weakness. But, unfortunately, woman is very predisposed to constipation, not of necessity, but due to faults or bad habits of omission or commission.

Constipation is nothing but a bad habit. Taking purgative, cathartic, or laxative medicines to force the bowels to move is another bad habit—even a worse habit.

But Nujol is particularly suitable for the overcoming of constipation and its resulting evils in women. Nujol is not a drug—does not act like any drug.

Nujol acts by bringing about a readjustment of the mechanism provided and intended by Nature for the removal of food waste from the body.

Nujol is effective at any age, under any conditions, especially during those periods and conditions in which the use of purgatives, cathartic or laxative medicines is not only harmful, but dangerous. Nujol is safe, pleasant to take, sensible, agreeable in effects, never forms a bad habit. Get a bottle from your druggist.

Nujol Laboratories

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NEW ACQUAINTANCES FOR THE TABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

green in color, with a beautiful blanched heart, and wide-spreading outer leaves that are crumpled at the edges, and you have something like these Chinese cabbages. Expert cooks tell us that the American lettuce and cabbage are faulty because they head too tightly. Chinese cabbages form loose heads, like Cos lettuce. The heads are long rather than round. The midribs are very wide, pure white, and tender. There is a hint of radish flavor in Pe-tsai, and an entire absence of that peppery quality that is so strong in some of our native cabbages. Pe-tsai is best eaten like lettuce, with a Mayonnaise dressing Boiled, it seems to lack flavor, but a dash of vinegar adds greatly to the taste. As our native lettuce does poorly in hot weather, Pe-tsai would form an excellent complement to the lettuce planting. It grows slowly and its heads would be no more than mature by Midsummer, when the lettuce is dwindling away.

CHEEFOO, or Chinese white cabbage, is like the celery cabbage, but the heads are larger and rounder. The centers are tight, and long rather than round. The most beautiful blanched celery can not excel, and hardly equals, the beautiful appearance of the blanched heart of the Cheefoo cabbage. The midrib is thick and pearly white, and the crumpled leaves a creamy, golden white. For cold slaw it is unequaled by any other plant, being far superior for this purpose to our native cabbages. This flavor is very delicate, the flesh crisp and tender. For salads Cheefoo equals the best lettuce, and it is excellent boiled. What is more, it boils without odor and cooks in a shorter time than ordinary cabbage does.

Uncle Sam recommends this variety highly. He has found that it is suited to almost every part of the United States. For purely ornamental purposes it would be worth while to raise both these varieties of cabbage. The white hearts are a sight, the outer leaves have a wider spread than those of our native cabbages, thus shading the ground around them and helping to conserve moisture. Their color is a light yellow-green, which is in marked contrast to the dark blue-green of some of the more common cabbages, particularly the Savoy. If a thing of beauty is a joy forever, the good looks of our gardens could be so enhanced by judicious planting as to make them always pleasurable to the eye. And broad borders of solid colors like these softhued cabbage shades would form an excellent frame for the picture in living green.

One thing in particular was noticeable about our cabbage plantation. In one garden we had five rows, each seventy feet long. Four of the five constituted of Succession and Savoy, the fifth being entirely of Chinese varieties. Never were cabbage-worms so bad with us as this last Summer; and the four rows of ordinary cabbage resembled lace-work in their outer leaves. Yet the Chinese cabbage was intact. Hardly a cabbage-worm touched it.

ANOTHER stranger that has found a permanent home in our gardens is the black corn from Mexico. Altho better known in this country than the Chinese vegetables, it has never received the attention it deserves, and to most people is an utter stranger. Probably the name "Black Mexican" deters more people from planting it. So strong are our prejudices that many people will not even plant Golden Bantam, because it is yellow and yellow corn, in the popular mind, means field-corn. But Black Mexican is as astonishing as a Magician's high hat; for the corn that is planted is black, the corn that is eaten is white—or practically so. As one of the seed catalogs puts it, "Black Mexican corn is white when it is green and black when it is ripe."

This variety is a medium early sort, producing ears six to eight inches long. The young kernels are pearly white; but when the corn has acquired its greatest sugar content, the kernels begin to be streaked and clouded with color. Tho this makes the corn less attractive in appearance, it is a real help to the housewife, for it tells her exactly when to pull the corn. Before the color streaks come, the corn lacks its full sweetness. After becoming streaked, it rapidly toughens and assumes a uniform dark purplish color. When fully dry and ripe it is a bluish black. Its quality can not be excelled, and we have found no corn that can compare with it for yield. Almost every stalk bears two ears; and as the upper ear forms before the lower, the two ears are ready to eat at different times. Thus the gardener can get two pickings from the same planting. We have substituted Black Mexican for most of the other varieties that we formerly grew.

All too often we Americans have been as chauvinistic in our gardening as in our speech. To us, whatever is American is good; whatever is foreign, is useless. Henceforth our appetites as well as our minds are going to be more cosmopolitan. Hereafter we shall view the stranger in an entirely new light. And we are to discover, even as Horatio did, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy—including many new and delicious things to eat. The enterprising gardener will do well to try some of these. For, as Henry VanDyke puts it, "It is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with the worst."

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IN BLOSSOM TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

with him? Has he resigned from the family? Or is he trying to make us see what a mess we'd really make of things without his aid?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Northrop, hopelessly. "I really don't. Unless he's worried, too, about his grandmother. Any talk of her seems instantly to make him up."

"Guilt!" said his father, building better than he knew. "He started the thing. Ann, you're sure you've pasted mother's name and address in her handbag?"

"Yes."

"Then nothing *could* have happened. No," he added presently, "Paul's not worried, not this morning. I should say from the way he looks and walks that he feels rather frothy and effervescent. I wish I did. A dweller on the heights! Seemed willing, tho, to be kind to us, didn't he?"

"Henry, he worries me. Saturday morning he sat through all my questions about the macaroni—and you know how he blurts out anything he's done—and even seemed to listen when we blamed it on a tramp. And the empty pan was in his room—on the bureau. Teddy found it. He simply doesn't know what's going on."

"Spring!" said Henry Northrop, suddenly. "In the Spring, you know, a young man's fancy——"

"Well, I did ask Marjory that myself," owned Mrs. Northrop, "but he's been even ruder than usual to the girls in school, rude and patronizing. And he's offended nearly all the girls with curls by calling them 'Medusas.'"

"Well," said Henry Northrop, "I give it up. One thing sure, it won't last. Peace never does. He'll come out of it and set to work on all of us again."

At twilight that day Paul, in a temporary interval of sanity, remembered the note he had pledged himself to deliver and went in search of his mother's work-basket. He found it on the porch. When the clock struck nine he was up on Eagle Rock with Minnie Quinn.

CROWDS, in Summer, climb the graveled, winding highway to the parked crest of Flint Mountain and idle on the breezy parapets along the cliff. The Spring moon sailing over Watching Mountains and the Orange Ridge found only Paul and Minnie Quinn. Hatless in the chill wind that blew up freshly from the valley, they leaned on the wall of a rocky knoll, staring breathlessly down the wooded face of the cliff that drops steeply to girdling mountain avenues and a populous plain studded incandescently with jewels. Valley and mountain were murmurous with wind and leaves. The night was full of tree-tops. Paul thought of Peter Pan and the glory of fallen stars at his feet turned thrillingly to fireflies.

It was a singular flight of fancy for Paul, who hated any prettiness of speech and thought, but Paul had traveled far. Something in his flustered head was singing love-songs.

"Oh," said Minnie Quinn. "Oh, isn't it just glorious? I wish mamma could see it."

Paul nodded. And inexplicably they talked no more of Eagle Rock. Instead, backs hazardously *against* the railing after a time, they talked of one another. Neither saw apparently, the car that waited on the moon-white ribbon of road to carry them back for reasons waited while the moon, in turn, abandoned the trap-rock quarries to the west and the forest on the ridge to set sail gloriously in a host of stars above the valley—and kept on waiting while Paul, souring, unburdened his bourgeoning soul about his family and himself.

Minnie clapped her hands when he came to Grandma West.

"Oh, it's dimpled, "what a dear, dear, adorable old lady she must be! Isn't it all just too romantic for words? Mr. Whitlow, I mean, and Colonel Crow. Like a story or a play!"

"Do you think so?"

"Don't you?"

Paul experienced a sharp amendment of ideas. "I dunno," he faltered. "They're sort of old. Mr. Whitlow limps."

"I know," said Minnie, nodding brightly, "but Mamma says—mamma *says everybody's* got a right to happiness. Mamma married twice, you know, once before I was born and—and once after. My stepfather's just a dear."

"My father," said Paul quickly, "is a wizz too. They say I look like him, but I dunno——"

Minnie glanced up frankly at his dark young face. It was flushed and sparkling with excitement.

"Oh," she said softly, "he—he must be rather wonderful, too!"

Paul smoothed back his pompadour and glanced at her with quick approval. There was no possible way that Minnie could be wrong. His heart sang. He glanced with foolish tenderness at the ribbon on her hair.

"They're dancing to-night," he ventured. "Mother and dad."

"How nice!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, don't you? Mamma dances too."

"I dunno. They're kinda old——"

"Poor old dears!" said Minnie. "There just isn't much you can do when you're old like that."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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In Blossom Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"Well, maybe it is all right," allowed Paul, "if they like it."

"You wouldn't want to give up everything, would you," urged Minnie, wide-eyed, "just because you were married?"

"No," said Paul firmly. "No. Certainly not. We—" he blushed terribly and added, "No, I wouldn't. Y'know what Mr. Whitlow calls Grandma?"

"No. What?"

"The Rosebud Grandmother!"

"Oh, that's darling! Don't you *love* it?"

"It—it is po—poetic," murmured Paul shamelessly. His self-respect was gone. "Mis'sister," he went on easily, "always said Grandma West was a lavender-and-old-lace kind of grandmother. I—I wish I could think of some name for you. She reads Myrtle Reed, m'sister does."

"So do I," said Minnie. "I just love 'The Master's Violin.'"

Fatuously Paul approved his sister's taste in fiction.

A bell in the valley chimed ten.

"O-o-o-o-oh!" said Minnie. "Oh! I'll get fits!"

They scuttled for the car. Notably in Paul's exhaustive conversation about his family and himself, he had at no time mentioned Grandma Northrop.

THERE was lunacy in Paul's head that night as he mooned around his bedroom with ruffled hair and shining eyes. He knew nervously that he was in love. He knew that it was the sort of love that comes but once in a lifetime. And he knew for a time literally nothing else, for his mind was in chaos. There were only treetops in it, moonlight and the face of Minnie Quinn.

A ukulele left recklessly on a chair suddenly detached itself from the blur in his room, reared his head and stared at him like a death's head at a feast. Paul stared back, blinking. It was a very new ukulele and it blurred its way steadily and horribly into his consciousness. Limply he sat down. It had struck him forcibly that he would not care to have Minnie know about that ukulele on the chair.

There were many things on second thought that he would not care to have her know, not the least of them the heartless fact that for four days during which in his abstraction practically nothing had been clear save the agitation about his grandmother's disappearance, he had gone about his business in a state of dreamy unconcern. And he had kept his guilty secret without a qualm. Paul looked hard at the ukulele and gulped.

He was still staring wretchedly at the chair, his conscience up in arms, when the noise of a motor in the driveway froze him to attention. His father and mother were home.

Garage doors closed, steps crunched along the driveway, voices came up indistinctly from the floor below. Paul listened, petrified with wo and indecision. He knew what he ought to do. Equally he could not bring himself to do it. He hoped feverishly that his father and mother would go to bed at once. Otherwise—

But the voices droned on. And still on. And on.

Paul gathered himself together and bolted for the door. The despairing impetus of his charge carried him wildly down the stairway to the library door. There, reaching for the knob, he wilted suddenly and leaned against the wall.

His mother in a shocked voice was reading aloud what seemed to be a blunt opinion of Grandma West. Paul, his knees sagging queerly, realized that he had put it in his mother's basket. In conclusion Grandma Northrop reminded her son's wife that the Chinese word-symbol for trouble is two women under one roof. Obviously one of the two must roof-tree somewhere else.

"I shall not return," finished Grandma Northrop unexpectedly, "until your mother finds another home. She too has a son."

"Merciful Heavens, Ann!" The consternation in his father's voice was lively and sincere. Paul wiped his forehead. His mother's comment was a trifle vague.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "mother—my mother—has felt hurt. You know how she is. And likely she's cried. And Mr. Whitlow's been sympathetic. Well, Henry, as far as that part of it is concerned, it was bound to happen in time, tho I must say at their age the way of it seems a little flighty—"

And then his father.

"Ann, I can't seem to grasp it. It's incredible that Friday's hullabaloo should end in this. And who on earth could have put my mother's huffy note in your mother's work-basket?"

Paul reeled.

"That," said his mother, "is the queerest part of it all. Mother says here in her letter that at six o'clock it positively was not in the basket and at nine when Mr. Whitlow accidentally brushed the basket off the table with his coat-tails, there it was. Henry, it seems to me that we haven't touched earth for days. I knew the minute I saw that bulky envelop in mother's writing propped against the clock that something queer had happened."

Shakily Paul opened the door and walked in. He had a dazed air as he flung out his hand of bitter work that must be done.

"So," said his father coldly, "you've at it again, eh? I thought you would be. I suppose, Paul, it's the dancing? And you've waited up to give your wayward parents a piece of your mind. Well, my son, it may interest you to know that a piece of your Friday mind is about to result in a fine old lot of buzzing. Your grandmother has eloped with Mr. Whitlow."

Paul swallowed painfully and cleared his throat.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Your grandmother," said his father, raising his voice, "has eloped with Mr. Whitlow." Again he waited for the storm.

"Yes, sir."

Paul gulped.

"Henry, please! I don't think he's well. Paul!" The voice was kind.

Paul flung out his hand.

"Oh, Mother," he choked, his dark face scarlet, "I—I have taken a—a *bribe!* Grandma's up at Uncle Farley's. The jitney bus. I—I sneaked the car out twice —at night—and—and I saw her in the window. I—I've known it all along. And Mother, I put the note in Grandma's basket—by mistake. She gave me—ten—dollars—"

"Paul!"

"I'm sorry, M-ther——"

He said it bravely, but Ann Northrop knew that his tears were as close as her own. She went blinking after him as he stumbled toward the door, her eyes wet.

"Ann, dear," warned her husband, "that was a man's size job. Let him finish it up in a man's size way. If you mother him now he'll cry——"

LATE Wednesday, Paul motored up for his grandmother by way of the Quinn farm.

In his absence Teddy, whose multifarious pursuits required at times a furtive use of opportunity, joined his father in the library in an exuberant state of interest.

"Pop!" he confided, sitting electrically on the edge of his chair. "I—I found the ironin'-board an'—an' the gas-iron an' the benzine. Paul's got 'em in his closet!"

"Paul!"

"Yes, sir. Say, Pop, what d'ye s'pose he hid 'em for?"

"I—I don't suppose, Teddy, he meant to hide them. He likely forgot. Paul's been a little absent-minded."

"Susie Barton thinks mebbe he's crazy. He give her a quarter, Sunday, to find out how soon you'd dance again. And, pop, ye oughta smell his neckties. I smelled 'em all over twice. Gosh! He's been cleanin' 'em all up an' pressin' his clothes and everything. He hitched the iron to the gas-jet in his room an' -an', Pop, look! He scorched an iron-shaped hunk out of his blue pants and threw it in the waste basket. An' he—he hid his pants in the attic."

Henry Northrop looked helplessly at the charred and pitiful patch of cloth. He also looked at Teddy.

"I went up to Paul's room jis' a little while ago," explained Teddy glibly, foreshelling a possible reproof, "to see his ukulele. He's got a new one. I seen it on the chair last night. An', Pop! His room's full of rabbit's ears."

"Rabbit's ears!"

Teddy nodded.

"Yes, sir. He's got 'em drawed all over everything, even his cuffs. And he made a picture on a pad of a girl—of a girl, Pop, with a rabbit tied around her hair instid of a hair-ribbon. Pop! Ve know what *I* think?"

"No," said Henry Northrop, shaking his head, "No, son, I don't. I don't quite know what I think myself."

"I think," said Teddy, "that he's got a girl. 'Causes—'cause, Pop, there was a mouse in his waste-basket, chewin' away at somep'n an' I made a leap at him an'—an', Pop! he was chewin' on this."

Teddy held forth a crumpled sheet of paper. It bore the words:

"The spring is here
And so are you,
My Minnie!"

The reason for its discard lay in three words written faintly in a corner. They were "sissy," "ninny," and "whinny."

Henry Northrop went hastily up-stairs to find his wife.

"Do you know, Ann," he said, "I believe there's peace ahead. Paul won't have time enough to look after us and Minnie. He's his another phase. Look!"

Ann Northrop stared a little wanly at the paper.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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Changing seasons and the last bite of winter are troublesome times for the best of complexions. Tiny particles of dust, liberated by drying winds from winter's grasp, swirl round and become lodged in the delicate pores of the face. Trouble frequently arises in the form of blackheads, or skin eruptions that are unsightly and annoying.

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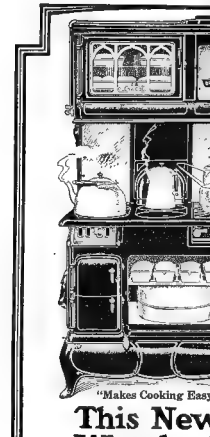

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The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It "Makes Cooking Easy"

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Write for handsome free booklet 154 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass. Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"I know it's foolish," she said presently, wiping her eyes, "and I ought to laugh, but it's just as if he never will be mine again, *all* mine, I mean. It's like that first day when he toddled off to school and turned and—and waved. Oh, Henry, so often I wonder what sort of woman will put her stamp upon his soul and make or—or mar him. No," she added sadly, reading his eyes aright, "it won't be his mother. I've only poured him into a sort of mother-mold and tried hard to keep him there and he's breaking the mold with pain and tears. Some other woman—"

"Well," said Henry Northrup, comfortably, "one thing is certain—It won't be Minnie."

IN THE kitchen of his uncle's farmhouse, Paul with a disappointing memory of an empty dooryard in his head, looked stupidly at Uncle Farley and his cat.

"But, Uncle Farley," he blurted. "I—I've come to take her home."

"That's what I've been telling you, Paul," drawled the old man happily, "but you aren't listening. She's gone."

"Gone!"

"Went off," nodded Uncle Farley, "madder'n all get out, headed for the jitney. Not five minutes ago. She's on her way to the station. Jason," he added effectively, puffing several commas, "appears to be the goat."

"Oh, Gosh! Uncle Farley, he telegraphed, 'Thank Heaven, no!'"

Uncle Farley blinked.

"I don't know as I ever thought much about it before," he said slowly, "but your father ought to stop her touring around this way. She's old and—and you can't tell where—you can't tell what," amended Uncle Farley, innocently, "what'll happen. Jim Northrop dropped in here one Sunday in his motor-car and he told me that over in his town a taxi grazed her and she had the driver arrested for blowin' a horn'she didn't hear. Jim found her, mad as a hornet, in the middle of a crowd. I told her last night that if she was my mother instead of my sister-in-law I'd get her a ball and chain, by gum I would—"

But Paul was gone. Uncle Farley from a kitchen window watched him heading toward the turnpike.

"Paul's just at the age," he mused enviously, "when if a thing don't happen to interest him, he don't listen. Drat jitneys!"

Paul found his grandmother on the corner staring crossly at her watch.

"Grandma!" he called sharply, pulling up beside her. "You don't have to go anywhere else. I *said*—you don't have to go anywhere else. Grandma West's eloped with Mr. Whitlow."

"Eh!" Grandma Northrop's hand went startled to an unbelieving ear.

"Eloped," said Paul loudly, "with Mr. Whitlow."

"Soft!" muttered the old lady as she climbed in. "Soft as mush!"

It was Paul's own phrase.

"Oh, I don't know, now, Grandma," he said, heading back toward Uncle Farley's. "They—they've got a right to happiness same's anybody else. *Grandma!* I'll stop the car if you want me to. For the love of Mike don't grab at things. That isn't the brake. It's the gear-shift—"

"Don't you dare take me back to Uncle Farley's!" snorted the old lady indignantly. "Don't you dare! He's got even less sense than he used to have."

"No'm!" said Paul queerly. "No'm." He bolted past his uncle's in a cloud of dust. "I'm just taking you home by another way."

Brick-red, he waved at Minnie Quinn.

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Without Drugs

BE free from nagging ailments. Weigh what you should weigh! Have a perfect figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE.

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Nervousness
Irritability
Constipation
Indigestion
Dizziness
Colds
Torpid Liver
Malassimilation
Auto-intoxication

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Don't envy the friend who has a wonderful figure. **Perfect your own.** You can and you will look a lot better in a modest dress if you carry it well than in a $200 gown with a poor figure.

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Save by the Patty-Panful

By JANE GATES

THESE humble little utensils, that are used in so many kitchens simply for muffins and drop-cakes will, if used intelligently, save time, fuel, trouble, and money for their owners.

Take fuel, item, time, for instance. Suppose you are in a hurry, have you any idea how much quicker you can bake biscuits, cakes, puddings, or escalloped dishes in them? Try it and see. Don't get out your bread-board and rolling-pin the next time you are baking biscuit in a hurry, mix them softer than usual and drop from a spoon into patty-pans. Bake your bread puddings, your macaroni and cheese, your escalloped vegetables in them, and serve from the kitchen, and you will save almost half the time it would take for a big dish. It goes without saying that fuel is saved, when things take less time to bake.

These versatile little tin dishes help so with leftovers, too. Little cubes of this and that that would not make a larger dish can be creamed and baked in them. Three of them can hold the left-over fish, with a cream sauce and bread-crum, and three the creamed corn lengthened out with the spoonful of Lima beans. As for saving trouble, next time you bake apples, stuffed peppers, tomatoes, or onions, place each one in a patty-pan and see how much better they keep their shape. Once you acquire the patty-pan habit, you will never give it up.

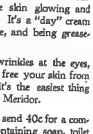
The Charm of a Lovely Skin

You can dispense with that expensive variety of lotions and skin foods—one cream will answer all purposes and that is Crême de Meridor.

In the morning after the bath, during the day between engagements, at night after the evening's pleasure—Crême de Meridor should be faithfully applied. It keeps the skin glowing and healthy, smooth as ivory! It's a "day" cream and a "night" cream in one, and being greaseless it is easily applied.

Eradicate those tell-tale wrinkles at the eyes, those folds below the chin, free your skin from blackheads and. blemish—it's the easiest thing in the world with Crême de Meridor.

Write for a free sample or send 40c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crême de Meridor.



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NEW YORK

Club Feet

Little Robert Taylor was born with deformed feet. Plaster paris casts were used without success—so he was brought to the McLain Sanitarium. His parents' letter tells the story:

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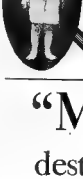
This is not a selected case—neither is the result unusual. In correcting this deformity no plaster paris or general anaesthesia was used.



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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc.

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GOVERNMENT GOAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

had built up a place for other folks to grow fat in. *Sure* he was the government goat. By just being alive he kept his family from all the fancy things they might have if he was dead. Could you be more of a *goat* than that?

Agnes Cadara and Myrtle came up the street together. He had a feeling that Myrtle was *set up* because she was walking along with Agnes Cadara. Time had been when Agnes Cadara had hung around in order to go with Myrtle! Suddenly he thought of how his wife had said maybe Agnes Cadara could wear Myrtle's shoes. He looked at Agnes Cadara's feet—at Myrtle's. Why Myrtle looked like a kid from an orphan asylum walking along with the daughter of the big man of the town!

He got up and started toward town. He wouldn't stand it! He'd show 'em! He'd buy Myrtle—Why he'd buy Myrtle—! He put his hand in his pocket. Change from a dollar. The rest of the week's pay had gone to Lou Hibbard for groceries. Well, he could hang it up at Wilkinson's. He'd buy Myrtle—!

HE CAME to a millinery store. There was a lot of black ribbon strewn around in the window. He stood and looked at it. Then he laughed. Just the thing!

"Cheer up, Myrt," said he, when he got back home and presented it to her. "You can mourn a *little*. For that matter, you've got a *little* to mourn about!"

Myrtle took it doubtfully—then wound it round her throat. She *liked* it, and this made her father laugh. He laughed a long time—it was as if he didn't want to be left without the sound of his laughing.

"There's nothing so silly as to laugh when there's nothing to laugh at," his wife said finally

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Joe Doane.

"And while it's very nice to make the children presents, in our circumstances it would be better to give them useful presents."

"But what's so useful, as mourning?" demanded Doane, "Think of all Myrtie has got to mourn *about*. Poor, poor Myrtie—she's *got* a father!"

You can say a thing until you think it's so. You can say a thing until you make other people think it's so. He joked about standing between them and a fireless cooker until he could see them *thinking* about it. All the time he hated his old job at the cold storage. A Doane had no business to be ashore *freezing* fish. It was the business of a Doane to go out to sea and come home with a full vessel.

One day he broke through that old notion that Doanes didn't work on other men's boats and half in a joke proposed to Captain Cook that he fire a gimlet or two and give him a berth on the Elizabeth. And Bill Cook was *rattled*. Finally he laughed and said, "Why, Joe, you ought to be on your own vessel"—which was a way of saying he didn't want him on *his*. Why didn't he? Did they think because he hadn't made a trip for so long that he wasn't good for one? Did they think a Doane couldn't take orders? Well, there weren't many boats he *would* go on. Most of them in the harbor now were owned by Portuguese. He guessed it wouldn't come natural to him to take orders from a Portugee—not at sea. He was taking orders from one now at the cold storage—but as the cold storage wasn't where he belonged it didn't make so much difference who he took orders from.

At the end of that day Bill Cook told him he ought to be on his own vessel, Joe Doane sat at the top of those steps which led from his house down to the sea and his thoughts were like the sails coming round the Point—slowly, in a procession, and from a long way off. His father's boats used to come round that Point this same way. He was lonesome to-night. He felt half like an old man and half like a little boy.

MRS. CADARA was standing over on the platform to the front of her house. She too was looking at the sails to the far side of the breakwater—coming home. He wondered if she was thinking about Joe Cadara—wishing he was on one of those boats. *Did* she ever think about Joe Cadara? Did she ever wish he would come home? He'd like to ask her. He'd like to know. When could he go away and didn't come back home, was all they thought about how they'd get along? And if they were getting along right, was it true they'd just as soon be without you?

He got up. He had a sudden crazy feeling he wanted to *fight* for Joe Cadara. He wanted to go over there and say to that fireless cooker woman, "Trip after trip he made. In the cold and in the storm. He kept you warm and safe here at home. It was for you he went; it was to you he came back. *And you'll miss him yet.* Think this is going to keep up? Think you're going to interest those rich folks as much next year as you did this? Five years from now you'll be on your knees with a *brush* to keep those kids warm and fed."

He'd like to get the truth out of her! Somehow things wouldn't seem so *rotten* if he could know that she sometimes lay in her bed at night and cried for Joe Cadara.

It was quiet to-night; all the Cadara children and all the Doanes were out looking for the government goat. The govern-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

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"You may use my testimonial to the value of Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil."

WATKINS
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COCOANUT OIL
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SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A bottle should last for months.

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"I am pleased to endorse Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil for shampooing."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil is by far the superior."

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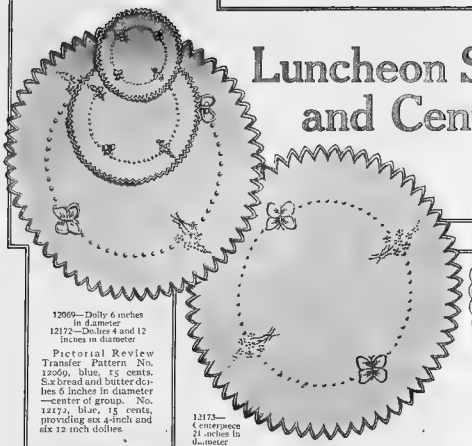
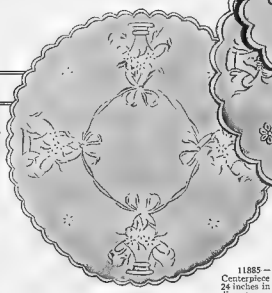
Luncheon Sets, Doilies and Centerpieces



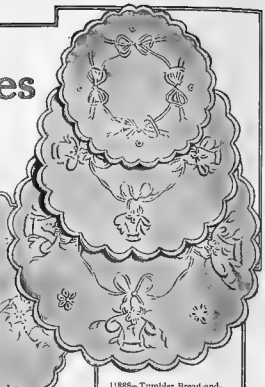
12069—Doily 6 inches in diameter
12172—Doilies 4 and 12 inches in diameter

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12069, blue, 15 cents. Six bread and butter doilies 6 inches in diameter —center of group. No. 12172, blue, 15 cents, providing six 4-inch and six 12 inch doilies.

12173—Centerpiece 24 inches in diameter



11885—Centerpiece 24 inches in diameter



11888—Tumbler, Bread-and-Butter and Plate Doilies

Transfer Pattern No. 11874, blue, 15 cents. Three plate doilies in this pattern, matching Nos. 12166, 12167, and 12168.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12173, blue, 15 cents. A charming centerpiece matching doilies Nos. 12069 and 12172 (above at left) the whole making an attractive luncheon set.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12169, blue, 10 cents. The 6 tumbler doilies in this pattern match the scarf and meat platter doily No. 12171 as well as centerpiece No. 12170 and doily No. 11727.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11721, blue, 20 cents. Provides transfers for 4 plate doilies 9½ inches in diameter.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12171, blue, 20 cents. At the foot of the page (left) is an attractive doily for a meat platter 16 by 22 inches, also a buffet scarf 18 by 52 inches to match. On the scarf is illustrated monogram style 540, three inches high.

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 12407, blue, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12408, blue, 20 cents. No. 12409 provides six 6-inch tumbler doilies, while No. 12408 gives six 10-inch plate doilies Both match centerpiece No. 12406, below at right.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11885, blue, 15 cents. Above is shown a handsome centerpiece worked in eyelet, raised satin, and outline stitches. Illustrated above at the right is Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11888, blue, 15 cents. This pattern provides plate doilies 10 inches in diameter and three each of the bread and butter doilies 8 inches in diameter, and tumbler doilies 6 inches in diameter.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12409, blue, 20 cents Three each of the oval mat doilies illustrated below are given in this pattern. The doilies are 10 and 16 inches long respectively and in design they match centerpiece No. 12406, and doilies Nos 12407 and 12408 on the opposite side.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12170, blue, 15 cents. A centerpiece illustrated at foot of page.

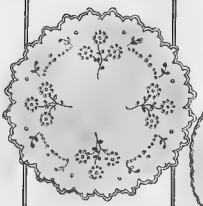
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12167, blue, 15 cents An attractive centerpiece.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12166, blue, 10 cents. Six tumbler doilies 6 inches in diameter, provided.

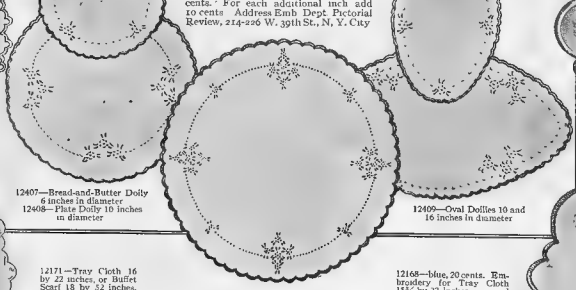
12169—Tumbler Doily 6 inches in diameter

12166—Tumbler Doily 6 inches in diameter

Perforated Pattern of any 2- or 3 letter monogram supplied ½, ¾, 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾ or 2 inches, 35 cents; 2¼, 2½, 2¾ or 3 inches, 40 cents; 3¼, 3½, 3¾ or 4 inches, 50 cents; 4¼, 4½, 4¾ or 5 inches, 60 cents; 5¼, 5½, 5¾ or 6 inches, 70 cents. For each additional inch add 10 cents Address Emb Dept. Pictorial Review, 214-226 W. 39th St., N. Y. City



11721—Plate Doily 9½ inches in diameter



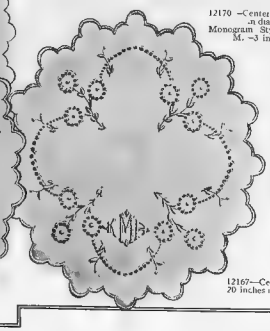
12407—Bread-and-Butter Doily 6 inches in diameter
12408—Plate Doily 10 inches in diameter

12406—Centerpiece 20 inches in diameter
Blue transfer pattern, 15 cents

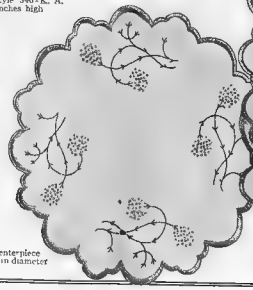
12409—Oval Doilies 10 and 16 inches in diameter

11874—Plate Doily 12 inches in diameter

12171—Tray Cloth 16 by 22 inches, or Buffet Scarf 18 by 52 inches. Monogram Style 540-K. A. M.—3 inches high



12170—Centerpiece 20 inches in diameter
Monogram Style 540-K. A. M.—3 inches high



12168—blue, 20 cents. Embroidery for Tray Cloth 15½ by 22 inches arranged so that it may be used as a table runner 18 by 52 inches. Design matches Nos. 12167, 11874, and 12166.

12167—Centerpiece 20 inches in diameter

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A BEAUTIFUL room is a burden to its owner if too much time and effort are spent in keeping it clean.

If you are not using P. AND G. —The White Naphtha Soap, for your general housework and cleaning, you are allowing your daily tasks to consume time that you could have for more congenial things.

Use this better kind of white laundry soap for all kinds of cleaning, kitchenwork and washing. You will get better results with far less effort. Naphtha and the other efficient cleansers in it make the dirt vanish faster than you ever saw it go.

This superior time-saving soap comes in big, solid, long-lasting cakes. Lathers in any water—hot, cold, hard, soft. It is as economical as the ordinary yellow or white laundry soaps which have only a fraction of its cleaning power.

P AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap

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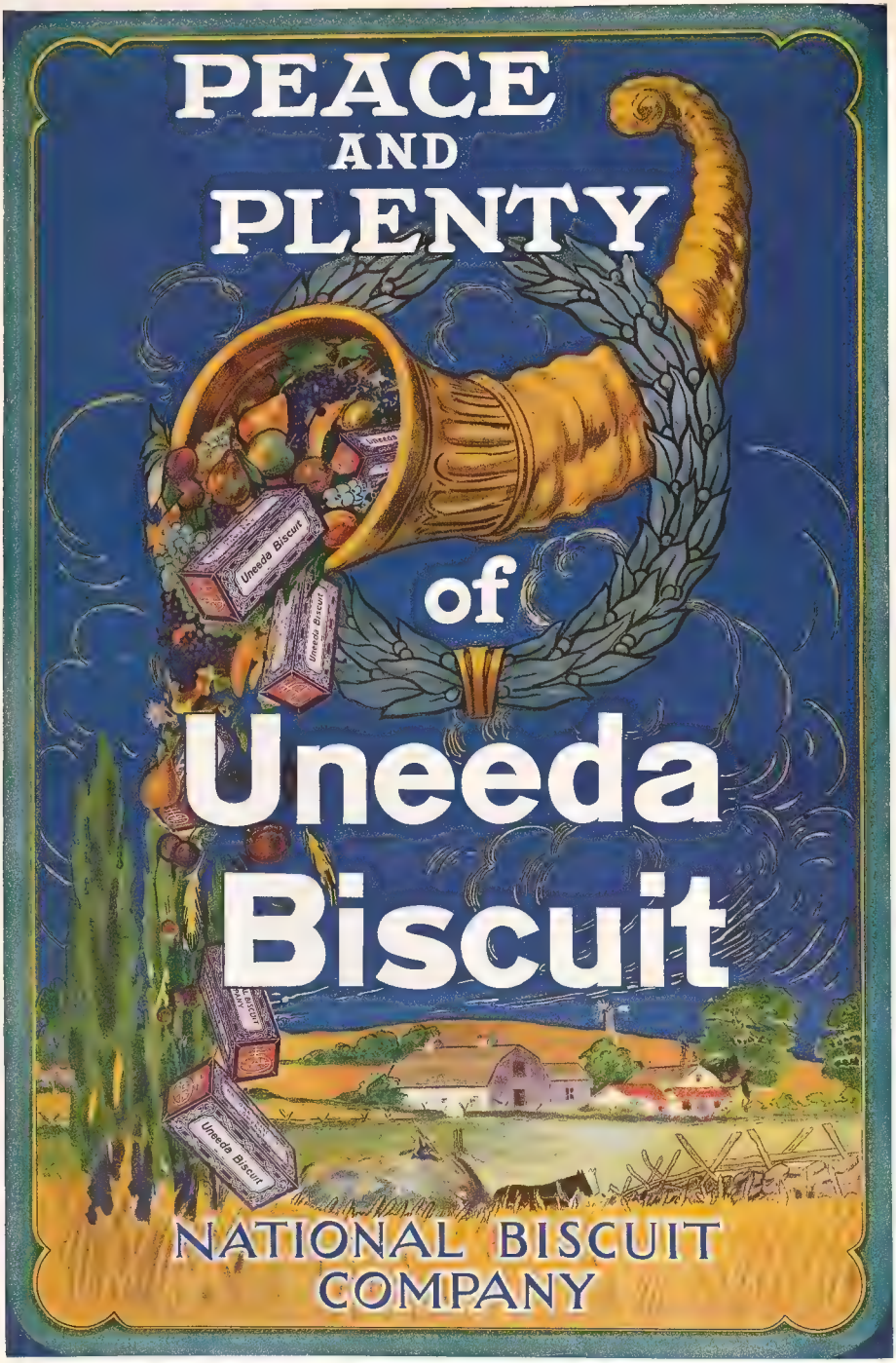

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The Newest of Hand-Made Trimmings

For women who find the plain collarless neck-line too severe, here are two curved braiding motifs which make an admirable finish in soutache or worsted. The design is No. 12472.

Somewhat in Greek Key effect is the embroidery or braiding design (No. 12473) illustrated above, for trimming frocks.

Motifs in soutache braid like design No. 12474 shown above, are effective applied to serge frocks.

A stunning border for the serge or tricolet frock is illustrated above, or it may be used for the center of a girdle or to finish a collar, or the bottom of a tunic. The embroidery may be in flat satin stitch worked out in yarn or heavy silk. The design is No. 12491 and is equally well adapted, in mercerized floss, to linen frocks.

A most interesting embroidery border is shown above, design No. 12494. It would be effective in rope silk, metal thread, or chenille, on serge and tricolet frocks. This would also look well on net.

Just above is shown the cutest of embroidered borders (design No. 12093) which is simply ideal worked in mercerized cottons, for trimming children's wash frocks. Below there is a most unusual design for embroidery in circles of different sizes, No. 12503, which could be used as an allover design or in the form of motifs.

Here is a charming border, design No. 12492, (above) to be worked in silk, beads, or wool

Characteristic of the European peasant type of embroidery is the narrow border illustrated above, design No. 12096. It is at its best worked in vivid shades of rose, green, and blue, on a white or blue linen frock using cross-stitch, outline, and raised satin stitches. A plain belt gains character from the use of such embroidery.

A fascinating embroidery design (No. 12473) is illustrated below to be worked in darning stitch, and curved out so that the pointed motifs may be used to outline the fashionable oval collarless neck of a one-piece frock.

For all the world like long splashes of rain is the embroidery illustrated above, design No. 12504, to be worked in silk or beads Below are shown two attractive borders for soutache braid, design No. 12443.

At the center of the page some dainty little sprays are illustrated which are just the thing for applying to lingerie or to children's clothes. The design is No. 12236, and below it is shown the newest border combining braid and embroidery, No. 12493.

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Government Goat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

ment goat was increasing her range. She seemed to know that, being a government goat, she was protected from harm. If a government goat comes in your yard, you are a little slow to fire a tin can at her—not knowing just how treasonous this may be. Nobody in Cape's End knew the exact status of a government goat, and each one hesitated to ask for the very good reason that the person asked might know and you would then be exposed as one who knew less than some one else. So the government goat went about where she pleased, and tonight she had pleased to go far. It left the neighborhood quiet—the government goat having many guardians.

Joe Doane felt like saying something to Mrs. Cadara. Not the rough, wild thing he had wanted to say a moment before, but just say something to her. He and she were the only people around—children all away and his wife up-stairs with a headache. He felt lonesome and he thought she looked that way—standing there against the sea in light that was getting dim. She and Joe Cadara used to sit out on that bulkhead. She moved toward him, as if she were lonesome and wanted to speak. On his side of the fence, he moved a little nearer her. She said,

"My, I hope the goat's not lost!

He said nothing.

"That goat, she's so tame," went on Joe Cadara's wife with pride and affection, "she'll follow anybody around like a dog."

Joe Doane got up and went in the house. It got on his nerves that this very goat saw so much. He sometimes had jokes, for he'd laugh, but they were jokes he had all to himself and his laughing would come as a surprise and make others turn and stare at him. It made him seem off by himself, even when they were all sitting round the table. He laughed at things that weren't things to laugh at, as when Myrtie said, "Agnes Cadara had a letter from Mrs. MacCrea and a *mourning* handkerchief." And after he'd laughed at a thing like that which nobody else saw as a thing to laugh at, he'd sit and stare out at the water. "Do be *cheerful*," his wife would say. He'd laugh at that.

But one day he burst out and said things. It was a Sunday afternoon and the Cadaras were all going to the cemetery. Every Sunday afternoon they went and took flowers to the stone that said, "Lost at Sea." Agnes would call, "Come, Tony! We dress now for the cemetery," in a way that made the Doane children feel that they had nothing at all to do. They died out at the day he burst out. At best the Summer folk had left them and it seemed as if there were a fair, or a circus, and all the Doanes had to stay at home.

THIS afternoon he didn't know they were going until Myrtie sat in the window. He wondered what she could be looking at as if she wanted it so much. When he saw, he laugh.

"Why, Myrt," said he, "*you* can go to the cemetery if you want to. There are lots of Doanes there. Go on and pay them a visit."

"I'm sure they'd be real glad to see you," he went on, as she stood there doubtfully. "I doubt if anybody has visited them for a long time. You could visit your great-grandfather, Ebenezer Doane. Whales were so afraid of the man that they'd send word around from sea to sea that he was coming. And Lucy Doane is there—Ebenezer's wife. Lucy Doane was a woman who took what she wanted. Maybe the whales were afraid of Ebenezer—but Lucy wasn't. There was a dispute between her and her brother about a quilt of their mother's, and in the dead of night she went into his house and took it off him while he slept. Spunk up! Be like the *old* Doanes! *Go* to the cemetery and wander around their grave to grave while the Cadaras are standin' by their one stone! My father—he'd be glad to see you. Why, if he was alive now, instead of Captain Silas Doane was here, he'd let the Cadaras know whether they could walk on the sidewalk or whether they were to go in the street!"

Myrtie was interested, but after a moment she turned away. "You only go for near relatives," she sighed.

He stood staring at the place where she had been. He laughed; stopped the laugh, stood there staring. "You only go for *near* relatives." Slowly he turned and walked out of the house. The government goat, left home alone, came up to him as if she thought he'd visit with her a while too.

"Go to hell!" said Joe Doane, and his voice showed that inside he was crying.

Head down, he walked along the beach as far as the breakwater. He started out on it, not thinking of what he was doing. So the only thing he could do for Myrtie was give her a reason for going to the cemetery. She *wanted* him in the cemetery—so she'd have some place to go on Sunday afternoons! She could wear black then—*all* black, not just a ribbon round her neck. Suddenly he stood still. Would she *have* any black to wear? He had thought of a joke before which all other jokes he had ever thought of were small and sick. Suppose he were to take himself out of the way and then they didn't *get* the things they thought they'd have in place of him? He walked on fast—fast and crafty, picking his way among the smaller stones in between the giant stones in a fast, sure way he never could have picked it had he been thinking of where he went. He went along like a cat who is going to get a mouse. And in him grew this giant joke. Who'd *give* them the fireless cooker? Would it come into anybody's head to give young Joe Doane a sail-boat just because his father was dead? They'd rather have a goat than a father. But suppose they were to lose the father and *get* no goat? Myrtie'd be a mourner without any mourning. She'd be *ashamed* to go to the cemetery.

HE LAUGHED so that he found himself down, sitting down on one of the smaller rocks between the giant rocks, on the side away from town, looking out to sea.

He forgot his joke and knew that he wanted to return to the sea. Doanes belonged at sea. Ashore things struck you funny—him, after they'd once got to you, hurt. He thought about how he used to come round 'this Point when Myrtie was a baby. As he passed this very spot she saw the town lying there in the sun he'd think about her, and how he'd see her now, and how she'd kick and crow. And now Myrtie wanted to go and visit him—*in the cemetery*. Oh, it was a joke all right. But he guessed he was tired of jokes. Except one *great* joke—joke that seemed to slap the whole of life right smack in the face.

The tide was coming in. Come Out—Doanes and Doanes. In—Out— Him too. In—Out— He was getting wet. He'd have to move up higher. But—*why move?* Perhaps this was as near as he could come to getting back to sea. Caught in the breakwater. That was about it—wasn't it? Rocks were queer things. You could wedge yourself in where you couldn't get yourself out. He hardly had to move. If he'd picked a place he couldn't have picked a better one. Wedge himself in—tide almost in now—too hard to get out—pounded to pieces, like the last vessel Doanes had owned. Near as he could come to getting back to sea. Near as he deserved to come—him freezing fish with gimnies. And there'd *be* no fireless cooker!

He twisted his shoulders to wedge in where it wouldn't be easy to wedge out. Face turned up, he saw something move on the great flat rock above the jagged rocks. He pulled himself up a little; he rose; he swung up to the big rock above him. On one flat-topped boulder stood Joe Doane. On the other flat-topped boulder stood the government goat.

"Go to hell!" said Joe Doane, and he was sobbing. "Go to hell!"

The government goat nodded her head a little in a way that wagged her beard and shook her leg.

"Go home! Drown yourself! Let me be! Go 'way!" It was fast, and choked, and he was shaking.

The goat would do none of these things. He sat down, his back to the government goat, and tried to forget that she was there. But there are moments when a goat is not easy to forget. He was willing there should be *some* joke to his death like caught in the breakwater, but he wasn't going to die before a *goat*. After all, he'd amounted to a little more than *that*. He'd look around to see if perhaps she had started home. But she was always standing right there looking at him.

FINALLY he jumped up in a fury. "What'd you come for? What do you *want* of me? How do you expect to get home?" Between each question he'd wait for an answer. None came.

He picked up a small rock and threw it at the government goat. She jumped, slipped, and would have fallen from the boulder if he hadn't caught at her hind legs. Having saved her, he yelled. "You needn't expect *me* to save you. Don't expect anything from *me*!"

He'd have new gusts of fury at her. "What you out here for? Think you was a *mountain* goat? Don't you know the tide's comin' in? Think you can get back easy as you got *out*?"

He kicked at her hind legs to make her move on. She stood and looked at the water which covered the in-between rocks on which she had picked her way out. "Course," said Joe Doane, "*I'd*'s in—you fool! You damned *goat*!" With the strength of a man who is full of fury he picked her up and threw her to the next boulder. "Hope you kill yourself!" was his heartening word.

But the government goat did not kill herself. She only looked around for further help.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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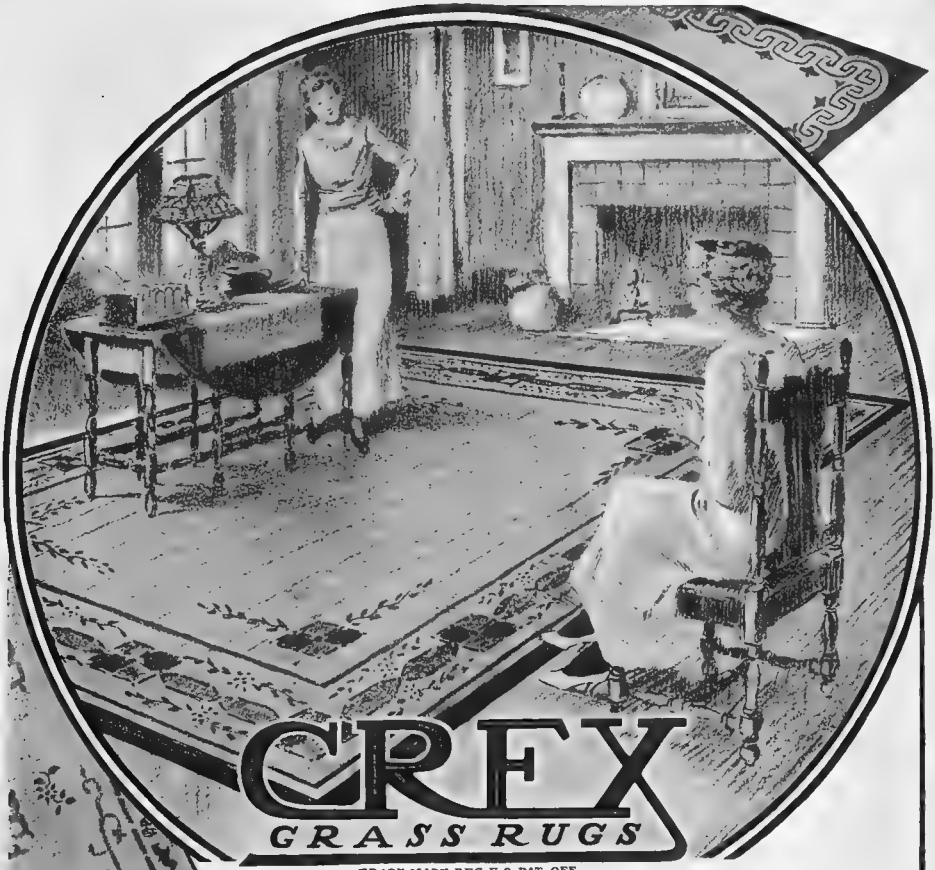

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If You Do Your Own Work

By LILLIAN GOLDSBOROUGH

WHEN the New Housekeeper of to-day takes an inventory of her possessions, both material and otherwise, one of the first problems that presents itself to her is the relation of time and labor to the home and to the inspiration that is to be derived from contact with the outside world. She knows that in order to give the best to her children, she must not only manage a well-regulated home but must also have time for rest and for leisure to reap the benefits that may be drawn from life beyond the family circle.

Coffee May Be Made at the Table in a Percolator

But, with each day filled to the brim, she questions, "How may I spare the time and muster the strength?"

To all those of us who keep a house and rear children, echo is likely to answer—"How?" Complexities of life seem to beset us in on all sides. We know well that the planning of meals, the upkeep of the home and the care and guidance of the household occupy every moment and consume every atom of physical energy. We can not add hours to the twenty-four or subtract duties from the management of home and family. Yet we *must* expand our lives. We *must* improve our homes and broaden our outlook and activities. How are we to do it?

Domestic Labor Conditions

WHETHER a woman does her own housework entirely unaided, whether she must tolerate the upsetting influence of that necessary evil, the "day's worker," whose weekly visits dispose of the laundry or cleaning troubles, or whether she may revel in the comfort of one or more permanent employees the need still exists for the release of energy and moments in the making of better homes.

The war call has served to bring the servant problem to a crisis. As servants, both white and colored, have flocked to sources of greater revenue and pleasanter associations, as the scarcity of labor thus created has advanced wages to prohibitive heights, and as no other form or class of labor is yet visible on the horizon, the outlook is not encouraging.

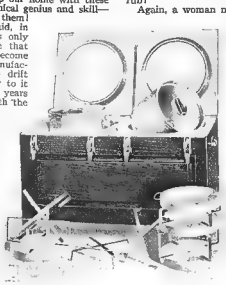
Silver Cleaned in this Needs no Rubbing

The Only Expedient

MORE than ever before, the housekeeper is thrown back upon the only real solution of the problem—the re-organization of her home upon principles that will make for quick and easy labor and the economy of time. And the first step in this direction lies in the wise choice of time- and labor-saving devices.

Whatever may be said pro or con, the expedient in the housework and servant problems—not the ultimate solution, perhaps—consists in the owning of such devices, appliances, utensils, and tools as will facilitate work, save time and economize the family funds. Whether we like it or not, we must equip our home with these products of mechanical genius and skill—and we must work them!

For it may be said, in passing, that it is only within recent date that such things have become available. The manufacturers sensed the drift and began to cater to it only ten or twelve years ago. And now, with the re-adjustment of our lives to meet the new economic and labor conditions, a fresh impetus has been given to this branch of industry. Concerns which enlarged their plants to handle war materials are now ready for new work. Inventions are in the air—and who knows that these may not revolutionize housekeeping!



A Fireless Cooker Gives Many Leisure Hours

AND which are the ones to choose?

If there is a single machine in the whole gamut of household furnishings that may rank first as the one designed to lift the heaviest load, it is probably the washing-machine. Laundry-day rolls around pretty often to her who rubs on a board, wrings with her hands, and handles each piece of linen again and again. To her it seems like the height of magic that there is an invention which washes, rinses, blues, and dries (sufficiently for hanging up or for ironing certain pieces) in a single tub and with but a single handling. With this cleverly constructed machine, one tub, which is perforated, fits within another that is made of copper, and centrifugal force takes the place of a wringer. A simple pressure on the pedal lifts the inner tub and a turn of the handle starts the revolution which forces the water out of the clothes through the perforations.

Cheap at the Price

"BUT the expense!" you exclaim. And I answer that you are more than repaid in the saving of the laundress's hire or time, or in the time and energy that it nets to you if you operate it yourself. When the housewife has learned to place a value on her time and labor, she can easily reckon the advantage of this time and labor so released by the washing-machine and applied to another task of greater value to herself and her family. The initial cost, therefore, should never be considered as an obstacle if the machine does the work.

It is all equalized in time by generous rewards. No business organization ever amounted to anything without a certain expenditure on the plant. Is a home any different?

A vacuum cleaner is another indispensable machine in the home. Besides cleaning in the most sanitary way by avoiding the raising of dust, such as is distributed by a broom or by a carpet-sweeper, it removes the fine dust not otherwise easily reached and it does this work with so little physical effort. Even a frail woman may easily perform cleaning tasks with it that would be impossible without it. For thorough cleaning is laborious work, unaided by labor-savers.

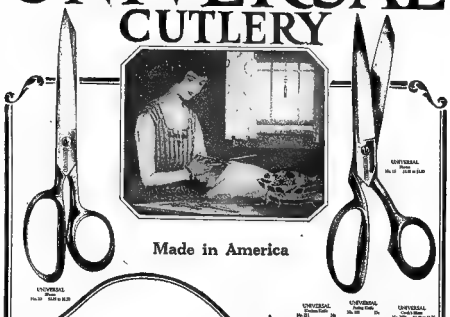
Think, too, of the saving of back strain and time that a mop supplies. If it is full and well-made, you may cover a surprising space with a single stroke across the floor. For the daily dusting, a mop of the chemically-treated type becomes a prize to the busy housewife, since she may circle the floor edges of her room with it in but a few moments.

When silver-cleaning day comes, also, she may resort to that outfit that so quickly removes the tarnish without in the least degree affecting the silver itself. How much easier to immerse the articles in this pan for a few minutes than to rub and rub and rub!

Again, a woman may add hours to her leisure time in a day by using a fireless cooker. Among electrical appliances for the table, too, there is a host of step-savers that are a delight to the housekeeper. Besides the coffee percolator the appliances for these purposes are now so numerous and luxurious that it is difficult to know when to stop buying them.

This indeed, may be said of hundreds of valuable household appliances that spell relief and leisure to the housewife.

UNIVERSAL CUTLERY



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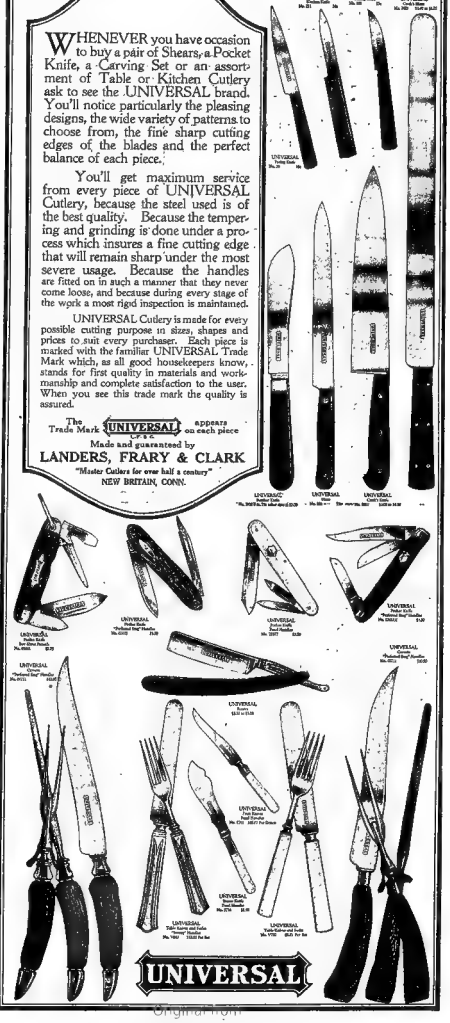

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THE SCALE OF GOOD HEALTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

breads, and gritty cereals, all woody vegetables and all unpared fruits or those full of seeds, as well as bulky green vegetables.

VII

Foods that primarily furnish liquids to the body—the Dissolvents—Choose TWO for each meal.

Water, all soups, tea, coffee, cocoa, skimmed milk, whey, buttermilk, all drinks (not alcoholic), gelatins, ices, watery fruits, and vegetables.

VIII

Foods that supply the vital elements necessary to life—the Protectives—Choose at least ONE or TWO for each meal.

Milk, butter, eggs, leafy vegetables. Other foods contain these elements but in much less proportion.

IT WILL be noted that some of these foods appear in two or more classifications. In this case, care must be taken not to repeat them too often in planning the meal. Full value should be given to their various characteristics. Moreover, it may seem that in order to include these eight factors in each meal of the day it would require a staff of servants. But as a matter of fact, a very simple meal may contain them all. To illustrate:

Luncheon or Supper
Tomato Omelet Boiled Brown Rice
Entire Wheat Bread and Butter
Lettuce with French Dressing
Steamed Figs Tea (adults) Milk (children)

The omelet, a protective, is also a protein, and contains bulk, with mineral and acid in the tomatoes. The brown rice supplies starch, bulk, and minerals as well, as it is an unrobbed food. The bread contains starch and minerals; the butter acts as a fat as well as a protective; the lettuce furnishes bulk, minerals, and the protective elements; the oil in the French dressing supplies fat; while the acid, which should preferably be lemon-juice, fits into the menu; and the figs supply bulk and sweet. Water and tea for the adults act as the two liquids and milk and water furnish liquid, while the milk supplies extra protein and protection for the children. In fact, the meal will balance for the child if he is not given the omelet at all; his lettuce should be served without the dressing and in case of a small child, the figs should be sifted.

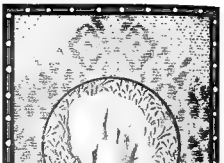
This is but one of an almost limitless list of menus that may be quoted to prove that the balancing of the ration, or the combining of foods in the best way to promote health, is a very easy task. To simplify things, the housewife must plan the meals in such a way that each member of the family may secure the proper food without much extra cooking. In the luxurious days preceding the war, we were liable to plan meals that were too complicated, rich, and indigestible. If we will only remember that those foods *which are suited to the average child are just as well suited to the adult, and stick to it*, our National bill for medical and dental attendance will be lessened by millions.

In order to adequately nourish the family, the housekeeper must bear in mind the fact that a man at strenuous labor, or a very athletic boy, needs more fat and sweets than one doing mental or clerical work. That a very active child will eat more of everything than one who is more quiet, that very old people and children need the same type of food, and that women should eat less than men except when engaged in hard physical work.

It is not sufficient to balance the meals by the day, as so many authorities advocate, serving merely a bite at breakfast, a skimpy luncheon, and "filling up" at dinner. The body waste goes on continuously, even in sleep, and the reason that so many become "run down" *is because this waste is not replenished as fast as it takes place.*

MANY seem to think that they can not afford to properly combine the meals. On the other hand, they can not afford not to, for wherever it is done, *the bills decrease.* Why? Because every part of the body finds satisfaction in each meal. The body's search for necessary food elements, manifested by over-eating, cravings, and the preparation of a smaller amount of food at each meal will suffice. But the table must be followed, butter and bread are *not* extras, neither is sugar nor gravy.

But it is not enough merely to properly combine meals and try to be well-nourished by eating a cook-book. The most exact menu in the world may be a complete failure if it is not carefully prepared. And careful preparation means more than putting things together in the old-fashioned, wasteful way, discarding the minerals and vitamins in peeling and cooking waters, or using the robbed foods. It means using everything that nature has given us to promote good health. Just as the musician faithfully practises, hour after hour to perfect his art, the housekeeper must practise cookery and the combination of foods to perfect her art, the greatest in the world. Just as the master of music knows that measured rhythm and time depend upon the recognized value of each note and bar, the housewife must realize that the harmonious ensemble of the scale of good health depends upon a cheerful effort to understand the various foods, giving each its proper value, but the tempo of life be disturbed and discord result.



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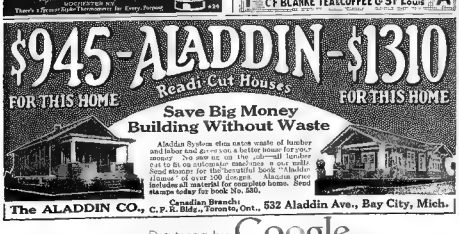
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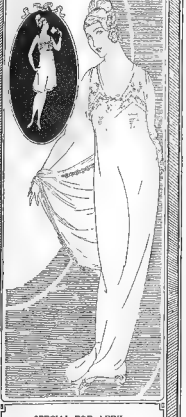

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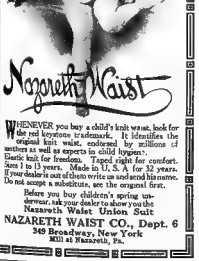

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Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. R.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

GOVERNMENT GOAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

To get away from her, he had to get her ashore. He guided and lifted, planted fore legs and shoved at hind legs, all the time telling her he hoped she'd kill herself. Once he stood still and looked all around and thought. After that he gave the government goat a shove that sent her in water above her knees. Then he had to get in too and help her to a higher rock.

It was after he had thus saved the government goat from the sea out of which the government goat had cheated him that he looked ahead to see there were watchers on the shore. Cadaras had returned from the cemetery. Cadaras and Doanes were watching him bring home the government goat.

From time to time he'd look up at them. There seemed to be no little agitation among this group. They'd hold on to each other and jump up and down like watchers whose men are being brought in from a wreck. There was one place where again he had to lift the government goat. After this he heard shouts and looked ashore to see his boys dancing up and down like little Indians.

Finally they had made it. The watchers on the shore came running out to meet them.

"Oh, Mr. Doane!" cried Mrs. Cadara, hands outstretched, "I am *thankful* to you! You saved my goat! *I have* no man myself to save my goat. *I have* no man! *I have* no man!"

Mrs. Cadara covered her face with her hands, swayed back and forth, and sobbed because her man was dead.

Young Cadaras gathered around her. They seemed of a sudden to know they had no father, and to realize that this was a thing to be deplored. Agnes even wet her mourning handkerchief.

Myrtie came up and took his arm. "Oh, Father," said she, "I was so 'frald you'd hurt yourself!"

HE LOOKED down into his little girl's face. He realized that just a little while before he had expected never to look into her face again. He looked at the government goat, standing a little apart, benevolently regarding this humankind. Suddenly Joe Doane began to laugh. He laughed—laughed—and laughed. And it *was* a laugh.

"When I saw you lift that goat!" said his wife, in the voice of a woman who may not have a fireless cooker, *but——!*

Young Joe Doane, too long brow-beaten not to hold the moment of his advantage, began dancing round Tony Cadara with the taunting yell, "You ain't *got* no pa to save your goat!" And Edgar jingly chimed in: "Ain't *got* no pa to save your goat!"

"Here!" cried their father, "Stop devilin' them kids about what they can't help. Come! Hats on! Every Doane, every Cadara, goes up to see if Ed Smith might *happen* to have a soda."

But young Joe had suffered too long to be quickly silent. "You ain't *got* no pa to get you soda!" persisted he.

"Joe!" commanded his father, "stop pesterin' them kids or I'll *lick* you!"

And Joe, drunk with the joy of having what the Cadaras had not, shrieked, "You ain't *got* no pa to lick you! You ain't *got* no pa to lick you!"

"DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Reverting to type, is he? Dan, you're funny when you come the paternal, especially against the light and lovely damsels of your own profession."

"But he's different, Larry."

"I see," said Comstock. "You want him to live up to being a Dix."

"Hardly," he said.

Deny it as he might, the truth of Comstock's comment came back to him as he watched the boy fighting against his infatuation for his light o' love. Because he had appraised Cary's power of resistance according to his knowledge of his own carelessness and of Letty's recklessness he had believed that his son would yield to the power of passion without a struggle; but when he saw the grim look of defiance in the young eyes and the tension around the young lips, Old Dan wondered if he had not been wrong. He was assured of it on the night when Cary spoke to him of Millie French, altho the boy did not call her by name.

"Do you think, Dan," he asked, as they sat smoking at the door of the deserted bunk-house, "that a fellow has a right to marry a girl he cares for, even when he knows that she isn't the sort his family would want?"

"No, I don't," said Dan Benton, who had for more than thirty years practised and preached the right of the individual. "Not in a time like this," he qualified. "You see, there's something in a boy that his family puts into him that he needs when he gets into this soldiering business. I don't exactly know what it is, but if he loses it, he's not going to be the soldier he ought to be."

That's just it," said Cary quickly. "Now I live up to my best in everything because I know what good soldiers the Dixes have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
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As the Gum-Line Shrinks the Teeth Decay

RECENT medical discoveries show that Pyorrhea is a serious menace to health, as well as to the teeth. The infecting germs of this insidious disease of the gums often seep through tiny openings in the gum-tissue, are absorbed into the system, and cause rheumatism, anaemia, and other ailments.

Yet thousands of people pay no heed to tender and bleeding gums—Nature's warning of Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede. As the gum-line shrinks, the teeth decay, or loosen and fall out.

No one need have Pyorrhea who takes proper care of the gums and teeth.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check the disease, if used in time and used consistently.

Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm, hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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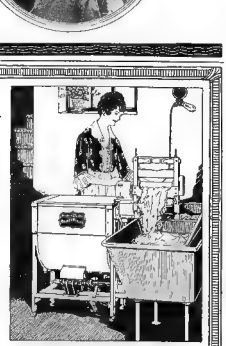
War's increased demands upon the time of women, enabled the Western Electric Washer to demonstrate as never before its efficiency as a labor-saver. It established itself as a permanent factor in household economics. It did the hard work of washing. Housewives and maids like the



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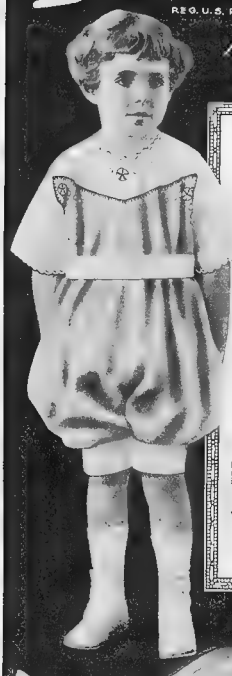

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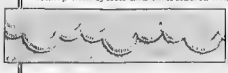
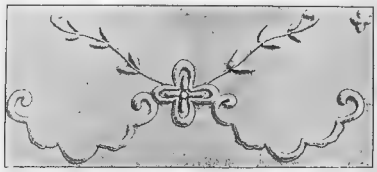
Scallops That Form a Dainty Finish

11657—Illustrated above is one of the newest scalloped finishes suitable for linen and chambray dresses as well as cambric petticoats. This is a buttonholed scallop with eyelets and embroidered fleur de lis



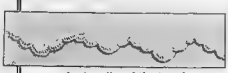
12066—The triple scallop shown above makes a dainty finish for the neck and armhole edges of chemises

11660—Little scallops like this with oval eyelets above would make an attractive finish for children's lingerie.

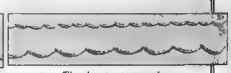


11754—Here is a most attractive scalloped border with embroidered sprays above the scallops. This is admirable for the flounce of a white petticoat, or it may be used for trimming little girls' frocks and lingerie.

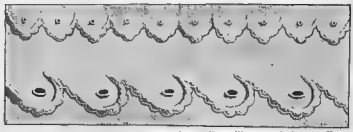
11437—Here is another attractive design for a petticoat flounce, or it may be used as a finish on drawers or combinations. Above the buttonhole scallops is a very effective embroidery design that is worked out in eyelets.



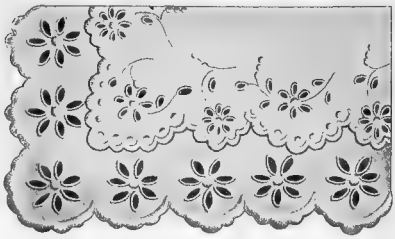
11246—A scallop of this type is useful for finishing all sorts of edges on lingerie, kiddies' frocks, babies' sacks, and kimonos as well as petticoats



11979—The daintiest of scallops are these, which are ideal for finishing all sorts of garments for the baby. They must be neatly and firmly buttonholed



12149—Very decorative in style are the scallops illustrated above. Between each scallop is worked an eyelet. The eyelets in the small scallops are round, while those in the large scallops are in oval outline



At the top of the illustration is shown design 11236 quite elaborate in style with tiny buttonholed scallops and sprays of eyelets above. At the foot of the page is design 11123 which also combines eyelets and buttonholed scallops.

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"I don't know exactly why I have taken time to write you this, I think to prove to you that truth is stranger than fiction, and that Rogers Bros 1847 Silverware has no peer Surely no other silver, plated silver, could boast of forty years of continual service"

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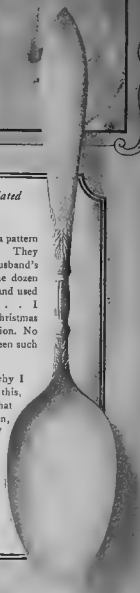

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If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it eradicates every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

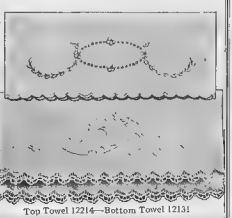
KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., WHEELING, W. VA., CHICAGO, ILL.

Embroideries for Towels

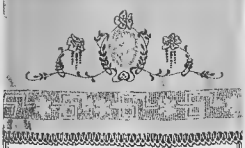
11967—At the top is shown an attractive embroidered towel, with a monogram in the center of the embroidery.

12304—A fascinating design for guest towels to be worked in delicately colored silks

11862—For the nursery, one may embroider the towels in cross-stitch design as shown above.



Top Towel 12214—Bottom Towel 12131



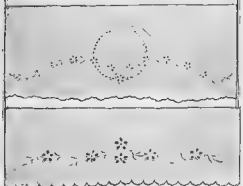
11563—Towel with Filet Crochet and Embroidery

12214—An oval of eyelets with a spray of embroidery at each side makes a good looking towel finish.

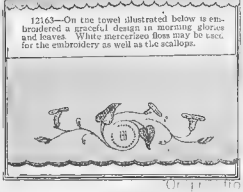
12131—What could be daintier for the guest towel than an embroidered horn of plenty, with lace-edged scallops?

11563—Sprays of embroidery enclosing a filet motif, may be applied to pillow-cases or towels.

12482—Eyelets are emphasized in the embroidery of the two towels shown below.



12163—On the towel illustrated below is embroidered a graceful design in morning glories and leaves. White mercerized floss may be used for the embroidery as well as the scallops.



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You Can Do the Same

Yes, you with no previous experience can earn the money that may be necessary to the welfare of yourself and those dependent upon you.

The way is open to you as it has been opened to thousands of women who are now enjoying permanent and increasing incomes. It is a pleasant dignified way of obtaining needed money, adaptable to a woman's taste and ability. You may devote all or part of your time and be sure of handsome returns for every hour so engaged. Learn about this opportunity without delay.

For more than twenty four years the entire output of our immense mills has been sold direct to the customer through local representatives. Some representatives have been with us continuously and have enjoyed fine incomes all these years. Write us at once for full information.

Nearly every household knows the name of our products.

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

The well known high quality and exceptional value of the great *World's Star* line make our representatives welcome callers in every home. Customers are easily secured and the satisfactory values bring repeat orders season after season.

We Have Helped More Than 17,000 Women

They have founded with our help, growing and prosperous businesses and each month sees them making more money. This is your opportunity to place yourself in a similar independent position, and have money coming in.

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Most of our successful representatives began with no experience whatever. Our sales instructor explains fully the successful methods. Write immediately for full particulars. We want representatives, and some one in your locality will represent us. So act now before the territory is assigned.

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With The Feature Strip

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CAUTION

The TREO GIRDLE has the feature strip under the foot on each side of the front steel and one back, and the name TREO is on the strip above and in front of the garment. Be sure to see that the TREO FEATURE STRIP is on the garment you buy. None genuine without it. Don't forget the TREO FEATURE STRIP and CORRECT way to put on the TREO GIRDLE.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for FREE booklet.

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In Canada: Ellman & Co., Toronto

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All tints 50 cents (double quantity) at all toilet counters, or send 4 cents for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 78 Cincinnati, O.

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Are they framed by long, silky, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows? Or, are you suffering from the handicap of short, uneven eyelashes and straggling eyebrows? If Nature has been stingy to you and denied you the heritage of those "beauty assets"—beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows—you can quickly and easily overcome the handicap, if you will use a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

Remember the Full Name—It's Important

It nourishes and stimulates them in a manner unknown. Results will be swift and sure with you. Start using it tonight and watch your eyes take on that mysterious charm and expression—that "Come Hither" appearance—that you crave. "LASH BROW INE" is a pure, delicate, scientific cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless, tested and endorsed by the best chemists and beauty specialists. If your dealer cannot supply you, don't accept substitutes. Let us prove it, at our risk, why not now? Two ounce size for $1. Send price and we will mail you "LASH BROW INE" and our Beauty Booklet, "The Woman Beautiful," prepaid under plain cover. Now the eyebrow pencil in Black, Brown or Blonde. "LASH BROW INE" for EYELASHES and EYEBROWS. **The wonderful success attained by "LASH-BROW INE" has caused the name to be frequently misspelled. Remember the word is LASH-BROW-INE. Remember the full name "LASH-BROW-INE"**

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple vapor treatment for spreading internal drugs. Vaporizes Cresolene as steam penetrates all Whooping Cough and bronchial troubles. Relieves the soreness at once and expels the germs. Prevents contagion. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, passes on, clearing away and relieving the congestion, allaying irritation.

Cresolene is a boon to Asthma sufferers.

For the last 30 years it has proved a safeguard against Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an antidote for the poisons of Diphtheria. Cresolene is used as a solvent of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 50 years of success.

Sold by Druggists Send for descriptive booklet

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. Composed of slippery elm bark, lemon, sugar and Cresolene. They are a boon to singers and public speakers. Trial sample 4 cents in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
62 Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

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SURELY, QUICKLY.

Nadinola Cream

The Supreme Beauty Requisite Used and Endorsed by Thousands

NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Directions and *guarantee* in package. By toilet counters or mail, two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. Address Dept. R.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.

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EXPECTANT MOTHERS, this beautiful Style Book makes it possible for you to dress becomingly throughout the maternity period. Pictures hundreds of Spring and Summer Dresses, Coats, Suits, Skirts, Waists, Corsets—all newest styles, especially designed for you.

Sent Absolutely Free

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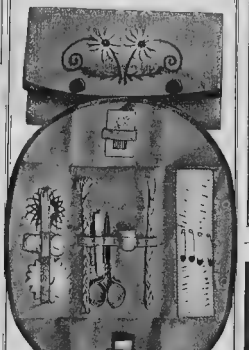
Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores and "blackheads," "thickness" and "sallowness" and the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Simply dissolve and follow the simple directions. One trial will do. Sold at all drug stores.

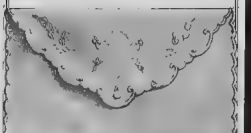
Pincushions and Handy Cases

12768—A daintily embroidered pincushion of sheer handkerchief linen.

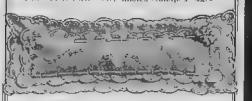
12033—Cut work embroidery is an attractive feature of this pincushion.



11948—This handy case is shown open and closed. On the front of the case [illegible] are embroidered

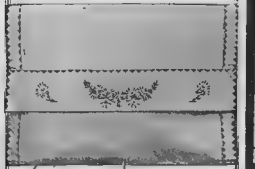


12280—This practical set consists of a [illegible] night gown and [illegible] chemise, especially [illegible] overnight or week-end trip. The set is made [illegible] and [illegible] scallop edges



12[illegible]—Just above is shown a charming pin[illegible] embroidered.

12291—For nightgown or shirt-waist the embroidered case below may be used.



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Sempre Giovine

Postpones the Signs of Age

When the skin loses its elasticity it is old—whether your years be thirty or sixty. The surest way to attain a good complexion today and *retain* it in the years to come is to begin now to keep the skin soft and pliable.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY will do just this because it most nearly supplements the natural oils of the skin itself. It is, in truth, The Pink Complexion Cake and is to be had at the better stores the country over.

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Scientific innovation. Permits easy adjustment of corset. Front shield keeps flesh from protruding between lacers. Ventilo in back ventilates.

The model illustrated is made from brocade in pink. The elastic inserts under bust provide for figure with full diaphragm. $9.00 Priced at from $15 to

Other "La Camille" models $3 to $30.

Catalog of Spring styles with nearest dealer's name gladly mailed on request. Sold in New York and Philadelphia by John Wanamaker Downstairs Corset Department.

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15 to 133 UNION AURORA, ILL. U.S.A.

Go-gle

A Suggestion for Easter

Of course, you must have something an art and fresh—but get it without paying the cost of new material. Take the dress of last year, that everyone liked so much, and make it over with Sunset. The result will surprise and delight you, and even your friends will not suspect.

Sunset Soap Dyes

give the infinite satisfaction of getting just the shade you wish—a beautiful new effect, from your old material, and at a mere fraction of the apparent cost. They make it easy for you to rival the work of the professional dyer, in your own kitchen: because Sunset colors are boiled in to stay—the only way to make dye fast.

Try Sunset to-day, and to-morrow you will be telling your friends about "*The Most Wonderful Dyes in the World*"

Ask your dealer for your favorite color or send us his name and fifteen cents and we will mail a cake postpaid.

Pink, Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Green, Dark Green, Gray, Sand, Heliotrope, Yellow, Mustard, Old Rose, Old Blue, Orange, Black, Taupe, Purple, U. S. Olive Drab.

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New Corporate Name of Sunset Soap Dye Co

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Sales Representatives for U. S. and Canada
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for Dainty Women

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The parts of your gown most susceptible to wear are perfectly protected. No matter what the fabric, no matter what the occasion, there is a Naiad Dress Shield especially made to meet your requirements.

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Send for illustrated price-list "B"

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New Spring Catalog FREE

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Larkin Co. Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria

Send me new Catalog No. 23.

Name.....

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C.W. 402.....

"DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

always been. But if I did something that cut me off from them, then I couldn't be as good a soldier. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," said Old Dan. Very clearly he saw what the boy meant. For he saw, as Cary could not know, the picture of the house set back from the Carolina road and Letty, all in white, moving through its lamp-lighted rooms, and he knew that Millie French could never go there to Letty's place. Gordon Dix would not endure it. With Letty dead, he would blame Cary's defection on the Benton blood. But if Cary didn't go back, if he married Millie French and lived out the rest of his days, when war was done, as Dannie Benton? Would he be happy? The answer lay in his own voicing of his problem. Love Millie he might now, but happy in his love for her he was not. She was dragging him down, and he knew it. More than all else he wanted to be a good soldier, and Millie French would not let him be that. She didn't know what it meant. Because his standards resented her, she resented them, and yet to stay the bearer of that standard he must cast her aside, must stay a Dix of Carolina. Dannie Benton would marry her—and smash. His father, facing the truth, lifted his arms in a gesture very like the one with which he had placed the boy in Letty's arms, more than twenty years before. "Cary," he said, "you've got to be a good soldier now. Nothing else matters but that. And if there's a girl who won't let you be, cut out the girl."

"I'll try," said Cary Dix

He went, leaving Old Dan to a sense of loss that somehow hurt more than had the actual giving of the boy to Letty. For he had been young then, he told himself, with some of the world before him. Now it was back of him, and with its going, his hunger for his son had grown. He had builded so high on the time when he should tell the boy that he was his father! And now the time was set farther on into a dim future—after the war, after the danger from a girl's tawdry charms was over, after Cary had proven the stuff within him. The cold in his wound, he realized, was the knowledge that he was saving Cary from his own blood. "If I were only trying to make him into a Benton," he thought, bitterly, "instead of trying to keep him the sort of Dix that Gordon wasn't!" He sat, pondering on the problem and finding in it a cruel for cynical amusement as well as for hurt, until Larry Comstock came back.

"I saw that girl you call Millie French," Larry said. "Don't you know who she is?"

"I know what she is."

"Well, she's married to one of the men in Casberg's chorus."

"Divorced from him?"

"Oh, no. And she was the girl in the Kelsing case. Tell Dix if you want to. It's straight goods. I know her, but I hadn't seen her until to-day."

"I couldn't tell him, Larry."

"Why not?"

"Well, it'd hurt him a lot, and I don't know if—"

"What will you do?"

"I think I'll talk to her."

"Lot of good it'll do you," Comstock snorted.

BENTON sought her out, however, when he went in to Baltimore. He found her in a second-rate hotel. She came to the lobby in answer to his call with an evident hostility that glittered in her eyes. "What do you want of me?" she demanded.

"I want you to let Cary Dix alone," he told her.

"Well, of all the—" she cried. "What's it to you?"

"It doesn't matter what it is to me," he said. "I know that you are married. I know a little more than that about you. And, if you don't give up that boy of your own accord, I'll go to the authorities, and see that you are kept out of Meade. And he'll know the reason why."

"Oh, you will, will you?" she sneered. "I'd like to see you."

"You shall," he said, "unless you let the boy alone."

She appraised him shrewdly, letting her eyes travel insultingly over his shabbiness, but flinching before the steady determination of his eyes. "I suppose old Comstock told you," she guessed. "I met him yesterday. He always had it in for me. Well, you're not making me do anything I hadn't intended to do. Cary Dix isn't the only man at Meade. I suppose you aren't playing hen over the whole camp, are you?"

"All that I have asked you is to let him alone."

"And if I do?"

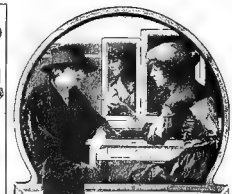
"I've nothing else to say."

"Well, I'll see."

She gave him a glance of corroded hatred, but he felt that he had won. When she failed to come to the camp through the next week, and when Cary made but one trip to Baltimore, returning in sullen silence, he grew more certain that Comstock's information had levered the girl out of Cary's life. "Don't be too sure of that adder, cho," Larry advised.

He had been prolonging the rehearsals in fear lest the final performance would cut him off from Cary. Altho the boy remained silent concerning the apparent break with Millie French, his companionship with Dan grew apace, and the older man, taking it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



The Way to Keep the Wave in Your Hair

Most "Every Woman Knows" that individuality is best obtained by arranging her own hair, and that the quickest, most convenient wave, without heat and without the slightest injury, is made by using

WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers

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But keeping the wave in is a matter of using the right kind of hair net; one that is strong enough to hold the hair firmly in place; one that is properly treated to insure retention of natural strength; one that is hand made and consequently free from breaks or knots.

WEST HAIR NETS

Gold Seal 25c—Tourist 15c—Beach and Motor 10c

Combine strength, perfection of hand manufacture with durability and absolute match of color.

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Crepe de Chine L'Original is still being manufactured by the originators in exactly the same manner as when first introduced in America. We sell direct from mill to consumer—the same old honest, substantial material which delights every woman of refinement. You can get it direct from us at prices lower than you pay elsewhere.

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"Don't You Cry for Me"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

as the compensation for his sacrifice of silence, cherished it accordingly. The news, however, that the regiment in which he was numbered would be the next to go to France sped the show to performance. "You'll never have it better," Comstock assured Dan. "Let them whoop it up for the finish. It'll take the sting out of going."

"There is no sting. It's nothing but glory for them."

"Well, bang up the glory," Larry advised. Dan, taking his advice, screwed up the final rehearsals until he knew that he could present in the fulfilment of his labors a finished, artistic performance. To others it might be but the craftsmanship of another juggler, twirling his balls before a shrine to which other men brought their young lives. To him it was the consummation of his drifting existence, his tribute to his country, to the men who served it, to the son who did not know him for his father. To him it stood a summit of achievement. Through it he had made men respect him. Through it he had won Cary Dix's friendship. Through it—when he could flash it before its final audience—he would win Cary's pride for him.

The hope of that pride shone like a beacon when he walked across the stage of the community hut that night. There, at either side of him, ranged the boys, unbuckled and in khaki, but minstrels in their hearts. In front of them, under the swinging electric bulbs, sat other soldiers, row after row of them; and beyond, a garden of girls, and piled groups of men and women. The thrill of their emotions ran through Old Dan as he lifted his baton. They were something more than an audience, just as the boys on the stage were more than entertainers. They were a family, come together to praise and bless and say godspeed to their own. To-night was theirs—and the boys'. For them all, for the fathers and mothers and wives and sweethearts of his boys, he would make this night memorable as no other time of his minstrelsy had been.

UNDER his baton and under his voice they responded swingingly. Never had they sung better the songs, old and new, of the program. Applause, ringing out rapturously, spurred them to finer efforts. From number to number they went, climaxing their own successes until men and women, boys and girls laughed and wept with them as other men and women had once wept when Old Dan Benton had sung to them. Then Cary Dix arose.

His clear young voice, soft with the accent of the South, floated out in the melody of the ballad as he stood, straight, and strong, and soldierly. From his heart as from his throat he trilled the old words,

"I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still."

With the artist in him making him more than himself, a symbol of all boys who would soon be on the seas, he centered into himself the intent and breathless attention of those who listened beyond the footlights. Not Cary Dix, with the thought of a cheap little chorus-girl, but the American soldier, with the thought of all home meant, was singing good-by. Not two score boys of Meade, but all the boys of all the camps, flung spirit into the chorus with which they backed him,

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
For I'm gwine to Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee."

Not to Alabama, but to France, they were going, brave and young, singing that song of home, and love, and parting. Not to cotton-field, but to poppied fields of war, and death, and glory, were they on the way. They knew the chances against them, but better yet they knew the guerdons, and in that knowledge of what lie held for them ere darkness might come they flung their challenge to a duller world. It was the old reassurance to the earth-workers of men who seek the stars, that "Don't you cry for me!" And Cary Dix and his fellows sang it until the tears of triumph rushed to Old Dan Benton's eyes, and Jack Haverly must have turned in his grave, yearning to return. "God bless you, God bless you," Old Dan was saying when the last curtain fell. And "You did it, Dan, and we're proud of you," Cary Dix was telling him. On the strong wings of that pride the great moment rested—and then Millie French shoved her way out from the wings.

The snake's look in her eyes was gleaming as she came across the stage with Comstock at her heels. "I will tell him," she was saying. "You can't stop me." She faced Cary Dix and Benton without greeting. "I suppose you know," she said to Cary, "that I made you stop coming to see me not because I wanted to, but because some one made me. Well, he did it." She nodded to Benton. "He told me that if I didn't let you alone, he'd see that I was kept out of Meade."

"You mean"—the boy's eyes blazed—"that some one interfered in my affairs, that——"

"I mean that he did it."

"How dared you?" He turned on Dan furiously. "How dared you do it? What right had you to interfere?"

Old Dan choked as he tried to answer. How could he tell him the truth here before them all? But what could he say? Larry Comstock saved him answer. "He had the right I had," he said. "He knew, as I knew, that her husband might come down here at any minute, and make trouble for you. He knew that, unless she got out, it meant disgrace and perhaps dismissal for you. He knew——"

"It's a lie!" said Millie French.

"Is it true?" Cary asked her.

"No. I tell you," she insisted, then tried to meet Larry Comstock's eyes. "Well, what if it is?" she demanded. "I'm going to get a divorce, honest to God, Cary. I'll have it soon. I was only waiting to get it to come back to you, but I heard your regiment might go to-morrow, and I had to come to-night. And then I found out——"

"It doesn't matter what you found out," he said. "We're through, Millie, for good and all. I'm not the sort to steal another man's wife. We Dixes don't do that."

HE WAS turning away when she caught his arm. "No, you're not through with me," she blazed at him. "You're not through with me till I tell you what I found out up in New York. You think you're a Dix, do you? Well, you're as much of a Dix as I am. You're pretty much the same sort, for all your airs. For your father's nothing but an old, broken-down minstrel, holding a job here on Comstock's charity. That's the right he had to interfere. Now you can settle it with him."

Dazedly, with a look of horror widening his eyes, the boy turned to Benton. "Is that the truth?" he asked him. "No," said Old Dan. "It is not true. Comstock knows."

"Is it true?" He turned to Comstock. "No," said Larry. "She's trying to save herself."

But his eyes sought Dan's in desperate pleading. "It's a silly lie," Old Dan repeated.

"But you did go to her?" Relentlessly the boy went back to Millie French's charge. "You went to her and forced her to stay away? And I trusted you," he said, "and cared for you, and was proud of having you for my friend! Well, you're all alike, the whole lot of you. I'd no business to take up with any of you, but I'm through with you all now. Thank God, I'm through!"

He turned on his heel, and strode away. Millie French started to follow him. "I'm through, I told you," he said. "For all I care, you can go back to your shows, and your Broadways, and your rotten crowd!"

For an instant, after she had, Cary Dix rigid with scorn, Millie French trembling with hatred, Old Dan Benton quivering with grief. Then Dix turned away again, and the girl did not go after him. Larry Comstock took Benton's arm. "Well, anyhow, Dan," he said, "he has your code. You wouldn't steal another man's wife, and Gordon Dix stole yours. Let him think what he pleases, Dan, if it keeps his head above water. You *know*."

"Yes," he said. "I know."

He watched the boy's back as Cary strode through the clearing crowds of the hut. It was true that Cary Dix had flung him aside, even as he had thrown off Millie French; but in the very flinging he had been Dan Benton's son. For it had been his anger against falsehood, against double-dealing, against shame that had been his lash. He was going away, beyond his father's ken, but Dan Benton, seeing him depart, felt for him such thrill of pride as he had not before known. *His* boy was going to France, and taking with him the one thing his father could have given him, courage to hate deceit, strength to live up to his code. Proud of him he was, but all his buoyancy was gone as he groped for Comstock's hand. I'm tired, Larry," he said.

"I'm worse than that," said the other.

THE regiment went from Meade in the early morning, piling into motor-trucks made dun-gray by the dust of the Maryland roads. Larry Comstock and Benton stood on the board walk, watching the files of men climbing to the wagons. One after another they passed, the men of the minstrels waving to the two of them; but Cary Dix did not look up as he went by. A spasm of pain wrinkled Benton's face, and he looked old, and worn, and weary. As the last truck moved away one started to sing. "Listen," said Comstock.

Young voice after young voice lifted the strain of the song he had taught them best until there came to Dan Benton the tremulous thought that, through it, he had made himself part of the great army they would take with them into fields of battle. Not a vagabond, but a man with a mission, he had not lived in vain after all. He had given them a treasure for their keeping. Some thought of what his part had been may have been born in another heart, for Old Dan, straining his hearing, found Cary Dix's voice rising high above the others. In its singing he read his boy's message to him of understanding and forgiveness. He turned back to see that Cary Dix was standing on the seat of the truck, waving to him. "Good-by, son," he shouted, tho tears lay on his cheeks. Then

"Don't you cry for me,"

he tried to join them, but Larry Comstock halted him.

"Who wants to cry for you?" he said, and in his eyes Dan Benton saw a sorrow deeper than any he had ever known. "You old son of a gun, he's yours. You have a boy, but I——" He looked after the line of trucks growing one with the gray of the plain. "It's only those of us who miss life who need tears." He let Old Dan's hand on his shoulder. "Oh, get along," he muttered. "We've got another million to train. For we'll send 'em in singing, Dan, we'll send 'em in singing."

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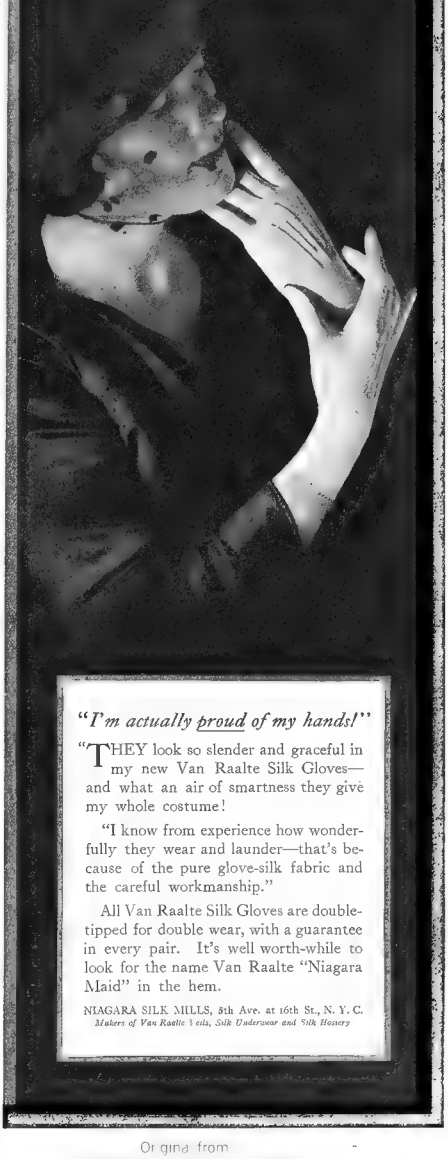

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

For Which Such Brilliant Stars as Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clarke, Laura Hope Crewes, Rena Parker, and Fay Marbe Posed in Their Prettiest Gowns

"SUCH stuff as dreams are made of" seems to have fashioned the exquisite lingerie frock worn by Norma Talmadge (below). All hand-embroidery and eyelets, with the cutest of tassels to trim the blouse.

A NEW feature in lingerie frock trimming is introduced here by Laura Hope Crewes in the satin strappings on blouse, sleeves, and shirt. Miss Crewes has won much admiration by her work in support of Cyril Maude in "The Saving Grace."

THE winsome appeal of Marguerite Clarke's personality has lost none of its charm since she transferred her activities from the speaking stage to stellar rôles with Paramount.

SUCH an adorable little person is Rena Parker and so very young to be the prima donna of "Flo-Flo." She seems little more than a schoolgirl.

SOME idea of Miss Talmadge's versatility may be gained from a glance at the three photographs on this page. In the one above she seems just like a nice jolly girl, ready for a good time. Perhaps the dainty Georgette frock she is wearing has something to do with her good humor.

MUCH the tragic Norma Talmadge, the beautiful star of so many pictures, looks to be wearing such a beautiful Batik print. It is lovely enough to banish dull care and all other ills.

A MOST alluring personality has Fay Marbe who plays the title rôle in "The Velvet Lady." There is a chic and swing to the clothes she wears that is undeniably attractive

Google

Delightfully Simple Frocks and a Chic Wrap to Go with Them

Dress 8068 Dress 8213

8213 -Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plaid tissue voile—⅜ yard organdy for collar and trimming—¾ yard filet lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 1¾ yard. Trimming sections applied to the sides of the skirt of this dress give the effect of the fashionable outstanding pockets. The front of the dress is in panel style, and at the left side under the panel the closing is arranged. The waist is mounted on a front-closing underbody. The skirt is a four-piece gathered model with panel front and back. Very attractive are the new voiles for Summer frocks They come in solid colors as well as plaids, checks, and all sorts of printed designs. A touch of white or some relieving color is generally used with the plaids and checks as illustrated in this model.

8071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch check worsted—⅞ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Here is one of the newest frocks for Spring to be slipped on over the head and with kimono blouse attached at low waist-line to a two-piece skirt. The flowing sleeves illustrated are new in style. In the new plaid and check frocks there is noted a tendency to cut the material used for the waist on the bias, while the skirt is cut straight. This gives quite a decorative effect with little trouble or expense.

8137—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The simplicity of this frock is relieved by the stunning embroidery that forms a border on the skirt and is applied to the panel of the blouse. Under the panel the waist closes in front and it features the fashionable collarless neck-line. The embroidered panel fastens on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Attached under the girdle is a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side seam. For the embroidery design 12494 would be admirable. Tricolet frocks are the newest vogue in lovely shades of tan, gray, brown, and blue, and the most favored trimming for them is hand-embroidery to be carried out in wool, silk twist, or heavy rope silk. Dull colors are liked so that the effect is not loud or garish.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch linen—1 yard velvet ribbon—⅛ yard white piqué. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Tho this frock is in one-piece effect the waist is joined to a two-piece gathered skirt under the wide belt of self-material. It is an attractive model for serge, wool Jersey, or linen and it needs no trimming, tho if desired, the inserted vest may be of contrasting material as shown here. The round collar extends into long revers that are carried under the belt down onto the skirt.

Dress 8071

Dress 8137
Embroidery 12494

Wrap 8214

Dress 7818
Braiding 12443

Dress 8180
Braiding 12321

8214—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for 16 years, 36, and 40 bust. Medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch navy blue satin—5½ yards 36-inch victory red satin for lining. The very newest things for Spring afternoon and evening social functions are these wraps or dolmans to be fashioned of satin, taffeta, or tricolet. This model is gathered below a deep 1830 yoke, the yoke descending down the front to form a panel. The neck is open low in front with a shawl collar as a finish.

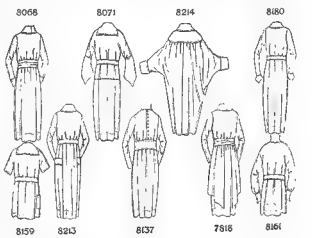
Blouse 8161 Blouse 8159

7818—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch white Poiret twill—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. Braiding No. 12443 is carried out in white soutache braid to trim the vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. White is again in the front ranks of fashion for suits as well as dresses. It is particularly effective in all the twill and tricot weaves. The tunic of this frock falls in deep points and the two-piece skirt closes at the left side seam.

8159—Ladies' Kimono Tunic Blouse to be Slipped on over the Head. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch rose-color linen—⅝ yard white linen for collar and shield. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves.

8161—Ladies' Long-shouldered Tunic Blouse to be Slipped on over the Head. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. Embroidered or white crochet buttons may trim the front slash and the shoulders.

8180—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding carried out in cotton soutache makes an effective trimming on the belt. Design 12321 is suggested for this purpose. The diagonal closing of this frock gives it distinctive style as does the collar of white piqué edged with ball fringe. The tiny vestee disclosed by the surplice closing may also be of piqué.



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One-Piece Frocks that Accentuate the Slenderness of the Silhouette

8219—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch check worsted—⅛ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. As the season progresses the vogue of the one-piece frock seems to increase all the time, and this is particularly true for street wear. Paris is favoring checks and plaids, so we have many check serges and worsteds used for these simple dresses. This model buttons at the center-front, and has tiny plaits on the shoulders. From the shoulder to just below the hips trimming sections which give the effect of revers are applied, and under these trimming pieces pockets may be inserted. Flare cuffs finish the long close-fitting sleeves, and a shawl collar of white piqué gives a smart note of contrast.

8207—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Here is an attractive serge street frock to which brightness is given by embroidery that may be worked out in dull red and blue rope silk or in gray worsted using design No. 12372. The dress itself features the new outstanding pockets at the sides which are formed by extensions of the front gore. The modish panel front on the blouse is also an extension of the front gore. Flaring cuffs finish the long plain sleeves, and the closing of the dress is arranged at left side-front under the panel.

8230—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Tricolet is high in favor not alone for entire costumes, but as a trimming feature forming collars or vests on many handsome frocks. This model buttons in double-breasted style, and is open low down in front to disclose the vest of tricolet which is trimmed with rows of stitching. Stitchery also trims the long rolling collar which frames the vest, and deep cuffs of self-material finish the plain close-fitting sleeves. A smart feature is the double pocket effect with trimming laps, and so is an unconfining belt of self-material which encircles the waist-line.

Dress 8219

Dress 8207
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8230

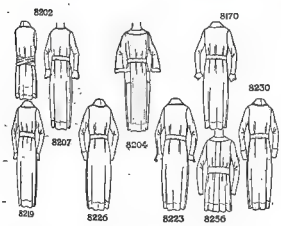
Dress 8204

Dress 8223

Dress 8170

Dress 8226

8204—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—1¾ yard silk braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The collarless neck of this attractive frock is finished with a narrow trimming. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and at left side-front under a plait, and the front and back of the dress are in panel style. At the sides deep outstanding braid-trimmed pockets are applied. The fitting the arm closely the sleeves widen out into graceful flowing lines at the waist, finished with turn-back cuffs.



8223—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch plaid serge—¾ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A neat trim look is given to this simple one-piece Spring frock by the inset vest of white piqué. This vest is finished with a round collar, and the waist-line fulness of the dress is held in loosely by a belt that may be of white piqué or of white leather.

8170—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—½ yard 27-inch beige flannel for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A deep yoke descending into a full-length panel at center-front gives a touch of novelty. Otherwise the dress is quite simple with small shawl collar and inserted pockets. Flaring cuffs finish the sleeves.

8226—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅜ yard 27-inch white satin for vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. There is nothing smarter for the elaborate one-piece frock than tricolet, an artificial silk fabric that is really very lovely. This model closes in front, and the vest of white satin is outlined by a large collar forming revers that extend down onto the skirt. Buttons trim the revers, and these may be of bone, or they may be covered with the dress material and embroidered in silk wool, or soutache braid.

Overblouse 8202
Embroidery 12468

Sports Blouse 8256
Embroidery 11990

8256—Ladies' Sports Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch ramie linen—⅛ yard white linen for trimming sections. The novel embroidery gives an interesting touch to this natty blouse, the embroidery to be carried out in mercerized cotton floss using design No. 11990. The blouse has a box plait each side of the front, and one at the center-back, and closes at left side-front and on the left shoulder.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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Of Undeniable Chic Are These Spring and Summer Frocks

8137—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¾ yards wide satin ribbon for trimming—1¼ yard narrow ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. An attractive design in soutache braid outlines the round collarless neck and finishes the flowing sleeves. For this design No. 12147 may be used. Over the front-closing waist is arranged a panel closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front and trimmed with embroidered buttons. Under the girdle, that combines Georgette crêpe and satin, is attached the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at the left side seam. If desired, the lower edge of the seams may be finished with buttons and button-loops.

8255—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A stunning embroidery design is applied to the vest and girdle which may be carried out in heavy silk floss, beads, or metal threads using design No. 12372. The long tunic blouse is open in front, and is finished with a collar that forms revers extending to the lower edge of the blouse. It is worn over a two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam and attached to the front-closing sleeveless underbody. An embroidered vest is applied to the underbody, and this vest closes at the left side-front. A deep embroidered belt encircles the waist-line, and the long close-fitting sleeves are perfectly plain, tho they may be trimmed with buttons.

8252—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch tricolet—3 yards 17-inch fringe—⅝ yard organdy for chemisette—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A tunic blouse closing on the left shoulder is an outstanding feature of this charming frock. The dress features another fashionable novelty in the trimming of deep fringe and the braided cord girdle finished with long tasseled ends. The one-piece skirt has straight lower edge and a plait at center-back. With this frock may be worn high shoes of gray glazed kid, or white washable kid or gray kid pumps may be worn, as preferred. More and more time is devoted by the woman who wishes to be really well dressed to the small details and accessories of her toilette. Shoes particularly come in for very careful attention, and are selected with regard not alone to their shape, style, and fit, but also as to their color harmony with the costume. For morning wear, shoes with sensible heels are worn, but high or low glazed kid shoes or patent leather pumps with French heels are best for dressy wear.

Dress 8166
Embroidery 12300

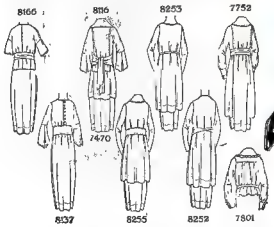
8166—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. On the front of the dress is embroidered a large motif that may be carried out in heavy rope silk with design No. 12300. Many of the newest features of the Spring frocks are incorporated in this model, notably the gathered, back-closing kimono blouse with short sleeves, the low waist-line, and the combination of Georgette crêpe and satin-faced silks.

Dress 8137
Braiding 12147

Blouse 8116
Braiding 12147
Skirt 7470

Dress 8253
Braiding 12474

Dress 7752



Dress 8255
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8252

8116—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7470—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch henna-color silk for facing on sleeves—⅝ yard 27-inch satin for collar. A simple braided border finishes the collar of the corslet bodice and for this design No. 12417 would be suitable. The panel front of the bodice extends around the waist-line forming a girdle which is looped together over the back panel. The sleeves show the new flowing cuffs, and the skirt has a deep tuck.

Blouse 7801

7801—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crossbar dimity—2¼ yards net for ruffles. Here is a dainty Summer blouse to be slipped on over the head. It is gathered below a square yoke, and the front is slashed and rolled with a square collar. Voile would also be attractive for making this blouse, as would Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine. The collar and cuffs may be finished with a plaiting of net or Georgette crêpe in white, flesh-color, or some dainty pastel tone. These plaitings add a lot to the attractiveness of the Summer blouse, and may have a hemstitched or picot edge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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Foulard, Taffeta, and Georgette Crêpe Fashion Many Easter Frocks

8235—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—2⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse is braided in soutache using an open design like No. 12321. One of the newest combinations for Spring is taffeta and Georgette crêpe. It is most attractively presented in this model, the blouse of which has a panel front and back closing on the left shoulder and at left side-front, while the underbody closes in front. The panel is elaborately braided in soutache. Over a two-piece gathered skirt of taffeta is mounted a two-piece tunic of Georgette crêpe banded deeply with taffeta. The collarless U-shaped neck may be faced or it may be finished with a bias piping of taffeta in self or contrasting color. Hemstitching or a fine silk cord may be used as a finish on the taffeta edges.

8248—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 7905—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—1 yard Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The edges of the collar and revers are finished with feather-stitching in self-color silk using design No. 12363. Here is one of the new tunic blouses than which nothing is more fashionable for the Spring. A three-piece yoke, to which the tunic is attached, gives the effect of low waist-line and diagonal outline. Over the large collar which extends below the waist-line in revers is arranged a square collar, and the neck is filled in with a cross-over vestee. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs, and the waist is mounted on a front-closing underbody. Only the plainest of skirts should be worn with a tunic blouse of this type, and the model selected is admirable for this purpose.

8194—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch foulard—⅜ yard white taffeta for revers and chemisette. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. One of the most fashionable of the Spring silks is foulard in simple as well as elaborate designs. The dotted pattern of this foulard adapts it admirably to this simple frock for which it is used. A square collar and tiny revers finish the neck which is filled in with a chemisette of taffeta. The closing is on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

Blouse 8235
Skirt 7677
Braiding 12321

Blouse 8248
Skirt 7905
Embroidery 12363

Dress 8194

Blouse 8192
Skirt 7735

8251—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch foulard—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An essential feature of the well-dressed woman's Spring and Summer wardrobe is the very useful foulard frock which may be simple or elaborate, as the material is suitable for formal as well as informal wear. The dress closes at the back, and the square neck is finished with a rolling collar. Very smart in style are the short sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and the two-piece gathered skirt has two deep tucks spaced some distance apart.

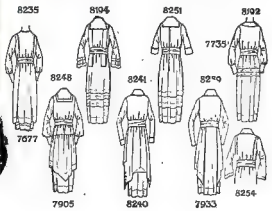
Blouse 8259
Skirt 7933

Blouse 8254
Braiding 12319

8241—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8240—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch figured foulard—3½ yards 36-inch plain foulard—8¼ yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A pointed tunic of figured foulard dropped over a skirt of plain foulard is an attractive feature of this frock which is just the thing for late Spring afternoon wear. The blouse, too, combines plain and printed foulard and the collar forms revers. It is of as much importance to be correctly shod as dressed, and shoes should be of pliant kid that will fit the foot closely and nearly just as a glove fits the hand.

Blouse 8241
Skirt 8240

Dress 8251



8254—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar. This charming blouse of Georgette crêpe has a panel front and back closing on the left shoulder, and finished with a narrow braiding border developed in soutache for which design No. 12319 would be admirable. Under the panel the blouse is gathered on the shoulders, and a narrow collar of satin rolls over the square neck. A band of matching satin forms a finish for the sleeves which like many new models fit the arm above the elbow rather closely, widening out below until at the wrist the fashionable flowing lines are achieved. These sleeves are not quite full-length.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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New Easter Frocks, Suits, and Blouses of Distinctive Style

8254—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7905—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch check voile—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and loops. The most fascinating frocks for the Summer are made of check and plaid voiles, and this dainty model features the new long tunic blouse with a collar and tiny trimming loops of satin. The blouse closes in front, and has an overpanel front and back fastening on the left shoulder. The long two-piece gathered tunic closes at the left side and is attached to the blouse at 1-inch raised waist-line. The skirt is a plain model closing at left side seam. To wear with this dress high white kid shoes or white kid pumps would be correct.

8205—Ladies' Box Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Length at center-back 29⅜ inches. No. 8143—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch gabardine—2⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining jacket. Distinctly jaunty is this suit which shows the new jacket open low down in front. The neck is finished with a shawl collar. The deep applied hem on the jacket forms pockets at each side in front. The skirt which closes at left side-back features a novelty in the diagonal yoke which is much deeper at one side than it is on the other. To carry out the neatness of the ensemble, well-fitting high laced shoes of gray glazed kid should be selected.

Tunic Blouse 8152

Blouse 7513
Embroidery 12469

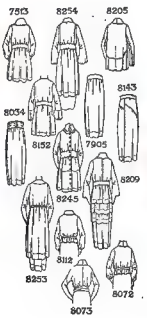
Blouse 8254
Skirt 7905

Jacket 8205
Skirt 8143

Tunic Blouse 8245
Skirt 8034

Dress 8209

Dress 8253



Blouse 8073
Embroidery 12377

Blouse 8112
Braiding 12471

Blouse 8072
Embroidery 12465

8253—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—4½ yards narrow—5 yards wide braid—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Wide and narrow silk braid forms an effective trimming on this dress with long tunic blouse closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Attached to the underbody is a two-piece skirt, closing in front. The oval collarless neck is bound with narrow silk braid as are the sleeves which are sewed into the underbody armholes.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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Cleverly Designed to Give Length of Line to Stout Figures

8255—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch satin—1½ yard wide—1 yard narrow jetted banding—⅝ yard 27-inch white satin for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The woman who is inclined to be stout can find no smarter style for afternoon wear than this frock of satin with its long tunic blouse the fronts of which turn back in revers extending into a collar. On the front closing underbody of lining is arranged a crossover vest edged with jetted banding, and a jet girdle encircles the waist-line loosely. Attached to the underbody is the two-piece skirt which closes at left side seam.

8208—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch printed foulard—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe. Jade ornaments give a decided air of style to this good-looking frock of foulard which is one of the favored fabrics for Spring and Summer frocks. The style of this blouse is particularly adapted to the stout woman's figure, with its becoming surplice lines and collar forming long revers. Under the girdle is attached a pointed peplum. Completing the dress is a two-piece gathered skirt. Pumps of glazed kid could be worn.

8107—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The inset vest of this blouse is embroidered in rope silk for which design 12270 would be suitable.

8051—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 36-inch crêpe meteor—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidered motifs on the revers of this blouse add very much to the style value. The motifs may be taken from design 12184.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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New Phases of the Indispensable Separate Blouse and Skirt

8254—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch taffeta. One of the fashionable panels is arranged on this blouse front and back and they fasten on the left shoulder. An attractive finish for the panels and the flowing sleeves is embroidery in silk twist, and for this design 12460 would be appropriate.

8100—Ladies' Tablier Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch white voile—1¾ yard velvet ribbon. One of the novelties of the Spring and Summer blouses is the tablier or long panel in front. Most of these are braided, embroidered, or beaded, and this would be particularly good braided in self-color or contrasting soutache with design 12424. Black velvet ribbon outlines the U-shaped neck and is looped in front. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs of self-material.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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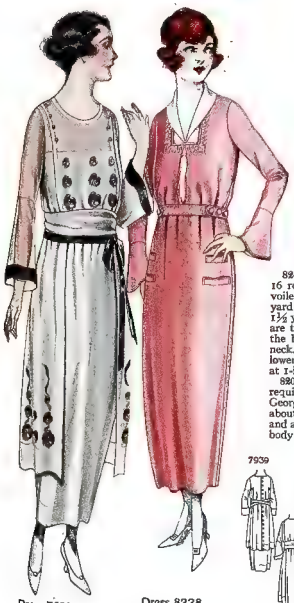
Easter Fashions of Piquant Charm for Miss Fourteen-to-Twenty

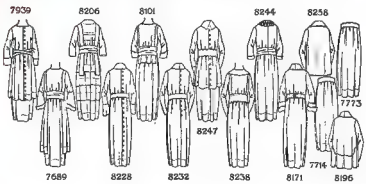
7939—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For the hand-embroidery design 12492 is suitable.

8171—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch check—⅝ yard beige cloth for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The yoke extends into a panel at center-front.

8247—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch white voile—3 yards 36-inch plaid voile cut bias—1⅜ yard Georgette plaiting for trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Among the smartest fashions for Spring and Summer are these frocks with long tunic blouses. This model closes at the back, and one of the new cowl collars finishes the U-shaped neck. The one-piece gathered skirt of bias plaid voile has straight lower edge, and is attached to a sleeveless underbody of lining, at 1-inch raised waist-line.

8206—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch printed foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Bretelles of the foulard extend onto the skirt and are looped under. The waist closes at left-side-front, underbody at center-front, and the skirt at left side.





8238—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch piqué for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The vest which is gathered to a band is framed in a long collar extending into revers.

8101—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 42-inch poplin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Very attractive afternoon frocks are made of silk poplin, and this is a good-looking model for the young girl with elaborate embroidery on the front panel. This embroidery may be carried out in rope silk or twist using design 12494.

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HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

The daintiest things are practical now they can be laundered

"WHAT has come over you! It's wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cobweb will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it."

"Nonsense. I *have* washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home."

This year, in making your choice among summer fabrics, the important thing is to ask yourself, "Will it launder?" You can choose satins, taffetas, printed georgettes, printed cottons—even for sports skirts. Just make sure you select the kind that you can trust to water. Lux will cleanse it for you repeatedly.

Wash them again and again

Blouses! There is hardly a blouse material today that Lux has not made it possible for you to wash. Pastel colorings! Shimmering and sheer textures! The finer the better!

No matter how filmy the material, you can wash it over and over again in delicate Lux suds.

Just toss a tablespoonful of Lux into half a bowlful of *hot* water. Lux dissolves instantly. Then you whisk up the richest, purest lather you ever saw. Add cold water until the suds become lukewarm—for colors or silks—and dip in the delicate fabric!

Souse it up and down in the pure Lux lather—squeeze the suds through and through it—*never rub*. Have it out again in a few minutes so fair that you would never know it had been washed.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE LIKE LUX—FOR ALL THESE THINGS

Laces	Chiffons
Crêpe de Chine	
Mulles	Georgette
Washable Satin	
Voiles	Dimities
Washable Taffeta	
Organdies	Batiste
Baby's Flannels	
Muslin	Woolens
Silk Stockings	
Fine Linens	Damasks
Sweaters	Blankets
Silk Underwear	
Silk Gloves	Negligees
Philippine Underwear	
Fine Collars and Cuffs	
Fine Handkerchiefs	
Corsets	Fine Blouses
Washable Spats	
Men's Silk Shirts	

There are no substitutes

Economize this summer by buying dainty fabrics that are made to wash. Trust them to Lux. Keep them like *new* all summer long. Your grocer, druggist or department store will sell you a package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder delicate fabrics

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—*do not rub*. Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—*never* a hot one.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure

LUX

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Simple Frocks, Suits, and Blouses for Really Practical Service

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch linen. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Hand buttonholed scallops form the smartest sort of finish for collars of this type, and design 11661 may be used for the scallop. The waist-line is encircled by a belt buttoning in front and with extensions at each side forming pockets. These pockets are embroidered in mercerized floss for which design 12396 is suggested.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard white linen for revers, collar, vest, and cuffs—2⅝ yards edging. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. A dress like this is suitable for Summer morning street wear, and it also makes an excellent home frock.

Dress 8149

Dress 7816
Embroidery 12396
Scallop 11661

Dress 8145

Dress 8068

8149—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plain voile—3 yards 36-inch check voile—1 yard velvet ribbon—⅝ yard 27-inch lining for front of waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A panel front and back, kimono sleeves with flaring cuffs, collarless neck, and low waist-line mark this frock as the very newest fashion. The combination of materials, too, is very attractive. Through slashes at the neck, velvet ribbon may be drawn.

8145—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch rep—¼ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar—1⅞ yard narrow embroidery. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. An attractive feature of this simple frock is the extreme side closing. The upper part of the sleeves is cut in one with the front and back of the dress, seamed along the shoulders, and to this kimono section is added long close-fitting sleeve sections finished with flaring cuffs. A rolling collar of white piqué edged with embroidery finishes the open neck, and similar embroidery outlines the surplice effect.

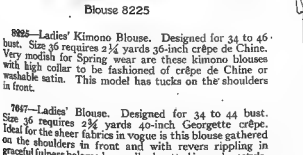
Jacket 8212
Skirt 8213

Jacket 8222
Skirt 8203

8212—Ladies' Box Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8213—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch plain gabardine for the jacket—2¾ yards 44-inch check gabardine for the skirt and jacket collar—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. Here is one of the newest types of Spring suits combining plain and check gabardine and with one of the modish box jackets. The neck is finished with a rolling collar of check gabardine to match the skirt, and at the back of the jacket a box plait is formed. The skirt is quite simple and practical with 2-inch high waist-line and closes at left side seam. High laced shoes or pumps of white or gray glazed kid may be worn with this suit. The really smart woman is just as fussy about her shoes and gloves as she is about her hat and gown.

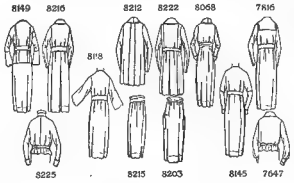
Dress 8118

Dress 8216



Blouse 8225

Blouse 7647



8225—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Very modish for Spring wear are these kimono blouses with high collar to be fashioned of crêpe de Chine or washable satin. This model has tucks on the shoulders in front.

7647—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Ideal for the sheer fabrics in vogue is this blouse gathered on the shoulders in front and with revers rippling in graceful fulness below a long collar knotted in cowboy style.

8216—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard filet lace banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Outstanding pockets which are formed by extensions of the front gore which is short at the sides and attached to a hip yoke are very attractive features of this frock. Wide filet lace banding frames the inset vest which may be trimmed with double rows of floss stitching. The model would be effective in Georgette crêpe or voile also, in white, gray, flesh-color, beige, or mauve, with filet or Alençon lace banding as trimming. Dotted swiss is another dainty fabric for Summer frocks.

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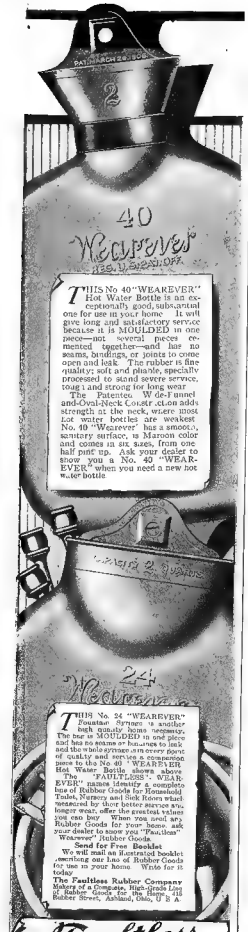

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Fashion Decrees the One-Piece Frock and Box Jacket

8183—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch white serge. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 1¾ yard. Here is the simple one-piece frock straight and slender of line, that is the newest vogue for Spring street wear. It is fashioned of white serge, as this is to be a distinctly white season. The closing is at left side-front, and the neck is outlined with a long shawl collar elaborately braided in soutache with design 11602. At each side in front a box plait is arranged, and the center-back is plaited in box plait effect. White washable kid high shoes, or white pumps may be worn with a dress of this sort.

8178—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch foulard—½ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Here is another charming one-piece frock box plaited front and back. As may be noted, from this model, silks such as foulard and taffeta and satins share favor with the more practical serge, gabardine, and tricot cloths, even for frocks of this simple character.

8181—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 32-inch check gingham. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. There is something delightfully girlish about this gingham frock, with outstanding pockets at sides and bib effect in front.

8187—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool mixture—¼ yard 27-inch velvet for collar. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool mixture. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is the fashionable box jacket which is so youthful and jaunty, buttoning to the neck, and with large round collar of black velvet. The jacket looks rather jaunty when fastened with one or two buttons only, falling open below. Gray or brown glazed kid high shoes or pumps may be worn with this suit.

8217—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch serge. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. This is another attractive type of the fashionable box jacket, the neck open low down finished with a rolling collar. At the center-back there is an applied box plait. The skirt closes at the left side seam.

8129—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch

lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here are the new outstanding pockets that are featured on many of the smartest Spring frocks. The waist is in pastel style, and closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front tho the effect of closing on both sides is given by the pendent button trimming.

8258—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch satin for vest and collar. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. A prominent feature of the Spring modes is the waistcoat which is disclosed here by turning back the fronts of the box jacket to form revers. These waistcoats are being made of satin, faille, duvetyn, piqué, and brocade. This model is of satin with embroidered wool motifs that give an allover effect. The embroidery is design 12504.

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Styles As Smart As They Are New for the Young Girl

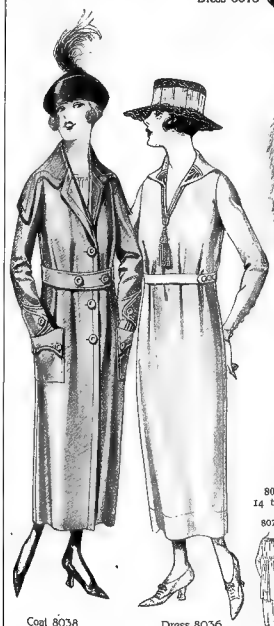
8075—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch printed foulard—3⅝ yards 36-inch plain foulard—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for plaited frills—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Foulard forms some of the most delightful of the Spring frocks, and in this model both printed and plain are attractively combined. The long tunic blouse with oval collarless neck is slipped on over the head, and the neck is finished with shirred tucks. The overblouse is sleeveless, and is worn over a kimono blouse with sleeves and side sections of plain foulard. To a deep yoke the one-piece skirt is attached and it is smartly draped at the side-front. High laced shoes of soft gray glazed kid or black pumps should accompany a frock of this sort.

8030—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 11 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar, cuffs, and belt. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅝ yards. Tho this seems quite a wide skirt for present fashions, the plaits when pressed flat hang in perfectly straight lines and give the modish effect of slenderness. The dress is belted at normal waist-line, but the bodice and four-piece side-plaited skirt are attached at low waist-line. White glazed kid pumps would be attractive with this dress.

Dress 8075

Dress 8030

Misses' and Juniors' Dress 7856



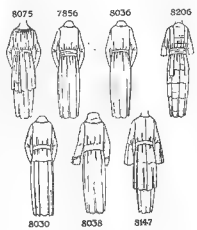
Coat 8038

Dress 8036
Embroidery 12184

Dress 8147
Embroidery 12473

Dress 8206

8038—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Pom Pom cloth—4½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.



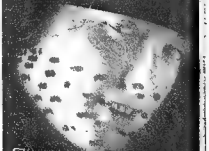
8086—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the underbody at center-front. The dress is relieved from severity by the touch of embroidery on the collar in mercerized cotton floss using design 12184.

8147—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch black taffeta—2⅛ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Here is another of the long tunic blouses that are so fashionable. This model closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Points of embroidery in blue worsted outline the collarless neck. The design is No. 12473.

7856—Misses' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard white piqué for collar, cuffs, and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The simple lines in vogue are at their best in frocks of linen and gingham. White and pastel shades of linen are in style, and checks and plaids in gingham. Plain rep in white and yellow is smart too.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

VAN RAALTE Veils



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Sensible Coats and Dresses for Big and Little Sister

8122—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 27-inch check gingham for collar and cuffs. A cunning frock for the small girl that is quite simple to make. It closes at left side-front, and a round collar finishes the neck. There is a yoke front and back that gives a bolero effect to the dress, and the side-front and side-back edges of the yoke have tabs that cross at the center and button together.

8160—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires for dress with long sleeves 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 27-inch cotton crêpe for collar, cuffs, and sash. Carried out in white linen with collar and trimming of rose-color, green, or deep blue crêpe this frock would serve admirably for Summer afternoons. The fronts of the dress are underfaced and rolled to form revers finished with a shield and a large square collar. The fulness at the waist-line is formed into a box plait each side of the center-front and back and slashed for the passage of the belt. The long sleeves are in the fashionable kimono style, cut in one with the dress. Linen is another excellent material for this frock in white, maize, green, or rose.

8249—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch cheviot—2¼ yards 36-inch lining. A practical little belted coat for general wear is pictured in this model to be fashioned of dark blue, brown, taupe, or beige cheviot or serge, or if desired, it could be fashioned of natural-color pongee.

8162—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch rep. A simple frock that may be fashioned of rep or linen, slipped on over the head and buttoned on the shoulders. The collarless neck is finished with a piping and the belt is embroidered in red mercerized floss in design 12444.

8236—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch challis —⅛ yard 27-inch white cloth for collar, cuffs, and belt—1 yard velvet ribbon. The closing of this cunning frock is arranged at the left side-front.

Child's Dress 8122

Child's Coat 8249

Girls' Dress 8162 Emb. 12444

6177—Child's Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch organdy—2½ yards insertion—2 yards velvet ribbon. At low waist-line is attached a one-piece gathered skirt on which are arranged three straight gathered ruffles. Embroidery sprays (design 12428) give a dainty touch.

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2¼ yards insertion—3½ yards edging. There is nothing prettier for little Summer frocks than the new dotted swisses in all white or white with colored dot. This frock closes at the back and is gathered to a yoke.

Girls' Dress 8160

Child's Dress 8236

Child's Dress 7972

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8138

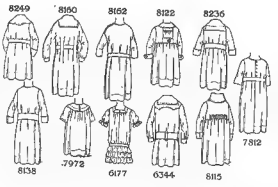
Girls' Dress 6344

Child's Dress 6177 Embroidery 12428

Child's Coat 8115

Child's Dress 7812

8138—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge. Frocks on simple lines like this are favored for the growing girl, and this is a model that may be developed in serge or linen being well adapted to a great variety of materials. The dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and two box plaits are formed in front, while the back is plain. The sleeves are comfortably short, and are finished with turn-back cuffs that may be of white cloth or piqué.



6344—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 4½ yards 27-inch blue drilling —¾ yard white drilling for collar and belt. Simple lines mark all the most fashionable frocks for children, and one-piece models like this are the very best for the heavier wash fabrics such as linen, drilling, cotton gabardine, and rep. The dress is belted at low waist-line, and the long, comfortably loose sleeves are attached at lowered shoulder-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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For Stormy Days and Fair Days, Party and Playtime

8154—Child's Guimpe Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch linen for dress—1 yard 36-inch dotted organdy for guimpe—1 yard velvet ribbon. Here is a cunning Easter frock for the small maid, the sleeveless waist with round neck and large armholes and closing on the shoulder. Attached to this is a one-piece gathered skirt with two tucks above the hem. Pockets are inserted in the tab extensions of the waist. With this is worn a cunning kimono guimpe of dotted organdy closing at the back.

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch chambray—1⅜ yard Irish crochet lace banding. This good-looking little dress closes in front, and the drop-shoulder waist has a round collar. At lowered shoulder-line short puffs are attached.

8246—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 27-inch chambray for rompers—⅛ yard 36-inch white dimity for guimpe. The embroidery is worked in mercerized floss using design 12094.

8243—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅞ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard darker crêpe for collar, cuffs, and pocket laps. A square collar finishes the open neck. The dress closes at left side-front, and has a box plait each side of the center-front. The three-piece gathered skirt has a straight lower edge, and there is a shirred heading on the front gore. Braiding in soutache design 12089, gives a smart touch.

8250—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch tan linen—3⅛ yards brown linen. Very good-looking for either serge or linen is this frock for the junior made without lining, and closing in front under the panel jumper which fastens on the left shoulder and is embroidered in mercerized cotton in design 11899. The attached two-piece skirt has a plaited panel front and back and is gathered at the sides. It closes at left side-front.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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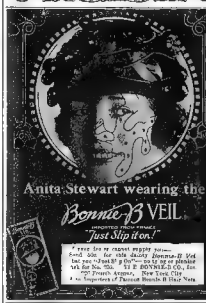

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PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

Cunning Garments of the More Intimate Type for Kiddies

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch flannel—¾ yard figured silk for trimming. This is a comfortable bath-robe to be fashioned of flannel, eiderdown, or any of the blanket robes.

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch striped flannelet. These nightdrawers close at the back, and under the belt the waist and drawers section are attached.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch long cloth—2 yards 4-inch embroidery for ruffle—2¾ yards insertion—4¼ yards edging. Tiny sprays are embroidered on the waist of the petticoat in design No. 12367.

7991—Child's Combination. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cambric—2¾ yards Valenciennes edging. A touch of hand-embroidery is applied to the front in design No. 12367. The combination fastens on the shoulders.

8186—Juniors' Negligée. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch cashmere. The short sleeves are cut in one with the front and back, and seamed along the shoulders.

8091 Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch batiste. The fronts are rolled to form revers, and the sleeves are cut in one with the pajamas.

6784—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Designed for infants to 8 years. Infants' size requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch flannel. The kimono is cut with the front, back, and sleeves in one piece.

7368—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Designed for infants to 4 years. Infants' size requires 1¾ yard 44-inch cashmere. At the center-back and at each side of center-front this kimono is shirred in and it may be trimmed with ribbon.

8085 -Infants' Set. Designed only for infants, requiring for the nightgown 1¾ yard 27-inch flannel or flannelet. Feather-stitching in pink or blue floss forms a dainty finish using design 12363.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Lingerie, Negligées, and Pajamas Both Novel and Pretty

6706—Ladies' and Misses' Short Kimono. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch figured crêpe—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for ruffles. The front, back, and short sleeves of this kimono are cut in one piece.

8229—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch wash satin—2¼ yards edging—3¼ yards insertion. Darts at the underarm seams are used to fit the front of the brassiere. Dainty sprays are embroidered in white mercerized floss using design 11569.

Short Kimono 6706

Camisole 6662 Scallop 11751

Brassiere 8229 Emb. 11569

Cap 5018 Camisole 6810 Emb. 11538

Boudoir Jacket 7095 Embroidery 12029

6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisoles. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard wide—2½ yards narrow filet lace—2 yards ribbon. A dainty touch is given by the buttonholed scallops, design 11751.

Combination 8125 Emb. 11945

Combination 7770 Emb. 12363

Camisole 7880 Drawers 8120

Combination 8134 Embroidery 12451

7088—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—2¼ yards lace banding—4½ yards ribbon.

Nightgown 7088

Cap 6327 Pajamas 8181

Pajamas 8234

Negligée 8080 Embroidery 12175

Nightgown 8127

8181—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch soisette—3 yards organdy plaiting for trimming—2¼ yards ribbon. No. 6327—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ⅜ yard 27-inch net or point d'esprit.

8234—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards shadow lace—3½ yards ribbon. The shirred coat is slipped on over the head. Washable satin and batiste are also adapted for these pajamas.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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A heavy pendulous abdomen is as great a detriment to good health as it is to good style in many instances obesity is the cause of serious affections, and every effort should be made to prevent or relieve such a condition

The Newly Patented **Goodform** REDUCER SUPPORTER

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Cheney Rubaya—
The all-silk cloth in a French serge weave.

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The superb Cheney Satin with a slight bar effect across the surface.

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8109—Boys' and Youths' Blouse. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch soisette.

8221—Dress Bag. Designed for one size only and requiring 3½ yards 36-inch lining or cambric. The lower part of the bag is in two pieces gathered to a two-piece top which is shaped to fit a dress-hanger.

Blouse 8113

Dress Bag 8221

Blouse 8109

8113—Boys' Blouse. Designed for 4 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch madras.

8257—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires for sleeve No. 1, ⅞ yard; No. 2, 1¼ yard; No. 3 or 4, 1¾ yard 36-inch material.

8200—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires for sleeve No. 1, 1⅛ yard 36-inch material; No. 2, 1 yard 40-inch material; No. 3 or No. 4, 1 yard 36- or 40-inch material.

Dress Sleeves 8257

5909—Men's and Youths' Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch madras.

6514—Men's and Youths' Negligée Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch soisette.

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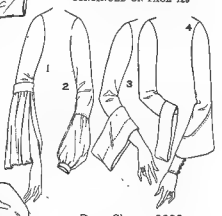

Dress Sleeves 8200

8169—Baby's and Children's Caps. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 1 requires for cap No. 1, ⅝ yard 36-inch silk—¼ yard 27-inch lining. Cap No. 2 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—¼ yard 27-inch lining.

Caps 8169

Shirt 5969

Pajamas 6426
Monogram 686

Shirt 6514

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

8202—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch black velvet—1 yard 36-inch tricolet for vest and revers. A touch of elaboration is given by the embroidered section on the vest which may be carried out in silk floss or yarn for which design 12468 would be suitable.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

8883—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch sports silk—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A stunning feature of this good-looking frock of sports silk is the deep braided border that finishes the long tunic blouse. This border may be worked out in self-color or contrasting soutache braid with design 12474. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and is mounted on a front-closing underbody to which is attached the two-piece skirt.

7702—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. One of the new side tunics is a charming feature of this frock of foulard. The blouse has a panel effect front and back. At left side-front the two-piece gathered skirt closes.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

8859—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7935—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch black satin—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—1¾ yard Valenciennes edging—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. There is nothing so useful as a frock of black satin, as it can be worn on so many different occasions. This model is particularly attractive with blouse closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and opening in a deep V in front to show a tucked vest of Georgette crêpe. A two-piece tunic is arranged at each side of the skirt which has a panel back, and drapery at each side.

8198—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 7735—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch voile—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Delightful Summer frocks are made of plain and fancy voile with little trimming, save as in this case, a draped collar of satin. The blouse has a panel front that closes on the shoulders, and the sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs. Equally simple is the skirt, gathered at the top and with three tucks just below the hips.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

7513—Ladies' Sports Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton poplin—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for collar. A good-looking sports blouse with convertible collar. The embroidered motifs are design 12469.

8152—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch gabardine—12 yards braid. This blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm.

8845—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8094—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The dress in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch plaid gingham—½ yard white organdy for vest, collar, cuffs, and plaiting. The simple in effect, there is a note of newness given to this gingham frock by the tucked vest and the flaring collar of white organdy. The skirt is a simple gathered model with 3-inch high waist-line, and closes at left side seam.

8209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yards Valenciennes lace banding—2 yards picot edge ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Here is an adorable little frock for Summer wear fashioned of voile with trimming of Valenciennes lace. The the dress is in two pieces, a girdle of narrow picot ribbon is run through slashes at natural waist-line. The closing is at the back. White washable kid pumps would be the proper footwear to accompany this dress.

8073—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is one of the smart new kimono blouses with long sleeves cut in one with the front and back. A long shawl collar of satin outlines the front-buttoning vest, and embroidery (design 12377) gives the fashionable touch of hand-work.

8118—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. The vest may be braided or embroidered using design 12471.

8072—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch satin —¾ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. The border that is embroidered on the revers, design 12465, may be worked in silk or worsted.

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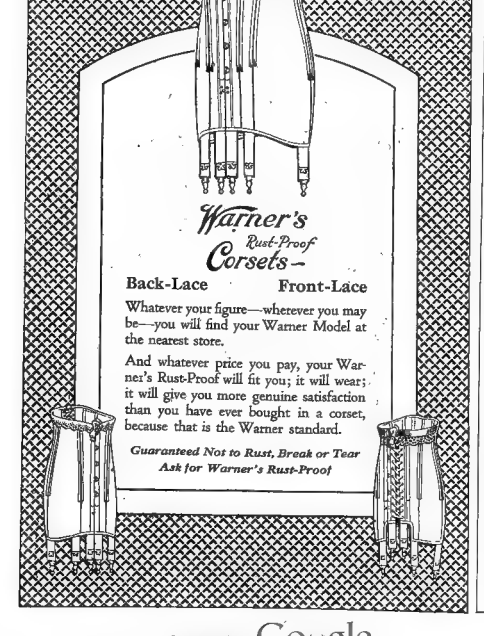

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

8250—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7771—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch printed foulard—⅛ yard white organdy for collar and vest—1 yard filet banding—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. A foulard frock like this is a serviceable addition to the stout woman's Summer wardrobe, as it can be worn on so many different occasions. The blouse opens in a deep V showing a set-in vest of tucked white organdy finished with a rolling collar, and fastens on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The skirt is equally smart in style with long gathered tunic mounted on a two-piece underskirt closing at left side seam.

7784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7936—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch figured taffeta—¾ yard 36-inch white taffeta for vest and trimming—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The long collar extends into revers and gives length of line to stout figures and is decidedly good-looking as well.

8033—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and revers—2⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest.

7976—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The only touch of trimming on the blouse is the soutache braided collar for which design No. 11696 is suggested.

8047—Ladies' Gathered Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 27-inch satin. Each side of the inset gathered vest is tucked and edges of the blouse are embroidered in darning stitch in little pointed motifs for which design No. 12473 would be suitable.

8248—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 8811—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Here is a good-looking afternoon theater frock for the stout woman, with the new long tunic blouse mounted on a front-closing underbody. The vest is embroidered in a sort of Greek key design, in embroidery silk or soutache and a good design is No. 12466.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

8192—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch voile. The collarless neck is outlined with a braiding design in soutache, for which design 12147 would be good. Voile, handkerchief linen, Georgette crêpe, and crêpe de Chine are the most fashionable materials for blouses, and all sorts of handwork, beading, embroidery in silk and wool, hemstitching, and soutache braiding are the favored methods of ornamentation.

8218—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard grosgrain ribbon. At each corner of the front panel a tiny motif is embroidered in colored silk for which design 12377 would be suitable.

8236—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Scattered motifs are embroidered on the front panel of this blouse giving the effect of an all-over embroidered material. They may be worked out in rope silk and design 12377 is suggested.

7711—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch voile—1¾ yard velvet ribbon.

8135—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch satin for pipings. Nothing is softer and prettier in combination for Summer blouses than Georgette crêpe and satin in the same shade.

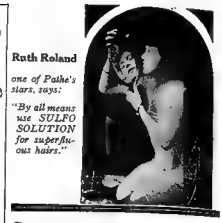
8245—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard white linen for collar and trimming. Cunning motifs carried out in wool are embroidered on the yoke and pockets of this smart sports blouse. For the embroidery, design 12396 would be admirable.

8226—Ladies' Sports Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sports silk—⅜ yard 27-inch satin for collar and cuffs. On the box plaits of this good-looking sports blouse are embroidered some very attractive motifs. They may be worked out in silk, worsted, chenille, or silk using design 12175.

8086—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch white crêpe de Chine. No. 8815—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8256—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 27-inch satin for collar. The front of the blouse is embroidered in heavy floss silk, and for this design 12184 could be used effectively. With it is worn No. 8144—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge 1½ yard.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127



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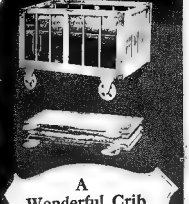

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One Woman to Another

By Frances Moore

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

8203—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8234—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch sports silk. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. An attractive beading design is applied to the front below the collarless neck. For this design 12320 would be very effective. No. 8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8078—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collarless neck is outlined by a combination of soutache braid and embroidery for which design 12470 is advised. No. 8180—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The front gore of this skirt widens out below the hips and is carried around to the side-back below an inserted hip yoke.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

8244—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch blue taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch white taffeta for trimming—1 yard plaited Georgette crêpe for frill. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Taffeta is replacing satin to some extent for afternoon frocks, and is very attractive in this model, which closes at the back.

8238—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard white organdy for collar and trimming—1 yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The combination of linen and organdy is very effective. The dress is box plaited in front and closes at the left side-front.

7889—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch plain voile for skirt and sleeves—7⅛ yard 32-inch embroidered voile for tunic—⅛ yard 18-inch embroidered voile for waist—4½ yards ribbon. Width at lower edge about 2½ yard. Emphasized on this charming frock are several new style notes, among them the panel on the waist, flowing sleeves, and side tunic.

8228—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 36-inch crêpe organdy for guimpe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The square neck and the belt are trimmed with soutache braid for which design 12147 would be suitable.

8258—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check cloth—¾ yard 54-inch white duvetyn for crossover vest—¼ yard 27-inch black velvet for collar. No. 7778—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check cloth. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This suit features the popular box jacket, the fronts of which are rolled back in revers.

8196—Misses' Box Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 44-inch blue serge. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch blue serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

8222—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch white serge—2⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Length of jacket, 25 inches. No. 8203—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch white serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This is to be a white season, and suits of white serge, tricotine, broadcloth, satin, and all the heavy silk crêpes will be worn.

8118—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 44-inch organdy—1⅝ yard filet lace for trimming at waist-line—2¾ yards filet lace banding for sleeves and collar—4 yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

8206—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tucked vest and frills—4½ yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The closing is at left side-front.

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8115—Child's Shirred Coat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool jersey. The body section of the coat is cut out at the center-front and back to show the shirring of the skirt.

7812—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 32-inch white piqué—5 yards Irish crochet insertion—1½ yard velvet ribbon. To this model Irish crochet insertion and a black velvet ribbon belt give a touch of style that makes it suitable for afternoon wear.

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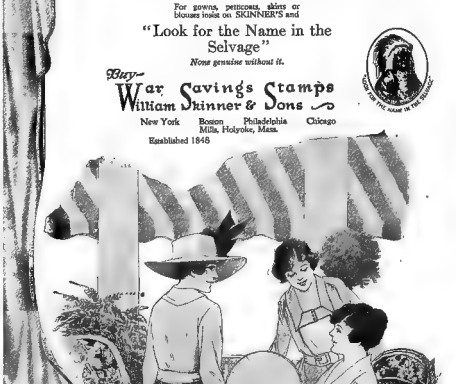

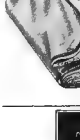

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

8242—Childrens' and Girls' Rain Cape. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cravanetted cloth. Any of the water-proof fabrics could be used.

8146—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch flowered dimity—¾ yard white lawn for collar and cuffs—2½ yards Valenciennes edging—1 yard velvet ribbon.

8627—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch percale. No trimming is required save buttonholed scallops for which design 11661 could be used.

7356—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size only, requiring 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook. Below a round yoke this little dress is gathered. Feather-stitching in design 12363 makes a neat finish.

7707—Infants' Long Coat. Designed for one size only, requiring 1⅞ yard 44-inch cashmere. Over the coat is arranged a round cape and a rolling collar, both of which are finished with scallops buttonholed in white silk in design 11079.

8188—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch flowered organdy—⅝ yard plain organdy. An adorable party frock is this, closing at the back and with tucked waist and skirt. For the scallops design 11854 is suggested.

8233—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¼ yards grosgrain ribbon. For the little girl what could be daintier than this party frock of flesh-color Georgette crêpe trimmed with frills?

8073—Child's Yoke Dress. Designed for ⅓ to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—1⅛ yard banding.

8231—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard white chambray.

8220—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch check gingham.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

4933—Infants' Gertrude Petticoat. Designed for one size only, requiring 2 yards 36-inch longcloth -2¾ yards insertion—2¾ yards edging.

6838—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch soisette. The pajamas are in one piece in front, but at the back the drawers are buttoned to a separate waist.

6690—Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 10 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cambric—3 yards lace or embroidery for ruffle—3¼ yards insertion—3 yards edging. This little garment is slipped on over the head and closes on the shoulders. For the dainty embroidery design 11744 would be suitable.

8548—Child's Princess Combination. Designed for 1 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 27-inch cotton crêpe. Buttonholed scallops form the neatest finish possible, and design 11693 is suggested.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

6810—Ladies' and Misses' Camisole. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 1 yard 36-inch batiste—1⅜ yard ribbon. Nothing is prettier than hand embroidery as a trimming using design 11558. No. 8018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ¾ yard 27-inch point d'esprit—1 yard lace.

7095—Ladies' Boudoir Jacket. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36- or 40-inch albatross—5¾ yards plaited net for frills. For the embroidery design 12029 is adapted.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards Valenciennes lace banding. No. 8190—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

8125—Ladies' Side-closing Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires for corset-cover and petticoat 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—3¼ yards lace—1¾ yard narrow ribbon—⅞ yard wide ribbon—1¾ yard lace edging. Hardanger embroidery in design 11945 makes an attractive trimming.

7770—Ladies' Bloomer Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin—6½ yards ribbon. Novelty is given by the trimming of feather-stitching for which design 12363 is suitable.

8134—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile. The embroidery is worked in white floss in design 12451.

8080—Ladies' One-piece Slip-over Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. For the dainty sprays of embroidery design 12175 may be used.

8187—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

6426—Men's and Boys' Pajamas. Designed for 36 to 48 chest and 4 to 16 years. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch madras. It is quite a fad to have a monogram embroidered on the pajama sleeve or pocket, and design 686 would be admirable for this.

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DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

LOURDES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

that not a sound reached there of all those human voices talking together in the dark, calling to each other, as people tried to find their friends in the obscurity, and to form groups that they might march together. The few little lights they held were only slightly sheltered from the gusts of wind-driven rain by cheap paper shades and they flickered and flared up, and many were extinguished. Altho many went out and were lighted again only once more to have the wind puff them into blackness, the number of lighted ones grew fabulously as the crowd assembled. The little yellow spots of life spread further and further, till around the foot of the huge inclined plane was an ocean of lights, heaving formlessly, with a futile, aimless motion like the sea, humanity lost in the darkness.

Then a faint murmur came up through the rain and darkness. Speaking voices are not heard far, but voices raised in song have wings. The crowd was beginning to sing.

It was also beginning to take shape. From the foot of the inclined plane out into the black esplanade, streamed two long files of light, purposeful, with the sharp, forward-piercing line of the arrow. The procession was beginning to form.

THE murmur rose into a chant as the crowd, hearing the first notes, took it up singing as they fell into line. The first of the lights advanced up the ascent toward the top, which was blazing with light from the illuminated front of the lofty church. Far, far behind, stretching twice around the immense esplanade and disappearing into the distant blackness of the endless avenue, the flickering lights were now in two lines, moving forward steadily.

The sound of voices grew louder, the advancing files were visible now, masses intensely black against the night.

The wind roared, the rain beat down. The voices suddenly rang out clear and vibrant, high above the confused roar of the singing multitudes below.

Then the glimmering blur of the faces in the reflected light of the candles shone through the rain; each dim figure, in a momentary transfiguration, was resplendent in the flare of light from the church, the voices shouted loud and strong, drowning out in their instant's glory of individual life the hoarse chant of the vast crowd below. Then each figure passed forward out of the light and began to descend the inclined plane on the other side, going singing down into the blackness.

There were so many singing now that, altho they all sang the same chant over and over, a chant in which recurs constantly the acclaiming shout of "Hail! Hail!" they were not singing in tune together nor even in time, nor even often the same words at the same time.

AS THE groups passed, each one was singing in its own fashion on a different key from those gone before and those following after. When this was too apparent, they some times stopped, listened, caught the note from the pilgrims nearest to them, and burst out again, this time in harmony. But for the most part they listened only to their own voices and to those of their friends, and sang lustily in a hearty discordance.

And so vast was the throng and so simple the joyful air they chanted, that from that monstrous discordance rose a strange and wonderful harmony like no other music in the world, with a deep pulsation longer than that of any other music, beating time, beating true.

They passed, shouting out loudly the confident words of their song; the young faces often laughing gaily in the shaking light of their candles, stopping to light the blown-out flames at the candles of their friends; the older people tramping forward resolutely, singing often not noting that their one light had been blown out and that they were walking in darkness—no, not walking in darkness, because of the infinite number of lights about them, carried by their fellows; the young girls' eyes glistening through the rain as they gazed upward toward the circle of white light at the top of the ascent; the old men's eyes turned downward on the darkness to which they would descend; the occasional priest-leader beating time, marshaling the lines; the occasional children holding to their parents' hands, their eyes blank and trustful, fixed on their candles, their lips incessantly shaping the joyful acclaiming shout of "Hail! Hail!"

Sometimes a group lagged behind, either because of the carelessness of the young people in it, or the fatigue of the old people, and there was almost a break in the line of lights. But always as they approached the moment of transfiguration, the ones who were behind hurried forward shufflingly to keep the line intact. The line was always intact.

The rain beat down on them, but they sang loudly and joyously, rejoicing in singing together; the wind tore at their garments and puffed at their frail, unprotected lights. Many went out. But there were always enough lights left in each group to light those of the others—if they wished.

Last of all I saw a strong young man whose light had been extinguished, holding out his lifeless candle to that of an old, poor, bent woman who, patiently, patiently, offered him her tiny, living flame.

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The Woman from Out-of-town Buys Books

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

"ANYTHING good to read?" asked the woman from out-of-town of the bookstore lady who was arranging her books in orderly rows on the shelves.

"It all depends upon what you like," returned the bookstore lady, looking up interestedly. She was always interested in a possible buyer. She liked to place her wares intelligently in short, she loved her books, and she loved selling them.

"This time it really doesn't matter so much what I like," laughed the woman from out-of-town. "I'm selecting for other people. Here's the first on my list, my son, Bob. He likes detective stories."

The bookstore lady smiled and took a book down from the shelf. "Here's something good," she vouchsafed, "The Room with the Tassels," by Carolyn Wells (Doran). I'll guarantee that he won't skip a page."

"Well worked out, is it?"

"Excellently, and not too improbable. People like fact these days."

"All right, I'll take that. Now what have you for my husband? He likes to pick up something not too heavy just before he goes to bed at night."

The bookstore lady promptly handed her another volume.

"'The Prestons,' by Mary Heston Vorse" (Boni & Liveright), read the woman from out-of-town. "That sounds like a book about an ordinary American family."

"That's just what it is," approved the bookstore lady, "and it deals with the little every-day happenings that are interesting to every one. Just the book to pick up in an idle moment. You'll want that in your bookcase. You don't happen to want a book for your daughter, too, do you?"

"Yes, she comes next," said the woman from out-of-town, consulting her list.

"How about 'The Lady,' by Margaret Turnbull? (Harper's.) It's a story of a girl who unexpectedly became a moving-picture star. The book gives an excellent idea of life in the studio. Every one is reading it."

"I don't see how you knew she loved the 'movies!'" laughed the woman from out-of-town. "She's seventeen."

AND as tho that explained it all, both women laughed together.

"Well, the war is over," remarked the bookstore lady.

"Yes, are you still selling war books? I wanted a good one for a friend whose son is still in France, something with a human appeal."

"Home Fires in France" (Henry Holt), suggested the bookstore lady. "It's by Dorothy Canfield. Short stories, you know, and every one true. I've read them all two or three times, and I always recommend the book."

The woman from out-of-town glanced through the pages hurriedly, and then placed it with the others. "You've been such a help," she said gratefully.

"That isn't all, is it?" asked the bookstore lady.

"Not quite. I want one for my sister. She's in business."

"Business women always want to read about how other girls made good," said the bookstore lady sagely. "Here's 'A Chance to Live,' by Zoe Beckley (MacMillan). It's a tale about a little slum girl who fought out her own destiny. Do you think your sister would like that?"

THE woman from out-of-town nodded. "You might take two for your sister," suggested the bookstore lady. "Here's a new book that will appeal to every one in the family excepting the children. It is called 'A Man and a Woman,' and is by Dale Drummond (Britton).

"It sounds interesting," commented the woman from out-of-town.

"It's more than that; it should be on every book-shelf because of the lesson it teaches. If I were ever inclined to be jealous I don't think I ever could be again after reading that book."

"All right, I'll take it, and how about the children? Something for them will just round the morning out splendidly. What's this?" Fingering the books on the shelf. "O, 'The Boy Scouts' Year Book' (Appleton), that ought to be just the thing."

"That book is filled with all kinds of material besides reading. You know," commented the bookstore lady. "Children are all crazy about it. And here's another that I wish you'd take them, 'The Brownies and Prince Florinel,' by Palmer Cox (Century). It is full of delicious nonsense."

"All right," said the woman from out-of-town, "and that's all," she finished, folding up the piece of paper.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" "No."

"Something for yourself?"

"O, I can read all these, you see. I don't need a book for myself alone."

"Yes, but why not buy one especially for your own use?"

The woman from out-of-town hesitated. "You haven't 'Out of the Silences,' by Mary Austin (Little, Brown), have you?" She asked. "I love her books. They have so much to them. Some one told me that this one was especially good, that it traced the character of a boy to manhood."

The bookstore lady took down a thick volume and placed it on the pile of others. "You'll like that," she said quietly, "it's just the kind of a book for a real mother."

Practical Books for Practical People

FICTION has its place in the world, but fiction after all does little beside amuse. In our practical moments we need other books, books that comfort with homely information and yet are still surprising with their fresh view-points on life from the workaday world view-point.

In the modern world of dress there are always a great many interesting new things to be studied and adopted. Mary Brooks Pickett's new book, published by the Woman's Institute and called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," contains a world of good practical knowledge. In addition to that, it is written smoothly, by a woman who knows the little foibles of her sex, and takes up not only the art of dress itself but the different perquisites of the toilet which go to make up the complete grooming of an essentially well-bred woman.

CLOSELY following this in general practical knowledge is Mary Jane Rhoe's "The Dress You Wear" (Putnam's). This book is intensely practical. It teaches a woman anxious to know plain dress-making, some simple things about sewing. It begins with taking measurements and ends with fitting the finished garment. This is exactly the kind of a book that many women have been wanting for years, and will fill a vacant place on many a book-shelf.

UNTIL the war, little or nothing was known of textiles, the value of judging them, and the requirements necessary for knowing them well. Then came a time when textile experts were needed, men and women capable of judging cloth values, who could by a single movement of the thumb and forefinger give a world of information about a garment.

"Yarn and Cloth Making," an unusually good volume by Mary Lois Kissel (MacMillan), is a book written in text-book style which gives the necessary information for those who want to perfect fabric study. It is illustrated with diagrams, photographs, and so forth, and shows the hand and brain of an expert all through its many pages of well-written text.

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EXCHANGING MENUS

By LOUISE F. NELLIS

FOR some time, I have had in operation a plan which has been of the greatest help to me. I am sure it could be tried successfully by a great many people.

A friend and I exchange menus every other week.

Before putting this idea on a working basis, we compared the food requirements of the two families. One family consists of a husband and wife, the wife's mother, a child three years old, and two maids. The other household comprises a husband and wife, one child six years old, another child two years of age, and two maids. The only real difference in the personnel of the two groups is the grandmother in one case and the six-year-old in the other. The grandmother is a delicate woman, rather inactive and, therefore, a small eater. We figured that probably the older woman and the child of six would need the same amount of food a day.

Having seen that the quantity of food would be approximately alike for the two families, we thought of the quality. The kind of food eaten should not differ. Each household has to feed a business man, working women—the maids—at least one child, and women of comparative leisure. So, altho there has to be a slight re-arrangement of each day's food, the amounts and varieties provided are sufficiently alike to make it entirely practicable for each family to use the menu of the other.

It has been a wonderful success. Since we have only to plan meals every other week, we are able to devote more time to the preparation of our menus. This has resulted in more carefully thought-out and better-balanced meals. We get out of ruts through the interchange of ideas and have a much greater variety. And, finally, every other week we have a delicious freedom from that bugbear of so many housekeepers—"What shall I have to eat three times a day?"

ARE THESE THINGS MISSING?

THE story of the young bride who announced triumphantly that "we have everything in the house but an umbrella-stand and we are praying that there will be no wet weather until we can remember to buy one when we go downtown," is not so laughable as it might seem. There are many prosperous householders who should be praying continually that nothing serious will happen until they have provided themselves with some very simple but necessary articles which nine out of every ten houses lack.

For instance, how many houses are provided with a penknife, a real one that will sharpen pencils; an ink-eraser; a ruler? When the electricity fails, is there a candle handy in your kitchen? What about mending aids, mucilage, paste, and glue? Does adhesive tape mean anything in your life? When a casual caller asks for the mirror in your hall do you suddenly realize that you have never provided this homely essential?

Probably you never think of a paper-cutter until you pick up a new book; or a calendar until your husband's birthday arises as a sudden possibility and sets you looking for the date. The best scholar needs the aid of a dictionary occasionally, but how few households recognize the elusiveness of the written word. The same lack may be noticed in address.

None of these things is expensive and none could be called a luxury, and yet in the living of the average home, some at least are minus quantities. Are they in your home?

THE EFFICIENT AND THE INEFFICIENT

MOST of the real workers in the world have to work twice as hard as necessary in order to pay for the mistakes or omissions made by others. Wherever there is a woman able to support herself, there are several others hanging on to her like leeches. The home is a school, in which Father pays for the mistakes made by the youngsters while they are learning. Inefficiency clings to efficiency. In nine cases out of ten, efficiency would rather earn more than enough to pay for the mistakes of inefficiency than to take the time to teach inefficiency how to be efficient.

The efficient have learned how to become so by not complaining about their jobs, by avoiding thinking, by taking care of themselves and attending strictly to business. The inefficient have acquired skill only in one direction: that of wheedling the efficient into supporting them. When the efficient have acquired still more efficiency, enough to learn how to make the inefficient efficient enough to support themselves, then the whole standard of the world's living—of character and comfort—will be raised. Countless theories of uplift and right living will be superseded by actualities.

How can the efficient make the inefficient efficient? That is the problem. To define it is to lead the way to the solution. It has now been defined. Let the efficient pause a moment in their fruitless support of the inefficient, to find the answer.

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YOUR MUSIC GARDEN

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES D. ISAACSON

Make Music a Part of Your Daily Life

First of a Series of Articles on the Cultivation of the Love of Music

YOU are cordially invited to attend a music-garden party at three o'clock to-day or to-morrow, if you prefer it.

The place, Your Music Garden, located in your own home. R.S.V.P."

That's a strange way to do it, isn't it? Writing you to come to your own home? But that's where I must see you—you millions of women who read PICTORIAL REVIEW.

How is your music garden? Don't tell me you haven't any. It's there, waiting to be recognized. It isn't outside your house like a regular garden, or inside, like the kitchen. It really occupies no tangible place.

There's only one requirement for a music garden. If you have it, you're worth a fortune. The Ladye Music must be there, as one of your family.

Music a woman, indeed! A living, democratic, sociable, likable sort of woman, who will make you feel immediately at home with her—no airs about her, no high and mighty attitude, no poses. You'll get along with her from the start. Some have had you believe that she is one of those society promenaders who make the opera season the excuse for a fashion exhibit; setting your nerves on edge with peculiar harmonies, belonging only to the elect, the élite, the particularly fortunate?

Do not listen to any such nonsense. The Ladye Music is your friend. Never was guest quite so lovable, charming and helpful, so gracious, so entertaining, inspiring and beautifying to your finest impulses.

Music is for you and you are for music; and if anything is more needed to-day, I should like to know what it is. For all time, and any time, a close friendship with music will make your home a better place to live in and grow up in.

Your music garden exists in your mind. Call it into being as often as you wish. Music will lead you into her garden and soften woes, lighten sorrows, freshen mind and heart, and bid you return to your duties with renewed vigor.

You eat, sleep, and work. What do you do to make this life more beautiful, more elevating? Come out of the kitchen for a few minutes a day and enter your music garden. Drop the pots and pans and needle, and give your soul a chance to air itself.

Set a definite time every afternoon, when you will go into your Music Garden. Make it about three o'clock, the hour you're most tired and out of sorts. No matter what you are doing, drop it. If it's the baby, don't do that—but take her along with you. Go into your parlor.

What do you need? If you have a piano, or violin or any of the standard instruments, you are fortunate, and they will amply do you. If there is a phonograph or player-piano, you may well be satisfied. But if you haven't any of these—you have a voice. You can not sing? Well, so be it—you may not be a virtuoso for a concert tour, but you *can* entertain yourself. If you can play your instrument, put fifteen minutes into the playing. Never mind if your fingers are stiff, they will become supple again. In a few days you will be delighted to notice your own progress. Pick the music with sweet, tender melodies—anything you like. If it's ragtime or popular, don't be ashamed of that either. Any music is good which seems good to you. In time you won't be content with the ragtime or popular; it won't satisfy your bettering tastes; you'll hunger for more substantial fare.

NOW, in order to make the experiment work, you must absolutely take your mind off your work. Otherwise, it won't do you so much good. Play for the love of it. Enjoy yourself. *You will!*

If you have no instrument, sing for yourself. You don't know any songs? Well, open your mouth and hum and sing anything of your own concoction. That will do.

Fifteen minutes a day—will you do it? Fifteen minutes in your music garden, with the lovely Ladye Music keeping you company. If a month doesn't find you happier and healthier, well—there isn't any IF about it.

I'm coming around to join you. Think what a wonderful thing—with every PICTORIAL REVIEW reader making music at three o'clock! The sound will rise to heaven and make this nation a heaven on earth!

Will you join? Write me and let me know. Not only can I promise you the finest kind of pleasure for yourself and all your family, but I'm going to tell you how to make your home in time, the center of a real music activity. You may start a Community Music Activity in your town, if you wish. Get up little concerts. Get together

CHARLES D. ISAACSON
Author of "Face to Face with Great Musicians"

and sing—for the success of America and the peace of mind and pleasure of your city? Help young musicians of your community. Put music in the hospital, the orphan asylum, the prison, the sanatorium, alleviating pain, hastening recovery and moral strength? Would you like to do it? If you're anxious to try it, write me and you'll have all the information.

YOU are the real hope of America's artistic future. You women of America, it is to you that we look for the influence which will spread music and its beautiful mission; through you must speak the voice of art; you are the appointed custodian of all that America holds beautiful and inspiring; it is expected that you will nurture every brightening movement.

Why do we want art to flourish? Ah, dear friends, there is a long story. But suffice it to say that an artistic country is a lovelier place in which to live, a happier place.

And did you think that you are not artistic? Here, now, emphatically, let us understand each other. The greatest majority are not students, players, musicians. They are listeners and are the real friends of Music. What good is a song unless millions are helped by it? The more who love to hear music and are capable of understanding it, the easier it is going to be to let music flourish. When as many people want music as want "Movies" we are going to have more musicians, composers, singers. But here's what Music can do for you which nothing else can—it comes home, it becomes part of you. Your children use it.

The place for you to start is right at home. Perhaps you were taught for a while how to play or sing, and, since the duties of housework and child-rearing came, have neglected the beautiful art you once knew. Oh, how sad it is to see a woman give up her training when it can do so much for her and her children. And you will thank your lucky star that you had practised when you did, and you will make it your sacred duty to use your one-time ability again.

By the way, do you look back on your practise-days with a sense of weariness? If you have children who are about to study, it need never be a tedious grind, even in the early days. Tell your young ones some of the facts we provide here and they will be curiously incited to greater effort; if you indulge their fancy in the manner we suggest, their scales and exercises will be the bread and butter of the musical repast.

Did some one some time make you think that music was a kind of mathematical construction, scientifically worked out, and that it required a great deal of mechanical perfection? Wrong! That mechanical construction is only the framework. It isn't the house itself. When you look at yonder building, you see stone or wood and cement and paint and brick. But inside are the people with their wonderful mysteries and tragedies and dramatic existence. The real music is of humanity, not science. Arthur Friedheim, the celebrated pianist and friend of Liszt, once said to me, "Too many play Liszt's music—with its embroidery and filet-lace-like notes, putting the whole dress together with exquisite care, and completely forgetting the lady in the dress."

You do not reason about music—you are moved by it, because your emotions carry you off. How do you listen to music? Do you think it is merely a grouping of some pleasant sounds, or does it paint pictures and tell stories? Good music is the expression of a composer's heartaches, his joys, his hopes, his aspirations, his disappointments. If you know the composer's life, you will understand his music.

Read about the romances and struggles and successes of the great composers of the past and present, and when any of their music is played, the whole picture will come before you, and it will move you to tears or smiles, will lead you through mountains, paint lakes and meadows, depict love-scenes or battle-fields.

Beethoven, the master of all masters in music, lived a life of suffering and privation; he was stone-deaf, had a lost love, and his music is an absolute reflection of his emotions. I do not care whether you have never learned the meaning of those little black things on the music page called notes. I do not care whether you have no "ear." You *can* understand the man who made the music, and that is the way to know the music itself.

The American composer, MacDowell, lived in a perpetual dream that embroidered elfins and mountain fairies and ravishing flowers. He was an idealist in every sense of the word. I defy you to play or listen to his exquisite music and not see this picture of MacDowell.

Or think of that composer of the famous "Spring Song"—Mendelssohn, brought up without a thought of worry, never permitted to suffer, given everything his heart desired. Now, doesn't that "Spring Song" show you, like a mirror, the good laughing lad who wrote it?

So, returning to our music garden. As you pass along in this new atmosphere, you will be a gainer in a way you will scarcely appreciate now.

THE presence of some sort of music in the home will cultivate and create the desire for a musical career. It will help all to be better citizens.

Children learning music from the very earliest days will have a sweeter and purer view-point on life. In the schools of New York I bring music for children. "What did that music mean to you?" I ask. "It seemed to tell of a lovely day," says a tiny child, with a beautiful smile. "There seemed to be butterflies and fairies dancing." The poet in the girl or boy awakens.

If you want to try a little experiment on that husband of yours, all wrapped up in his goods or machinery, you take him all alone after supper into a darkened parlor, and play some song like "Silver Threads Among the Gold," or "Love's Old Sweet Song," or any such melody. Say to him softly, "Do you remember the days of our courtship?" Maybe he will grunt a "yes," but when the lights go on after a while, look into his eyes and there'll be a tear or two, and everything about his face will have softened up. Try it.

Mr. Isaacson wants PICTORIAL REVIEW readers to do all sorts of musical things—start local clubs, choruses, orchestras, etc. He is here to help you with anything musical and to answer any questions. Mr. Isaacson plays the violin and viola, and has been the friend, adviser, and confidante of many of America's foremost artists and composers, who will from time to time speak through "Our Music Garden."

Come into the Garden at Three

If every reader of PICTORIAL REVIEW carries out this suggestion, three o'clock will become known as the national home music hour. Those who follow this plan and want to write of their experiences, should address "Our Music Garden, PICTORIAL REVIEW."

LET MR. ISAACSON ANSWER YOUR QUERIES

ANY query of a musical nature may be addressed to Mr. Isaacson, who will answer your letter either through this department, or personally, if you send self-addressed envelop. Here are some typical questions:

"Is my child too young to learn?" "Should my boy (in view of certain given facts) study the piano?" "How may I keep up music and do my housework?" "What shall I do with my girl, who won't practise?" "Where can I get a free scholarship?" And so on.

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